

History and Stories
of the
SHARP FAMILY
of
Slatyfork, W. Va.
Principally by and of
Luther David Sharp, Sr.
6-8-1872 - 3-19-63

Compiled from magnetic tapes, recollections, etc.

This history booklet of the L. D. Sharp family was compiled by Dave Sharp from recollections and tapes he made of "LD" and from others in the family. Valuable assistance was provided by Si Sharp for his recollections of important stories; by Ramona Shipley for her transcribed tapes of her father, Ivan, and copies she made of old deeds etc.; by cousin Allie Gibson letting me tape her stories of the Sharps; and by Paul Sharp for his tapes he made of Dad's stories. *THAYER SHARP MADE XEROX COPIES*

Cousins Vee Mannah and Allie Gibson loaned old original pictures of the Sharps from which to make copies used in the booklet.

Credit goes to Edith Workman of Millsboro ^{AND HUBERT TAYLOR-IN PARTICULAR} for the copy of the Rev. Samuel Morgan history compiled by cousin Hubert Taylor, 14 Stroud St., Wilmington, Del. 19805, from which our copies are made. This is a complete history of the family of Laura Sharp, wife of L. D. Sharp. Thanks to cousin Edith! Thanks to cousin Hubert!

Stories and/or pages are numbered in "red" ink. Any one who has additional stories or pages please make four ^{OR MORE} copies and number them in red so we can place them in the proper location in the booklet. For instance, page 26-A would go after page 26.

Also: any other rare family pictures and other pictures of great interest are welcomed, to make negatives to have copies made for the four booklets.

A booklet was issued to each:

Paul Sharp, 723 Avenue D. Port Neches, Texas, 77651

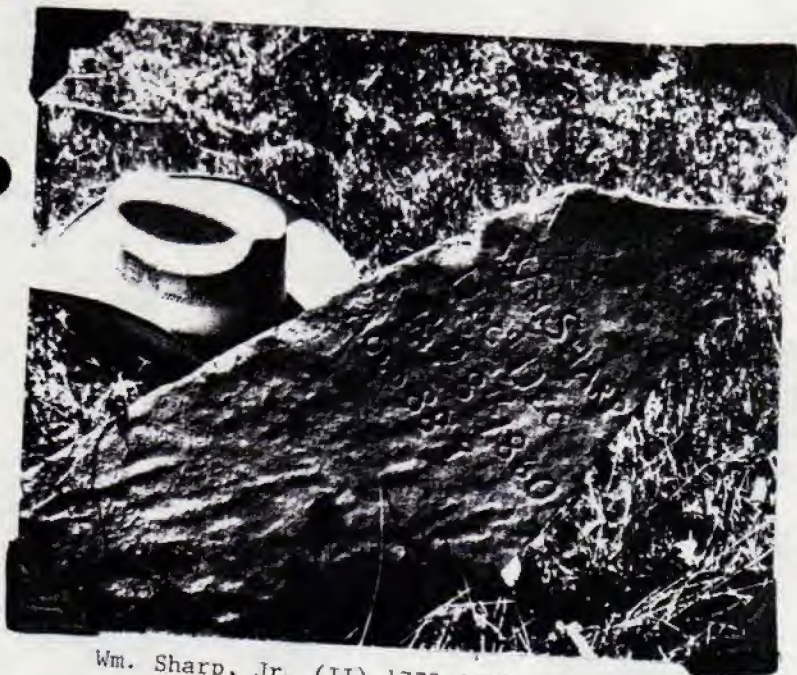
Si Sharp, Slatyfork, W. Va. 26291

Mrs. Ramona Shipley, 43 Meadowcrest Drive, Parkersburg, W. Va. 26101

Dave Sharp, 4171 Paxton Woods Drive, Cincinnati, Ohio 45209

Each of the above have Cassette tapes from which the transcriptions in the booklet were made.

PLEASE ! If this copy becomes misplaced or lost, please return it to one of the above persons or descendants. It is very important that it stays in the Sharp family



WM SHARP
DECD DEC
The 28TH 1860
AODD 88Y
←

Wm. Sharp, Jr. (II) 1772-1860

Wm. Sharp's tombstone in the Sharp cemetery on the Edray to Cloverlick road, near Fairview lane intersection and near Arthur Friel's place.

He was the son of the pioneer William Sharp (1740-1833) and father of Wm. Sharp (III) (1815-1888) who is buried at the Slatyfork cemetery.



Silas Sharp from Tin Type

3

Parents
of Silas
and Harmon
Sharp



WILLIAM SHARP (III) 1815-1888

Parents of Silas and Harmon

RACHEL (Dilley) SHARP 1805-1880

Son of
William



SILAS ('SI') SHARP 1849-1896

SARAH (HANNAH) SHARP 1849-1896



HARMON SHARP Son of William Sharp

Hugh Calvin Sharp

The first bee-hive has a glass inspection opening, covered with a wooden removable cover still in expectations.

Probably made by Capt. Mundy (of Buckle's men) a friend of Hugh's.

Noted on 104 side of brochure



Hugh Sharp
(7-10-1846 - 8-25-1923)



Uncle Hugh Sharp on porch of old log house that used to be attached to the present log house.

(perhaps sitting on porch?)



Hugh Sharp 1846-1923
Hunting knife on belt now belongs to Jean Sharp's sons in Va.

S.H. Sharp



S.H.

S.H. Sharp from Ten type age 19-20



HUGH SHARP Beehive Hunting Sept 1917
age 71



S.H.

8

4th. and 5th. years
 given and
 L.H. + girl friends



(from Tin Types)
 from Tin Types

8

8



Quarterly meeting - Perhaps on ~~Ed~~ ^{Ed} ~~may~~ ^{may} ~~chapel~~ ^{chapel}

8-A



Howard Wade 3 C Morgan 5
Rev Clark no 3 no 4 Uncle George Hannah no 6 Rev Hedrick
3 (7) Rev. Fultz



- 1 George P Moore
- 2 Howard Wade
- 3 Rev. Clark
4. Uncle George Hannah

5. S.C. Morgan (Samuel Morgan)
6. Rev. Hedrick
7. Rev. Fultz

(Believe all are preachers.)

10

High →

Creola, Juan Ada, Raul, & L.

10

Sept 1

Sister
Carmel
Top
Picture
→



Violet Samra Paul Li

Creola High

L & Sharp family Sept 1917



65

1-5

1938

"65"
panels
"L &"

Melinda Hannah

L & L
(65)
age

Elk Gibson

11

9 2 2 (2) Violet Laura about 22 F.D.

Sugar Camp



Maybe Sugar Camp at Slattery about 1912?
Near old home place, below the bridge
and just below the meadow near creek



(L.D. SHARP) I L & Laura
ada + Violet



ada Laura Violet Lulter
Gran Violet
Violet Violet
(Married 2-16-1893)

←
T
Photograph of L. D. Sharp's Maple Sugar Camp at Slatyfork
Described by Ivan L. Sharp Nov. 27, 1973

12

"The picture faces Buzzard Mountain. You can faintly see the line of the old road going toward Marlinton. Ada may have been married or she and/or Si may have been taking care of or watching the store, in case some customer should come. I don't quite recognize the horses. The one with the (white) star in the forehead looks like "Old Bell", grandmother Sharp's (Sarah) mare. The other appears to be Mike, the strawberry roan with ears sticking straight up. A lot of age difference in the two horses."

"Judging from the size of Violet the plain (clear) one in the picture (in white), I appear to be standing (left to right): Ivan, Joe Snyder, Gemmie ~~(Jimmy)~~ Snyder, Violet, Mother (Laura), Creola, Paul and Dad (L.D.) at the kettles. ~~Wirt Snyder and Austin or Floyd Galford on the sled.~~ / Gemmie Snyder was oldest and only daughter of Wirt Snyder. Wirt Snyder and Austin or Floyd Galford on the sled."

Dave: (If this picture could have been snapped in Feb. 1916, they would be these ages: LD 44, Mother 42, Violet 19, Ivan 16, Creola 12, Si 9, and Paul 6 See further note of Dave's at the end.)--Dave.

Ivan further stated: "There looks to be a fuel shortage for the kettles, but we kept some dry wood in the shed and a pile of poles below the camp for the two pans. (evaporating pans were inside the shed.) One or two persons would stay in camp at night to keep fires going and pans filled to prevent burning of syrup. Sometimes would roast potatoes, apples and meat at night by the fire."

Dave's further notes: Violet born 1897, married July 1918 at age 21.

Willie H. Gibson of Will Gibson (at mouth of Slatyfork creek) was a photographer and took pictures up to perhaps 1920 or later. This picture was among Will Gibson's things after he died. The card was not mailed but was addressed to Mr. Earnest Gibson, Elkwater, W. Va. with this message "Hello. How are you by this time? I am well and hope to find you the same. Sugar Camp view; from Willie H. Gibson". Dorothy Fitzwater gave Dave the original picture. She inherited it from perhaps a sister or other relative maybe married to young Willie. The Slatyfork Creek is between the camp and the hill, in picture.

Ivan further stated: "The sugar camp is below the old barn meadow. A big wood log type storage tank in foreground, 4 big iron kettles for boiling sugar water down from 50 gal. to about 1 gal of syrup. Inside shed is two furnaces with evaporating pans, a bunk bed for night work. The two smoke stacks were from the old saw mill that ceased operation further up the creek years before. A sled was used to haul the sap to the camp using two 50 gal wood barrels--sometimes three. Picture appears to have been taken when Wirt Snyder lived at the old Jackson house up the creek (almost to buck-hollow)"

Note: The boy beside Mother appears to be thin like Si or Dave. If Dave, then the boy in trough must be Paul. Then picture must have been taken about 1918 or 1919 before Violet married. Could the girl beside Violet be Creola??? A good puzzle! ... but an interesting picture.

Two
at
top
unknown



pin
1940

from
the
types



Sara Jane Morgan (slap) Minnie Virginia Morgan

Sara
(Morgan) Minnie



Hauling
sugar water
to make
maple syrup

Sara & Evelyn at slide

Ed on sled
down with bucket

Sam Wilson on horse carrying mail

(Hauling sugar water
to make maple syrup & sugar)



F.D. Sharp



Laura Jane (Meyers) Sharp



WE

Si



"G.D.'s" log schoolhouse

Dows Max negative

Frank Hamrah has original picture

RECEIVED 1931

Julius L. Sharp



Laura Jane Sharp

15



L. L.
Residence of L. L. Sharp
taken in
front of residence

Rough

Log School House where 'L. L.'
1895-1900
went to school

We have
clear photo's

ditto

16



demanded
1955
12

The old mill dam and Gust mill
at Slatyfork

relayed at
in Buchanan

Luther Helmentoller 2

don't & Berneat Galford



Berneat Galford, Rosie Galford, Miss Knowles, Violet Slay, Annie Galford, ~~Leslie~~ old mill dam
(Cir 1917)

at the old mill dam

"Brice Driffin" mill at Slatyfork



Violet
↓

Ada
↓
holding
rabbit



Violet (Sharp) Markland

Ada (Sharp) Curtin/Johnson

LUTHER
HELMENTOLLER
↓

Rene Galford

Austin
Galford

Letting
him, mother him, and
Galford

she sang at meetings
she came with a preacher - also singing
see Galford

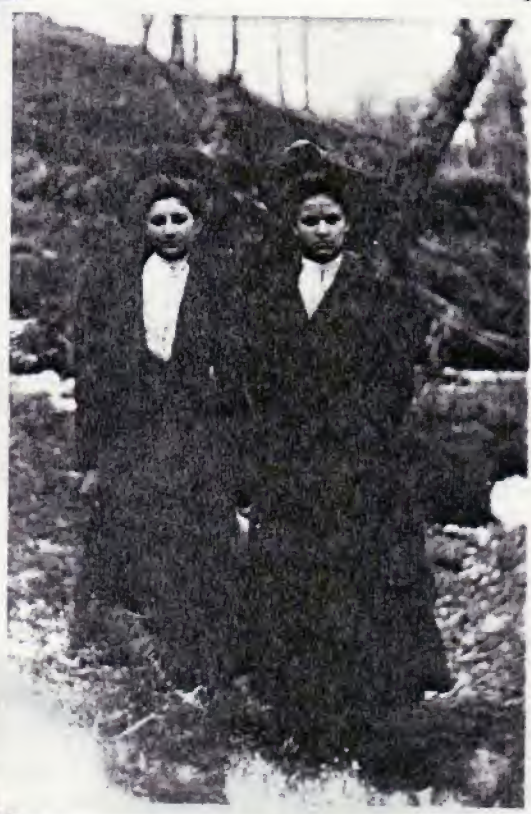


Austin
Galford
↓

Violet
Sharp
↓

Violet Sharp

Lena MORGAN



Rene
Galford
↓

18



Ada Sharp at Baldy Jack Creek with changes



Ada and Violet

Ed & his 4 sons



make 4 extra copies

Ada + noble exchanges



Mrs. Margaret Violet Savage (middle) P.H. (right) Mrs. (left)



Ada
Savage Violet L.L.

19



20

L.H.
+
his
children choir



Van
Evan



Van
(200) L.H.



Jan 1950



20-A *lepid*



Slaterfork School #3
Burned about 1928
Located 75 yards from #2.19
up Slaterfork creek

33

21



21

Ada
&
Paul

Miss
Knobles
&
Violet



Ada
&
Violet

Ada
&
Violet



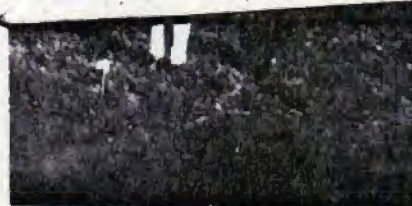
From 1964

From Freda's album
before 1923

22



22



From Bryant

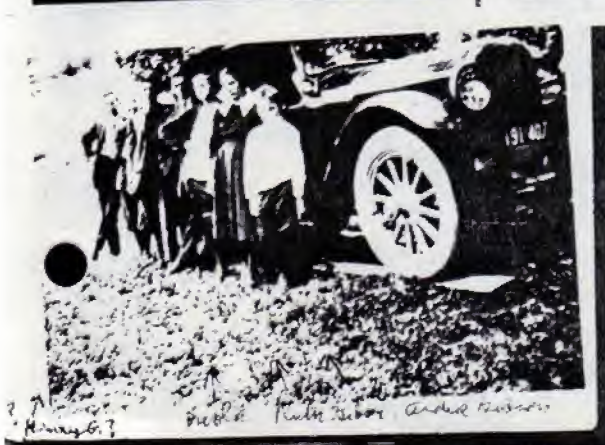
Cresla



Principle of Pictorialism



Wesley's Album



From
Cresla's album 23



Cresla



1st & 2nd Cresla



Cresla

23



Cresla



Cresla

Cresla Sharp
Sue Brillon



Cresla

Sue Brillon

24



del apt 16 Credo Sharp

24



Credo



at old Credo house



29

Juan
mule
holding
reins

Juan
mule

"L.D." on
back
of Spring
Wagon

Juan
mule



"L.L." + Juan
"going to Town"

L.L.
Juan



(Red)
L.L. aka



Li
Paul

Juan
mule
halfed

Over on horse
behind
mother
(Tara)



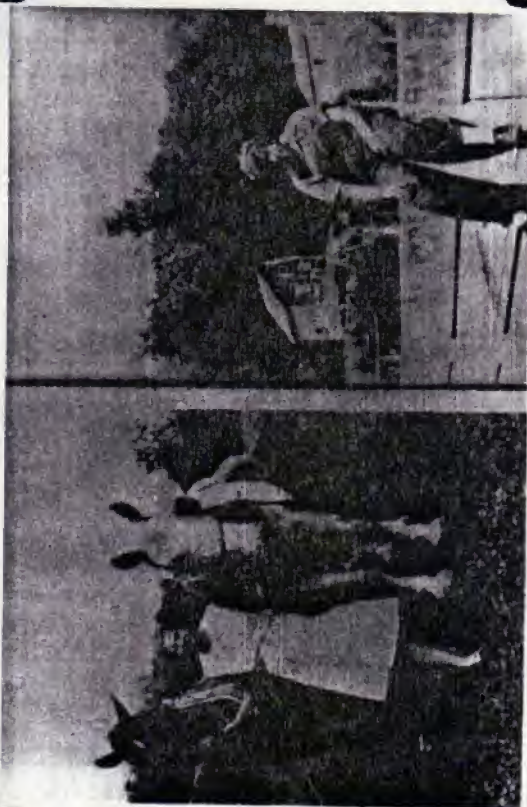
L.L.
Juan



Ada Ivan Violet
 Ed. Creola Laura Li

home
 at old place
 Edith

Edith
 mother
 "Charlie" house
 in
 Hendon
 N.C.



26



Laura (Morgan) Sharp



Ivan & May car.

L.H. Sharp of 20 acre Farm near Orlando - New "Disney world"



27

SP.



Henry
Shaw.

Given
in
Hand
Date
1418
1419



Zoon Sheng

Henry & Archie Gibson



L.H.

28



L.H.

L.H.

L.H.



L.H.
in
the
20 acre
farm



Mrs. Stewart
Laura
Rufus Violet
Helena



L.H.
filing
tree

29

June 4, 1919

POST CARD

POSTAGE
NOW
ONE
CENT

THIS SIDE FOR CORRESPONDENCE

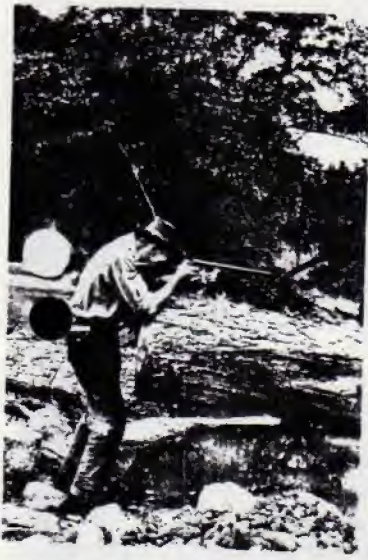
THE ADDRESS TO BE WRITTEN
ON THIS SIDE

Dear Luther
 it is so near your
 Birthday, I am
 sending a little card
 hope it finds you well
 and yours, come up
 your loving Sister
 Malinda Hope we must be
 young that happy land
 sweet dear

Mr. J. D. Sharp
 Slaty Grove
 N. D.



L.H. Rev. Egn. Bennett Organ Room
Slaty Grove Church



de

ada



Ada Sharp



Violet

L.H. + his load of wool



Henry Gibson
 L.H.'s Fla's car?

L.H. +
Truck load of
wool



30

Ed.
on road
all star
redg.

Ed.
on statue road



Mrs. Columbus Morgan



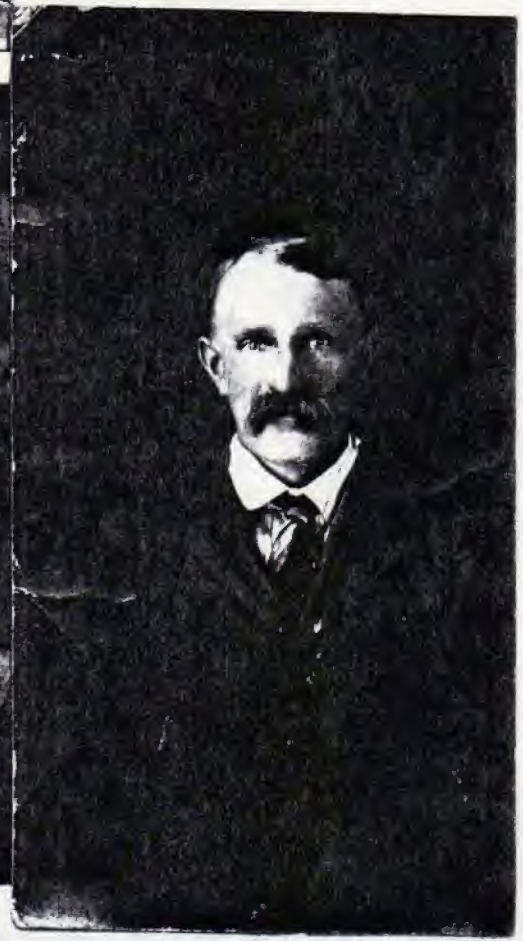
Frank, Ed. & Mrs. Morgan & Eda May
at Slaty Fork company day



MIRIAM MORGAN



SM



(Ray?) (Smith) (Young Hannah?) (Eva) (Charles)
 (Hutton) (Thy?) (Hanson) (Hanson) (Salford)
 (Garnett) (Eora) (Leola) (Ruth) (Clorothy)
 (Hanson) (Hanson) (Hanson) (Hanson) (Hanson)
 (Hanson) (Hanson) (Hanson) (Hanson) (Hanson)
 (Hanson) (Hanson) (Hanson) (Hanson) (Hanson)



Slatyfork School
 about 1924 (?)



L.D. + his fish.



L.D. + his fish.



DAVE

LD

WILSON MUSEUM

at the Reunion--Sept. 1950
Dear Dave:
Clara took this candid picture of Dad
at the reunion.
The camera seemed to have captured
a glimpse of that elusive, ethereal
happiness he experienced in having
his children all home again.
Can't you just see him in memory as
he talked to you on that eventful
day? That treasured quality of good
humored true friendliness in the
laughter of his smile which lights
up his face like a heavenly
illumination, makes him seem very
near and very dear to each one of
us. With love and fond memories
Ada



Lil.



LD

LD



33
1958
(P)



1958
(P)



1959
(NA)



1959

Xmas 1959



1959

1959 3



1959
Xmas

Xmas
1959

"LD" hiving bees
June 1-55

"LD" the fisherman
Summer 1958

"LD" out taking
care of his sheep
Christmas week
1958

"LD" and son, Ivan,
at Ivan's home
1959

"LD" the hunter,
Nov. 1955

He shot the squirrel
out of the hickory
tree just behind him
and he is standing
beside the old barn.
The squirrel fell from
the tree with a broken
back. Dad tried to
step on it's head and
the squirrel bit at
his pants leg!

Dad's family
Christmas 1950
(in kitchen)
Left to right:
Violet
Kethe
Paul
Ivan
Dad
Mable
Genevieve
Bashful 51
Dave
Evan
Sylvia at bottom



34



Dad
& Mary
(Nov 1939)

Mary
& Dad



Si in Fla 1963



LD's chickens

F.D. and his sheep

35

F.D. and his
blacksmith to
make an "S"
branding iron.
When he used it
on the first sheep
he saw it was
backwards, so
then he decided
to label it
backwards.
"2"



"F.D." had his
blacksmith to
make an "S"
branding iron.
When he used
it the 1st time
he saw it was
backwards.
Then he
decided to
label it
backwards
- different from
any other
"S" brand



Have
after
the
accident
!!



F.D.



36

L & B



L & B
+
his
boys



Paul & Vonda
Barbara
Meyer

36B



Eunice + Si Sharp 1982



Dads + Si

37

37

37



IVAN SHARP FAMILY



IVAN SHARP
EVAN



Marion & Ivan 1991



EVAN SHARP

24

1981



(Eunice, Li) Dave (Paul, Ketha) (Dorothy, Helga) (Dorothy, Helga) (Dorothy, Helga) (Dorothy, Helga) (Dorothy, Helga) (Dorothy, Helga) (Dorothy, Helga) (Dorothy, Helga)

Paul & Ketha Linn

JAN 64



Dave Linda Linn (1963)



Benny & Linda Eduardo
Xmas 1980

David Hannah house

39

39



Left Sam's house
Right old man John's house
Hos & Sarah (left)

the old house place at Bladysink

Right Portico
L. W. Laura
+ 2 children
Ada + K. L. P.

Stella
Hobson, with Morgan (brother)

old home place
at Bladysink



1846

D
Saturday night,

Sawyer
Edray, W. Va.
Jan. 14th 1893.

Mrs. Luther Sharp:-

Dear Friend:

I will try to write a few lines in reply to your kind letter that I received Wednesday evening. I am always glad to hear from you. and to hear you were well. Willie and Pa have both been sick but they are better now. Pa went to Clover Creek this morning. Miss Effie Moore is right sick. The Doctor says she has the fever. I was down to see her this evening. It snowed so. they did not want me to come home. Flora brought me home on a horse. If it keeps on snowing. like it has been. it will soon

Letter from Laura Jane Morgan to L. O. Sharp Jan 14, 1893. They were married a month later on Feb. 16, 1893 at Edray Methodist Church, presumably by her father Sam. Morgan

40
(2) As deep as it was two years ago, it is almost too cold for sleighing now. I seen Mrs. Gillen going to Marlinton in a sleigh. I say it would be dark before she would get home. Mr. Andy and I have not taken any sleigh ride yet. I don't think we will if he can talk it. it would be nice if he would come to take some one else sleigh riding. and they would go with another fellow. I don't think I will go with him again, as second choice. It has been right tiresome since school has closed, but I am glad it has closed. it has been so cold this week, I believe we would have frozen in that cold school house. I never did see cold weather last so long. I have not entirely laid my books aside. I did not quit 40 get through some of them, and

1. "May thy life be one sweet dream,
and one bright long summer day.
And like the winter evergreen,
May it never fade away."

2. "merry from us & thy true heart"
3. I look over them sometimes.

Mr. Sydenstricker was want-
ing Pa to send me to Hillsboro
to school, he said he would board
me for half price. He asked me if
I wanted to go. I told him no,
but did not say why.

I believe the people are very well
satisfied with the entertainment
Saturday night, if they are
I am. Mr. Jackson was here Thurs-
day & while I did want to had
to tell him what he said about
me, but I did not hope a good chance
to tell him, he told the truth when
he said I was ugly, I did not care
for that, but as for me being "proud"
& "stuck up," it is not so.

If I was as handsome as he is, I
believe I would talk about other
people being ugly, and stuck
up. For, you, I heard, he said

(4)

was much like you, but I never saw you

I received the present you sent me and appreciated it, but I would much rather you had not sent it. You must excuse this badly written and composed letter. I must close for this time. Your true and loving friend, Laura Morgan.

4. I suppose with money, off beyond
if he were you, he would go to see
Ninna, because she is the best look-
ing. Perhaps he told you so & I don't know.

You certainly were treated "in a limb"
Sunday night, and afterwards to
get a nice photo graph.

I was very much pleased
a letter from Cousin Kate Pfleger,
she always writes such long letters,
she writes all the news, and so
much mischief.

You will have a cold time
if you go to Giesler Co. next week.
I think my ring is so nice
it is rather tight, but then
no one can get it off.

I have never taken it off since you
put it on. I would not give it
up for any one else's ring. #1

Edway, Dec. 6. 92
Oct 24th - 92

Mr. Luther Sharp:

Friend Friend I will endeavor to write you a few lines in answer to your kind letter, I received some time ago, I would

have written sooner but was very busy, and I thought perhaps you would come over to the meeting. The meeting commenced yesterday. There was very good meeting every night, there will be meeting every night except Saturday night. The meeting will last over Sunday, come over before it closes.

It is such nice weather for meeting now.

You said you subscribed the school paper. I was afraid to send me.

I never had any occasion to subscribe. I am so good. I would be afraid to cut up at school. Mrs. Barlow is not very strict but he makes us get the lessons. I am going to go all the school, I like to go when I did.

You need not be afraid that I will show your letters.

Do it something that I want to do. It is useless for me to ask you not to show my letters, because I know you will not. I will be trying my subscribing to a close, excuse me, short and sad, with love, because I am in a hurry.

41-A

I remain as ever your friend, Laura M. Mearns.

13 If I am able I want to go to see her again some time. it is a long way to go. I would love to go to see Aunt Sallie while she is living. ^(Sallie's name is Whang's wife) Genevieve is better than she was. she can walk over here and back she still has a girl staying with her. Ada had all her layers pulled three weeks ago. she has had an awful time of it. she has an abscess on her gum the Dr. lanced the place and has a poultice on it and the Dr. wanted her to go in town and have any Dr. say made of it but she said she was not able. she has had an awful bad cold too. she could not get any one to stay with her. they got a woman to stay a few hours one day. Uncle Aunt had been in the hospital and his uncle sick and his sister's husband had Pneumonia so none of his people could help them any.

Saura writes to her brother Will - Before 1928 or 1929

42

4 ~~But~~ ~~who~~ who married ~~the~~
 3 ~~father~~ has not been well and
 his mind is bad. They took him
 last week to Poncaville & the hospital
 and he came back and they say
 he is no better. he is at home.
 it is a pity for him. They have 8
 children, and they want every thing
 that is going. They want sick on
 all the children. They want the best
 that is going but never think of the
 pay. Virgie was over 5 days and
 helped clean up the stove. Joe
 is getting real frail he patters
 around, he can hardly hear.
 They are cutting timber up on the
 Jim Jackson place and have a
 saw mill close Harry Sheltons
 they have a camp there and Ella
 Gibson works there. I want to
 send Ruby something for her
 Birthday. I will send Edith a hand
 kerchief if I can send it in my
 letter. Write me when you can
 Love to you all from Laura Sharp
 written to her brother & Morgan

No mention of Violet (born 3-15-1897)
to Ada. Perhaps about 7 years old
(Ada born 2-21-1894) to city under about 8 years of 1896

Willy is still working
for Mr. Pat Henry.
Willy has not seen our
to see his girl for a few
Syn's, but I think
he will go soon.
(We had right dry
weather until the 10th
day it rained and has
been raining some
ever since. But on 10th
are beginning to come up
somewhere. I planted a
few German cherry flowers
last week and they are
coming up somewhere.
I watched some to day.
Well what is Ada doing
Lopanto see her very
bad. I suppose her

his her for now and
don't whip her at all.
Mr. Harry Harrison and
wife are going along good
they have been to Mr.
William Harrison to
a logging. He has been
clearing off his own
ground to day and is
too tired to write this
time. Well. I will close
my interesting letter
for this time by
asking you to write
soon.

Thine your sister
Hiram Morgan

Letter from Nina to her sister Laura Shap
(Morgan)

Letter to Ivan by his mother, Laura

March 2

(1921 ?)

45

Dear Ivan:

March 2

(page 1)

(Given in Gudrumen ?)

I received your letter and card both last night. I should have gotten the letter of course I could do yp your clothes, but they might get mashed up getting to the railroad. You know they have to be carried horseback to Cloverlick and some times the mail gets wet. It is raining tonight. I came over to the store and stayed over tonight. There is some snow on the north side.

(page 2) I heard today that Cad Gilmore was arrested at Spruce for bootlegging whiskey. They were making it at Cheat Bridge and he was it on the train and selling at Spruce. We heard they arrested one other man and Gilmore was fined \$500 or that's what I heard. Coyner was not drunk but John (Slanker?) and Resa (Higgins?) were drunk. Hattie (McClung) said she would not have minded(?) if John or Alfred (Higgins) had hurt him. But to have to carry a (scar ?) made by (with a stick) Resa was the limit. Resa had on her fine dress and she sat

(page 3) ~~some~~ in the cabbage that she had for supper. People talk awful about John and Resa. Bill(who?) ^{HOOPER OR GIBSON} and Sam (Higgins?) moved the wool out of the Curtis house today so I suppose they will move.... Nannie (Higgins?) is as hot as a fox. She sent Sam over for a big box to put the things in and I was in a minute and she had three boxes in the floor. She said over there this morning she washed those little darned (horses or houses) were all burned up. I am afraid she is mean enough to burn them if she had her things out of there. She has no where to go only -(Page 4)--if where they came from. And she says she is not going there. Papa (LD) and I got an invitation to the inaugural ball at Charleston, but I don't expect we will go. ha, ha. The boys have their fishing tackle and fishing catalog. I am glad you got the "Times". Papa was around the hill and cut a lot of grafts to graft some apples in the spring. Papa wrote out a notice to take to Uncle Hugh about not selling apples on Sunday. Uncle Hugh sells honey and apples to the Bohunks They could come any day, they are so close by.

The following on different paper, but apparently to Ivan, maybe mailed at the same time --?? ^{Pages 1, 2, 3 + 4, (or 5, 6, 7 + 8)}

① March 3, 1921 Well I have come over to the new house. It rained and the creek is full Sam & Bill have gone to the commissary(?) The stores have come (?) and I suppose they will have lots of ^{from a dress (husband)} ... there now... ^(teacher) Delphie has sent her draft by Cecil to cash to have it cashed, and he has sent men ^{Phoebe} paying for her board and she has Nannie went (slagging?) out to the barn this morning where Sam was. I guess she thought Hattie might go out to see (page 2) him. Hattie never looked at him. Papa said Nannie would not speak to him this morning. The girls asked Papa about (stamp?) and he told them to go out to the house to get them... (stamps?) I reckon Nan would not let them go over. She just acts like a mad bull all the time she is a (rairring?) about a lamb of hers. Papa said he was keeping her sheep for nothing and paying Sam and Bill for looking after her sheep as well as his own. She is so mad about Luther's ma.... moving down. (page 3) Mrs. Tracy is real poorly I heard they did not expect her to live anytime. She is a good woman and (told) not to be afraid to die. Matilda Hoover is home now. Mrs. Hoover has a very bad cold. I am sending Creola a couple waists. She wants Violet to select her some clothes at Baltimore. Ada was a little better, but real poorly when she wrote. Her cost nearly \$4 each. (page 4) ④ Well I have written all I know to write I will not get to write so often when the spring work comes on. Papa wants me to go to attend the store so he can sew grass seed over here. There is not many cutting timber now but the Bohunks. Well I will have to close for this time. with love, Mama.

(Luther worked on farm & Eva never cooked) (Sam & Nannie Higgins lived in Curtis house for a while) (Li)

I heard to day that Dad
Dymore was arrested at
Cherry for bootlegging
whiskey they were making
at Capt Bridges
he was brought to
the train and taken to
Spencer we heard they
arrested one other man
and Glenn was found
working on the boat that
I heard. Cuyover was
not drunk but drunk
and Rosa were charged
Halter and the world
not home. Spence and
at night. I heard dad
to carry a secret message
Rosa was the messenger
Rosa had a car for
dress and the

and where they came from
and also I was taken to
young trade. Papa and I
went to market
they were at Ball at
Charleston but I don't
expect we will go there.
The boys have at their
last of tackle and they
Col also. I am glad you
got the dinner.
Papa was around the
hill and got a lot
of letters to go off
some letters in the spring
Papa wrote to a woman
to take to the girls
about not coming off by
on Sunday. not to
sell things and apply
to the Bank. They were
not any more they were
the same

Note to copies:

87 sheets (49 x 50)

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Then leave them 1/2

as they are typed up on page (45)

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we're enjoying your true hospitality. Becker's Post-Record 6-13-60

Man Celebrates 88th Anniversary

SLATY FORK (RNS) — "Just keep on — keeping on" is to what I attribute my 88 years," said Luther David Sharp on his 88th birthday anniversary Friday. "Yes sir, activity is the thing that keeps us young. We would die in a short time if it were not for work," Sharp stated.

Sharp was born June 10, 1872, the son of Silas and Sara Hannah Sharp of Slaty Fork. He was educated in the schools of Pocahontas County. As a child, Sharp said he could remember that they always had three changes in the menu for breakfast, they had meat and bread; for dinner, bread and meat; and for supper they had both of them with lots of dried apples for sauce and pies.

"The world has certainly bloomed out in flower since I was a boy," Sharp said. "I can remember when there was no buggy or no automobile. When a family bought the first lamp and around here, a daughter in the family slipped it out and brought it to our house and asked us to hide it because she was afraid it would blow up and kill their whole family. All the cooking had to be done over an open fire place."

"My father was a farmer who liked to hunt and fish. I have always liked to hunt and fish, and have gotten a deer each year of my life up until two years ago," Sharp reminisced, "guess I am getting too old."

When Sharp was 15 years old he went into the store business at Slaty Fork on the old railroad. After the building of the new road, he built his present store in 1917. For 70 years he has been in the general store business. At the present time his oldest son, Luther David Sharp Jr., of Cincinnati, Ohio, owns the store and Mrs. Henry Gibson manages it for him. Sharp married the former Miss Laura Jane Morgan and they were the parents of five living children. L. D. Sharp Jr. lives at Nitro; Paul of Port Netches,



LUTHER DAVID SHARP

Texas, Silas S. Sharp, at home; and Mrs. Violet Markland of Richmond, Va. After the death of his first wife, several years ago, Sharp married the former Miss Mabel Hansford of Marlinton.



advertisers. In calling for the above say "Advertised" giving date of list.

A. S. OVERHOLT, P. M.

Farm For Sale.

About 385 acres, fine grazing, farming and fruit land. Some timber and an excellent orchard of improved trees. This land is so situated that there has never been a fruit failure. Good house, two barns, well watered, in good community. About five miles from depot, most of the distance being Macadam road. Address, Times Office, Marlinton, W. Va.

FOR SALE:—A small grist mill known as Griffin mill on Big Spring of Elk. Good water power all the year round. About 1 1-2 acres of land, with small dwelling. For further particulars apply to S. C. Gafford, Slaty Fork, W. Va.

Notice to Confederates.

The meeting of Moffett Post, Camp of Confederate Veterans is called to meet at the Times Office in Marlinton on Saturday, April 9 for the purpose of electing officers, appointing delegates to the Reunion at Mobile, and transacting any other business that may come before the Camp. A good attendance is desired.

LEVI WAUGH, Commander.
E. D. KING, Adjutant.

Contractors Wanted.

We will let to contract the cutting of twenty thousand cords of pulp wood this season. As big a contract as you can handle can be secured. Apply at once to WILLIAMS & PARIS, 1st National Bank Building, Marlinton, W. Va.

22. Write from Fla. 1925

Pocahontas

3-26-1925

52

\$1.00 A Year

MARLINTON, POCAHONTAS COUNTY WEST VIR.

Jan 1, 1914 YELK

sis of Mrs. Carrie H. Dilley, of Dilley's Mill, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Birdie O. Dilley, the past two months, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McGuire's little boy continues to improve.

Charles Galford has gone to Marlinton where he has opened a jewelry repair shop

The directors of the Marlinton and Elk Mutual Telephone Company met Saturday. The officers are L. D. Sharp, president; S. Mc Dilley, vice-president and general manager; J. D. Gibson, secretary and treasurer. The most important business transacted was the cutting out of free phones after January 1; the extending of the short line wire down Elk wherever the extension of the company's business justifies it; the cooperation of the different mutual companies entering the Marlinton switchboard will be asked in order to install two phones, one in the C. & O. station and the other in the freight office.

The W. Va. Pulp & Paper Co. have scheduled a daily passenger, (Sundays excepted) from Cass to the commissary near Slaty Fork, beginning January 1. The train will leave Cass in early morning, return in time to connect at noon with the up C. & O. train. This will be the main line to Webster Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Gibson were Marlinton visitors, Friday.

James Gibson got tired of skinning his shins handling backlogs and foresticks and has now installed steam heat in his house.

Mr. and Mrs. Andy Loan are spending the holidays at Millboro, Virginia.

Bina Moss and Earl Gibson are visiting at Howardsville, Va.

Joe Buzzard was on Elk this week contracting for lambs for next fall.

Married, at the residence of the officiating minister, Rev. C. H. Anderson, December 25, 1913, Clarence Blakeslee and Miss Glenna Sharp. The bride is the eldest daughter of John Blakeslee, and a very promising lady

FROM FLORIDA

We have taken our east coast tour, and on arrival back to our home in Orlando, will give you a part of our experience. The first day we went through Cocoa City, Indian River City and several small towns and reached Melbourne City at about the right time to pitch our tent. We were directed to the tourist camp and found it to be the best camp we have seen on the east coast. And as my son and I are fond of fishing we enquired where we could go fishing that night and were told that the best place to fish in all the country was off the Indian River bridge. The bridge is two miles long. We got flashlights, hooks and lines and pulled out for the fish market to get shrimp for bait and found that they did not have any, so we went to the grocery and bought some meat rind. When we got to the bridge and were telling the fishermen about our bad luck in not being able to get shrimp. They said "you did not need any bait, we are all fishing with a small piece of white rag." I thought they were kidding me, but soon saw that they were actually catching them thick and fast with the white rag and hook. One man had a small piece of oil cloth on his hook and they used it just as we use an artificial fly in West Virginia. We had heavy sinkers on our lines and continued to fish with the meat rind until my son caught a trout, and took one of its gills and in a short time we caught all we could eat for breakfast. I never saw so many fish caught in so short a time in all my life. Some had fifty or more nice trout, and there must have been 200 people fishing and all were catching fish. One man told me that he had caught 700 trout the night before on a hook that was run through a piece of his white handkerchief. Ask Dick Smith if he can beat that man's fish story.

The next day we pulled straight ahead for Palm Beach and we reached the ocean in time to go out on the great long pier and catch a mess of fish for breakfast. Then we drove around among the beautiful palm trees and flowers and looked at all beautiful scenery on Palm Beach. Then we drove over to West Palm Beach to the tourist's camp, and instead of finding the camp among the fine coconut and palm trees we found it located where there were but few shade trees, and the tourists were not very well pleased with the camp, but we made it all right.

The next day we drove down to Hollywood and pitched our tent to camp over Sunday. This city has been building only four years and

In bathing, We drove out to Coral Gabels where so many rich men are spending their money in lots and fine buildings. It is no place for a poor man. Miami is getting pretty well up with Chicago for crime. We found some tourists who were afraid to go to Miami on account of so much robbing and so many murders in the last year. That was the reason why Sharp camped outside of Miami.

We took another shoot out from Miami and went down the east coast as far as the road is cut out. The first city of any size below Miami was Homestead. We went on below Florida City along way down until we found no more road. There is a vast rich country and there are thousands of acres of tomatoes, and as the old saying is "I never saw tomatoes before." I did not see anybody but negroes living between these cities, and the negroes had many boxes of tomatoes along the road to sell to tourists. We bought the finest tomatoes I ever saw for two cents per pound; that was all they asked for them. There are many tomato packing houses and the packers no doubt are buying tomatoes from the negroes for a song and they are shipping them up north and making a fortune on them.

Florida is not considered much for corn, but I never saw better corn grow any place than in one section down near the jumping off place. The corn looked to be much higher than a man's head—probably ten or twelve feet high—and such a dark green color that the land must be very rich.

We went out to a Seminole Indian village. There were about fifty Indians there. Some of them work in the packing house. We parked our car by the roadside and walked out to the Indian camps among the jungles, and when I saw the Indians sitting flat on the ground in squads and looking so strange at us, it very near got my nerve. I tried to get them to talk, but they would only say yes and no. They were cooking out on the ground and we could tell the meat they were cooking was more than ripe—anyway we did not stay for dinner. The children about six years old and under had no clothes on. The Indians were all barefooted but the older ones had on clothes of many colors. While we were at this village a very large swarm of bees passed over us and looked as if they were going to settle on a pine tree, but they slowly moved on. I suppose the Indians have plenty of honey to eat. It looks bad that our government does not educate the Seminoles. I am told they are getting slower all the time.

53

column 1

Page 2

that short time. They are now making artificial lakes. They think the northern people like lakes, so they are spending many thousands of dollars making them. The main street must be over 100 feet wide and the city runs out to the ocean front. In a few years Hollywood will be one of the big cities on the map.

As it is only eighteen miles to Miami, we decided to run down to see Mr. William Jennings Bryan's Sunday school class. We were told that he teaches the largest men's class in the United States—5000 men. He teaches his class out in the Miami Park. But owing to being held back by the traffic we did not get to the park until he had closed, we thought we would go to the first church we could find for preaching, which was a Presbyterian church. After preaching I was told that Mr. Bryan and his wife were in the congregation, so I hunted him up and had a short talk with him on prohibition, and, while we differ in politics, we are together on prohibition. Mrs. Bryan has to be wheeled about in a chair. She is unable to raise her hands. Mr. Bryan said she was not paralyzed but it was worse than being paralyzed as she suffered such great pain. She has been helpless for six years. They live in a fine mansion in Miami but of course Mrs. Bryan cannot enjoy it, so the poorest person with good health has the greatest blessing. Let us be thankful for our health while we have it.

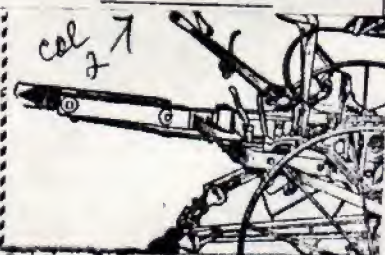
Sunday afternoon we drove a distance of probably five miles across bridge to the Miami Beach. We could hardly get there and we could hardly get back. There were many thousands of cars going over and coming back and we would hardly get started until the city cop would stop the long double line of cars. We must have been one hour going that five miles to the beach. It looked to me like there were 100,000 people on the beach and there were thousands

and while we were driving after night to make up lost time, at about ten o'clock as we were driving through a jungle section we saw three alligators cross the road in front of us. About an hour later while we were a long way from any town, three men were standing by the road; one of them stepped out in the road and waved us to stop and kept on waving—we could see him from the light of the car. Not a word was spoken in our car, but my son had presence of mind and threw on all the gas he could. We were going at about 25 miles an hour, and we must have passed by them at 35 miles or more per hour. We don't know what their business was; they had no broken down car there, and as there had been so many people held up and robbed around Miami, I believe they were robbers, but they had no way to stop us unless they killed the driver, and we went so fast that it would have taken a Jesse James to have gotten him.

We drove on our tour down and back to Orlando about eight hundred miles. We found everything all right in our bungalow, and we are renting our property and getting ready to start back to West Virginia in a few days. We are getting anxious to see our old friends. James White wrote us he would stop to see us on his way home but I suppose he lost directions and could not find us. We hope he reached home safely.

We expect to stop off with our daughter at Richmond for one day and will run over to Baltimore, and make a short call at Washington, probably one day, then we will proceed homeward. The tourists are going north very fast—so much so that you can't get a Pullman without engaging it a few weeks ahead.

L. D. Sharp.



Early Seed

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this part of the state,
Misses Mabel Fuller and Grace
Stutling are visiting friends in
Charlottesville, Va.

WHEN TWENTY TO

Forty years
has been added to YOUR
life and you are unable to
work and earn the money
you get now, how are you go-
ing to get necessities and
comforts you need for you
and yours?

A GROWING bank account
today forecasts something
better than a mere existence
in later years.
Why not today start a ac-
count with

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
Marlinton, W. Va.

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Weather fine; hot days, cool nights and is getting very dry.

In pursuance of a decree of the
Circuit Court of

I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of Superintendent of Schools of Pocatontos County, subject to the action of the Democratic Party's way of nominating. I promise, if nominated and elected to serve, to continue

omb, and others.
 o authority vested in the
 Commissioner of the
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 by its decretal order
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What real estate belong-
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time and place any party
 may attend.
 J. F. Buckley,
 Commissioner.

- Co. vs Dorsey Freeman judgment \$308.59.
- State vs Pete Snyder, forfeiture on bail bond.
- Bank of Marlinton vs R. R. Snedegar and others, judgment \$1698.81.
- State vs Lee Vint, not guilty.
- State vs John Milam, guilty, sentence two years in pen.
- Pistol license granted Paris D Yeager and Park McNeil.
- State vs Roy Houchin, verdict guilty of murder in second degree.
- State vs Ira Vandevender, confessed, \$300 fine six months in jail.
- State vs Matus Hobconic, guilty, two years in pen.
- State vs John Rose, guilty, \$150 and costs.
- State vs E. D. Burner, \$50 and six months in jail, charge carrying a pistol. Bail pending application for writ of error.
- State vs J. W. Shillist, guilty, \$100 fine sixty days in jail.
- State vs C. P. Hamrick, No. 1 & 2 quashed.
- State vs C. P. Hamrick, not guilty

inferred from the evidence in this case that you brothers had been engaged in making moonshine liquor and that on the night preceding the murder of George Huffman you had a part of your whiskey stolen and we may gather from the evidence that you accused George Huffman and another of having taken your whiskey. In this you may be correct. yet even this being true it gave you no license to commit murder. The penalty in this case is severe, yet it is only commensurate with the crime that has been committed. I doubt not that the criminal annals of this county does not show a more deliberate killing as has been narrated by the witnesses in this case. "This certainly should be a lesson to others who may be engaged in the manufacture of moonshine whiskey that the day of settlement will finally come, and should be enough to turn all those similarly engaged, to the paths of lawful pursuits."—West Virginia News.

THORNY CREEK

Quite an excitement was created in this section last Friday when an insane man was taken into custody by John Perry, W. F. Harmon and Summers Hoover. He gave his name as Walter L. Carnex and said he

son, in the Chicago Daily News.
 SLATYFORK
 Charley Craddock, Engineer on the G. C. & E. Ry., was painfully injured by being hit across the stomach by a log while working on a wreck. He was taken to the hospital at Roncove, where he is getting along nicely. Russell Dilley has sold his Ford car and purchased a new Maxwell.
 Miss Creola Sharp, who is attending high school at Marlinton, spent Thanksgiving with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Sharp.
 Our school is progressing nicely with Glen Barlow as teacher.
 Oliver Painter, Lee Burner and Russell Dilley are building a garage in partnership.
 Mrs. G. Craddock is at Roncove with her husband, Charlie Craddock, who is in the hospital.
 Earl and Irene Bryant, who are attending high school at Marlinton, spent Thanksgiving with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bryant.

Senator Heflin (Dem., Ala.) made this prophetic declaration in a telling speech against the whitewashing of Senator Newberry:
 "The way Senators voted on a question like this resulted in the re-

Treaty of Versailles will be remembered by posterity."
 Cox, in D
 HONOR ROLL: Pri-
 Stony Bottom School.
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 Bell Tallman, Anna
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 Laughlin, Clyde Tall
 man, June Meeks, Geo

W. B. Arbogast, Wm. Goodsell's over Sunday.
 Wm Widney, superintendent of the Pocahontas Tanning Company, is making some changes in the tannery.
 12-13-1922
 SLATYFORK

Grass is growing fine and it looks like summer was not far off.
 We are expecting Professor J. H. Hall, one of the world's best music teachers, to teach singing school for us this summer. Everyone near should take advantage of this great opportunity to study music.
 L. D. Sharp has been working hard getting up petitions to re-establish a mail route from Slatyfork to Edray. Many years ago the people of Elk had daily mail, but now have no mail at all for a distance of twelve miles. Well to do farmers and heavy taxpayers live here, and during the war were heavy subscribers of Government bonds and War Saving Stamps, and yet they have been denied any mail service, we hope that this very important route will soon be established. Let us pull together. There is but one road from the main road down to the Slatyfork office. The mail has been carried several years from Linwood to Slatyfork.
 Our Sunday School is progressing nicely. We think the Sunday school should not close for the winter. Since we have had a few years of evergreen Sunday School we find it the thing. Our attendance has been good all winter and last Sunday the house was full, with not a vacant seat left.
 There has been a lot of moonshining going on on Elk. Some men are too lazy to work and so they make the stuff to rob men of their money, minds and health. The moonshener must quit his dishonest business or soon be rounded up.

I am herewith enclosing you a few lines suggested to me by a conversation I heard on one of our streets last Sunday afternoon between a minister of the Gospel and a couple of our local attorneys. J. M. MEADOR.
 Hinton, W. Va.

What boots it if,
 Within the pulsing womb of time,
 A thousand thousand years
 Man passed from stage to stage;
 Or if, at God's command,
 With single bound
 He leaped from Mother Earth
 A Man?
 To Him who gave us life
 A thousand years is as a single day.
 His handiwork shows purpose and design.
 I question not His wisdom, mode or plan;
 Nor hath the Record said
 He breathed in him the Breath of Life
 And Man became a Living Soul,
 Before he was a Man!

Science hath not shown
 The Sun to change his course
 In all the years;
 Nor whence Orion's bands,
 Polar's guided mariners of old,
 And points the North today.
 The Pleiades we view with raptured gaze,
 The Shepherds saw and Poets sang
 On old Judea's hills.
 The fragrance of the Rose,
 The Violet's tint.

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War on Elk

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Column #11

Vol No 34 3-31-1910

Marli column #37

War Recollections.

column #1

THE FIGHT ON ELK.

① Company F. 19th Va. Cavalry was organized at Millpoint, Pocahontas county, December, 1862. A few days after we organized and before we received our arms, one of our company, Frank McKeever, deserted and went to Beverly and told the Yanks that we were in camp at Millpoint without arms and how nice it would be to capture the company. So some two or three hundred soldiers set out from Beverly to take us in. But a day or two after McKeever deserted we got our arms and had gone over in the upper end of Greenbrier county to try and capture a bushwhacker by the name of McMillion, and had been on the march the greater part of the night without meeting up with McMillion, and stopped in the afternoon part of the night in Renicks Valley to get a little sleep and feed our horses. That night a snow fell about 11 inches deep. After we got something to eat, we saddled up and started on our return to camp.

When we reached the Top of Droop Mountain some one met us and told of the Yankees being in the Levels and had captured our quarters and one or two of the company who had been left in camp and burnt all the feed and provisions we had. So when we arrived in the Levels we were without shelter, feed or anything to eat. We scattered out among the farmers, got something to eat, and organized for a dash after the Yanks to try to even up with them for what they had done for us in our absence. I think we had about sixty men. Some of Capt. Marshall's company fell in with us after we started on our raid, and proved to be of great help. Lieut. Price took the advance with Will Ponge, Geo. W. Jackson, Joseph Hull and Henry Sharp with him, expecting to

When Capt. McNeel found that he could not open the door he gave it a kick and asked them to surrender. The Yankee Lieut. in command answered him by saying, "Surrender, no, never," and they commenced shooting through the doors and windows and we replied in the same way. A Yankee by the name of McWhorter, from Jane Lew, was shot and killed as he made the attempt to get out of his bed, and another Yankee was killed in the room. By that time the Yankee Lieut. cried out, "I surrender."

Capt. McNeel answered, "I asked you to surrender and you wouldn't, let them have it, boys." Then he said, "I surrender with up-lifted hands."

Capt. McNeel then gave the command to cease firing, and we crowded in the house, and while we were in the house Walt Allen jumped from an upstairs window and made his escape. Well enough he did, I guess, for it is hard to tell what might have been his fate had we gotten him.

All the boys did not know that Lieut. Price and his squad were down the road and some of them mistook them for Yanks and fired on them, killing Henry Sharp, which cast a gloom over our victory. We captured eighteen Yankees with their horses and arms—all of which we needed in our business. So we evened up pretty well for what they had done to us.

Frost

Plowing and sugar making is the order of the day.

J. W. Jackson moved to Frost last week. We are glad to see him back again.

B. B. Williams, of Cass, was around last week shaking hands with his many friends.

Geo. B. Ryder, of Highland county, was in this community

ton or Edray, but not find them at either place we took them to Elk. When we got where the road left the pike to William Moore's, Lieut. noticed that some had taken road and had not returned, waited there for the company come up and when it got there called for volunteers to go with him to Mr. Moore's and as nearly frozen, and we were make the trip a-foot, I dismounted to make the trip, thinking it was way I would get warm; it was my bravery that caused me to but just simply to keep from freezing. Well we were soon at Moore's and surrounded the house and Lieut. Price called to Moore and asked him if he had any one stopping with him for the night. He said, "Yes, there are a couple gentlemen stopping here." He told Mr. Moore he wished to see them, and we went and brought the gentlemen which proved to be two Yanks. We went to the stable and their horses put the Yanks on string and started back. One of the Yanks was Sergeant M. the other a high private, I believe. When we got back to the house it was good and warm. We set two prisoners back toward Jane Lew and then Lieut. Price and his advance started on to Gibson. When we got to the Moffett house we all dismounted, hitched our horses to the fence by the house and Lieut. Price and his advance went on in front. When we got to Polly Gibson's, Lieut. Price and his men passed by and went on down the road to just beyond the house. The rest of the command surrounded the house. The Yankee picket had been on duty had gone to the house and was trying to get some one to go out and take place; so there was no picket duty when we got there. Our arms were stacked in one corner of the room. We thought we would open the door and run over the Yanks as they lay on the floor. Capt. McNeel tried to open the door but it had been used and a bed set against it.

Death of Henry Sharp (South) was killed (North)

See top of page last column

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Entered at the Postoffice at Marlin
ton, W. Va., as second class matter

THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1926

At the West Union school house at the foot of the mountain, on the road that leads to the Williams River country, in 1864, lived Henry Duncan, in a double log house on the headwaters of Stony Creek. The house was opposite the mouth of a draw or hollow leading off at right angles toward the south, and up that hollow lived William Beverage about a quarter of a mile distant. A passway was used up that hollow to reach the Griffin place, and the homes of people living on Days Mountain, and on over to the headwaters of Dry Run, a branch of Swain Creek. Part of the passway between the Duncan place and the Beverage place was fenced on both sides in 1864 as a lane. It was this lane that gave the name to the battle.

The State was formed in 1863, and in the early part of 1864 a regiment of state guards was formed at Buckhannon, and of this regiment Pocahontas county furnished one company, captained at times by Captain Sam Young, a minister, and later by Captain I. W. Allen. Captain Young preached at the sulphur spring on Stony Creek, (Ellis Sharp's) on May 3, 1864, and made an appointment to preach there again in forty years after. A great concourse of people gathered there in 1894 to keep the appointment, but the captain was dead. Eleven survivors appeared at

It turned out afterwards that the soldier at the bridge was not a sentinel, but was a deserter who was making his getaway to Buckhannon, where they saw him a short time after.

The little army turned up Price Run and from there climbed Bucks Mountain through the grass lands until they reached the fringe of trees near the top, and there they took some cold food from their haversacks and lay down to sleep without any fire whatever.

They were stirring before daylight and marched to the head of Dry Run and called at the house of Peter Beverage, a Union man, and there got something to eat, and then proceeded by the way of the Griffin Place, to William Beverage's place. Williams Beverage was a brother of Peter Beverage, but was a Confederate in sympathy, but was a non combatant.

liere there were bees, and the little army, feeling safe from possible pursuit, commandeered a bee gum or hive full of honey. It was the first week of November and the hive was heavy with honey. The soldiers made the farmer give them buckets and they proceeded to fill the buckets with honey, preparing for a mid-day feed.

In the meantime, the Confederates had been laying plans to capture the Union soldiers sent here in such a small force to beard the lion in his den. Captain J. C. Gay, holding a commission as captain under the Confederacy, with authority to guard the border was the ranking officer in this emergency, he augmented his force by summoning to his headquarters at his home at the mouth of Stony Creek, all southern soldiers who were at home on furloughs, and his command was made up of about half scouts and half soldiers on furlough.

Godfrey Gelger says that he and his brother Adam Gelger were called from their home at Stone Bottom and

Cpl 3
John Armstrong, Moffett Walton,
John E. Adkison, William Kinnison,
James L. Rodgers, received serious
wounds. Moffett Sharp, shot in the
mouth.

J. R. Moore, who was under fire from the first, says that no one was hit at the first fire, that is the firing that occurred while the Union soldiers were getting the money for lunch in William Beverage's yard. I think this is correct. I think Bernard Sharp was hit in the hips with a mountain rifle ball while he stood behind a tree, returning the fire of the Confederates. He was a fine, tall, slim young man, and his untimely death was greatly regretted.

The wounded soldiers were taken to a cave near James McClure's, under the shadow of Red Knob, and concealed, and they were treated with great kindness and consideration by the McClure family.

There was no one hit on the Confederate side. The Confederates turned back at Henry Duncan's and they took from his farm a bee gum and bees which they carried to William Beverage to replace the one that he had lost to the Union army. There seems to have been no cause for this other than Duncan was for the Union, and Beverage was for the Confederacy.

I have talked with Register Moore and Peter McCarty, soldiers of the Union, on one side, and Godfrey Gelger, soldier on the Confederate side. Godfrey Gelger was in some of the biggest fighting of the war. George McCoilam was eight years old and he has a vivid recollection of the soldiers returning from the battlefield, shouting and victorious. He was at his Aunt Ruth Kee's on Buckles Mountain; George M. Kee, a wounded Confederate soldier being at home.

It is probably impossible for complete lists of the soldiers to be obtained at this late day and time, and the names here given are those furnished by survivors of the affair.

Union soldiers: Captain Samuel Young, Captain I. W. Allen, Lieut. Wm. Kinnison, Corporal John Armstrong, William Hannan, William Gay, George Cochran, Clark Dilley of Ewings Battery, Jeremy Dilley, Sheldon Hannan, Clark Kellison, Newton Wanless, Moffett Wanless, James L. Rodgers, Aaron Moore, L. R. Moore.

W. This part
B. has been
C. destroyed
Er.
W.
a.

57

South of
Bemidji
Sharp
(North)

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April
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May,
Army
lars station
were called, were on the
port to Gen. Hunter at
a movement against Ly
ginia, and from that
the war at Appomatox,
West Virginia, fought
side of the mountain.
ception of a detour on
Salem to Martinsbur
Lewisburg and Char
June 29, 1864, to July
colley of West Virgini
year of the war was gi
state guards, and I
have not been given
their courage and fide
ency. In peace they see
forgotten, and their
ignored. They have n
as well as Confederat
most of the souther
taken very good care
southern veterans.
The home guard m


continued back to
Column # 2 on 1st page

Money to loan on farms
Your business solicited

I have never been able to under

OAK CREST POU
Millpoint, W. Va.

On Sunday night and Monday morning a terrible storm visited the Panhandle section of this state. At least thirty people lost their lives. The property loss is very heavy.



500 8.1912

4

Last picture of
Silas

1899



Last picture of
Silas
1898

Ella Luther Melinda

Silas
("Si")

Sarah
("Sally")



Ella
Melinda
Luther



from
a tin type

Luther David & Mary Ella Melinda Luther

1872 - 1963

5

James Randolph Morgan
 4-2-1815 - 5-6-1897
 father of Sam Morgan

5

Knew
 with
 Buggy
 ran off
 - wrecked
 & killed him



(married 2-21-1872)

← Rev. Sam Morgan

← Edith Morgan

(Parents of Laura Sharp (3-31-1874 - 10-17-1932))



Her second
 husband

Wes Irvin

Edith Irvin (3-31-1874 - 9-25-1932)

Script:

Wild Turkey Group
Slatyfork, West Virginia

Rubber Stamp: American Museum of Natural History

" " J. Otis Wheelock

Rubber stamp: From
American Museum of Natural History
77th Street & Central Park West
New York City, N. Y.

J. O. Henry secured this Turkey nest etc from the mountain
at Slatyfork May 1906

Afterwards, he was solicited to go to N. Y. as a guest
of the curators of the Museum. He and I went and
stayed at his home.
The visit to N. Y. could have been any time from
1906 to the next four years

Frank H. Brown
found this
Turkey nest

62

62

61

6





60

THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
CENTRAL PARK WEST AT 79TH STREET, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10024

DEPARTMENT OF ORNITHOLOGY

Dean Amadon, Ph.D., Sc.D.
Lamont Curator of Birds, Chairman

Wesley E. Lanyon, Ph.D.
Associate Curator

Lester L. Short, Jr., Ph.D.
Associate Curator

Charles Vaurie, D.D.S.
Associate Curator

Charles E. O'Brien
Assistant Curator

Robert Cushman Murphy, Sc.D.
Dr. Hon. Cause, Lamont Curator Emeritus of Birds

Walter Bock, Ph.D.
Research Associate

Jean Delacour, Lic. Sci.
Research Associate

Eugene Eisenmann, LL.B.
Research Associate

Crawford H. Greenewalt, Sc.D.
Research Associate

James C. Greenway, Jr., A.B.
Research Associate

Ernst Mayr, Ph.D.
Research Associate in Old World Birds

John Bull
Field Associate

Robert G. Goelet, A.B.
Field Associate

John Kieran, Sc.D.
Field Associate

Mrs. Allston Flagg
Associate

G. Stuart Keith, M.A. (Oxon)
Associate

July 26, 1966

Mr. Dave Sharp
3049 Madison Road
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Mr. Sharp:

The nest secured from your father during May, 1906 is still in existence in our North American Hall of Birds. This hall was closed for rehabilitation for several years but is now opened to the public.

Sincerely yours,

Charles E. O'Brien
Charles E. O'Brien jr

COB:jn

Page 3

Slaty Fork story

59

Times.

wards of West
nsioned and re-
the volunteer
a state guard
hla and pres-
e state and to
ary movement
e state, was
test peril and

the troubles in
the powerful Grand
organization
And I can see
a New Hamp-
ould never hear
and might not
much consider-
o faces death
try. But the
uard carried
ng the four-
ative service,
the discharge

The state guards
d in a great
of West Virginia
alley of Virginia
ue Ridge. In
April the guards were
organ of the danger
May, the force of the
Army of Virginia, as the regu-
lars stationed in the mountain state
were called, were on the move to re-
port to Gen. Hunter at Staunton in
a movement against Lynchburg, Vir-
ginia, and from that to the end of
the war at Appomatox, the Army of
West Virginia, fought on the other
side of the mountain, with the ex-
ception of a detour on a retreat from
Salem to Martinsburg by way of
Lewisburg and Charleston, from
June 29, 1864, to July 18, 1864. The
policy of West Virginia for the last
year of the war was given over to the
state guards, and I feel that they
have not been given due credit for
their courage and fidelity and effi-
ciency. In peace they seem to have been
forgotten, and their signal service
ignored. They have not been treated
as well as Confederate soldiers, for
most of the southern states have
taken very good care of destitute
southern veterans.

The home guard movement should
not be confused with the home guard
companies formed on either side at
the beginning of the war in the
West Virginia counties. These un-
uniformed patriotic citizens repre-
sented the sentiment of their respec-
tive sides, and played important
parts in the earlier stages of the
contest, and they all practically
formed or entered regular companies
in a very short time.

The West Virginia guards had all
the standing of regularly sworn de-
fenders, wearing the uniform of their
country duly authorized by law to
lay down their lives for the Union.
Unfortunately they became confused
with the more peaceful organizations
of other states and suffered neglect
and ingratitude. Students of history
are invited to study the record.
They will be convinced that a very
important body of Union soldiers
failed to receive due recognition after
peace was declared.

I am glad to be able to present to
you the salient facts of the battle of
Duncan's Lane, as an example of
what might be expected as a part of
the day's work from the West Vir-

CHARM OF A COUNTRY STORE

If you are passing through Slaty Fork in Poca-
hontas County, you might want to stop at the Esso
Station and gas up for an excuse to have a gander at
the store. It is owned by Luther David Sharp and he
is trying to retain the quaint charm of an old-time
grocery store. As long as he possibly can he wants it
to look about the way it did when his father with the
same first and second name started the store in 1925.
The elderly Mr. Sharp died a couple of years ago
at the age of 91. The present owner lives in Cincinnati
where he is in the retail jewelry business and leaves the
Slaty Fork managing to Eunice Gibson. She'll be happy
to show you the store and the few mounted specimens
of wild life that are there.

The senior Sharp left three other boys and a girl.
They are Ivan of Nitro, Si of Slaty Fork, Paul of Port
Neches, Texas, and Vi Markland of Richmond, Virginia.
"Hillbilly", Richwood, W. Va., Sept 25 1965

CHURCH NOTES

CLINTON PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Harvey H. Orr, Pastor.
School 9:45
p m Junior Christian Endeavor
p m Senior Christian Endeavor
Annual Childrens' Day service;
dress by Rev. Dwight Winn, of
p m Sermon by the pastor.

MARLINTON METHODIST CHURCH
Rev. S. R. Neel, Pastor
School 10:15 a. m.
A. S. Overholt Supt.
Junior Epworth League
p m. Epworth League
a m. Preaching by the pastor
p m. Services will be conduct-
ed by the Wesley Brotherhood. Ev-
erybody invited to this service.
ayer meeting Wednesday even-
ing 8:00 o'clock. Everybody wel-

HUNTERSVILLE CIRCUIT
Mack Thomason, Pastor
0 a m. Mt. Vernon
0 p m Huntersville
0 p m Bethel

Sunday School attendance at the
Methodist Church last Sunday 240;
the Presbyterian Church 208.
There will be preaching at the
St. Minister Presbyterian Church at
00 a m., Sunday, June 20, imme-
diately following the Sunday school.
Rev. S. Dwight Winn, missionary
to Korea, now on furlough to this
country, will preach at the Lower
Church at Buckeye on Sunday, June
at 3:30 in the afternoon instead
at night, as previously announced.

DIED

A telegram was received
day, announcing the death
of Moore at his home in
City, Kansas, on June 10,
age was about 80 years.
ed was a brother of B
Auldridge, of Indian Dr
the late Aaron Moore, of
His parents were the late
and Mrs. Jane Baxter Moo-
hlinton.

Mr. Moore left his ho-
hontas county as a young
the Civil War. He first
the oil fields of West V
Pennsylvania, and then
Kansas and took up land.
real pioneer, there being
buffalo and Indians when
his homestead.

Mr. Moore has been bac-
lental visits to his native c
married in the west and h
ed by his wife and num-
dren.

Miss Clara Fleming d
last week at the home of
William F. Jones, at
Highland county, at an ad
She was a sister of the lat
Fleming.

After a lingering illness
Terry Gum, wife of Har-
departed this life at her
Clayton, W. Va., on M
aged forty-two years, t
and eight days. Her re-
buried near her old ho-
land county, Virginia.
member of the Method
having united with that
at the age of twelve year
the time of her departu-
called her family aroun-
told them the Lord was

W.T. HENDERSON.

Invoices of each shipment should be sent by Mail when goods are shipped, and all packages marked.

SAML. S. LINTHICUM.

H. F. WAIDNER.

Members of



MEMBERS.
PRODUCE EXCHANGE,
CORN & FLOUR EXCHANGE.
REFER TO
DROVERS & MECHANICS
NATIONAL BANK.



TELEPHONE No. 577.

Sales for account of

L. O. Sharps.

Baltimore, NOV 26 1900

Received

11/24	6 Bbl	1420 Turkey	498		
		5 " Geese	17		
		10 " Chick	31		
	2 Bors	28 Pheas	11 46 @ 5	5730	
		18 65 1435		1520	
		12 Chick		1572 1/2	

CHARGES.

Freight
Drayage
Commission

1310

E. & C. E.

Net Proceeds.

365 1/6
Check 55.90

N.B.!

Dear Sir:- We regret much indeed to advise you that this shipment reached us in bad order and we had to sell quickly to secure what we did as so much of this kind of poultry being seized by the health authorities that we were afraid we would get caught with it. We know you are heavy losers at this price but we certainly did our best under the circumstances. We are glad to report that the weather is much cooler and we are receiving game and poultry in good order once again.

(The above typed message was faded too much to reproduce by Xerox--thus typed again like on the original invoice).

Yours Respectfully
Henderson, Linticum & Co.

Bugsby & Rivers

MANUFACTURERS OF
Furniture, Mattresses and
Rugs



Factory & Business Office

TERMS:

BIDDLE & CHESTER STS.

SHOW ROOMS, NO. 1225 HOWARD ST.

6-21-1898

Sold to - *W L D Sharp* *Linwood, N J*

1 Cherry Oct Parlor Chair 534
10 Bureaus

<i>44 00</i>	
<i>10 100</i>	<i>4500</i>
	<i>220</i>
	<i>4280</i>
	<i>4180</i>
	<i>100</i>

By Cash 6/98
Bal

*This was about
5 or 6 Pine
Blafford Rocker, covered,
1 armed chair & 10
chairs - upholstered
in maroon felt.*

I gave to Dave and it is in his possession

TERMS MUST BE STRICTLY COMPLIED WITH.
ACCOUNTS NOT PAID AT MATURITY ARE SUBJECT TO SIGHT DRAFT WITHOUT NOTICE



65 Fall 65 CHICAGO, 1 16 1899

Bought of
BUTLER BROTHERS

TERMS: 2 PER CENT 10 DAYS, Not 11 days.
NET 40 DAYS, NO LONGER TIME.
PAYABLE IN CHICAGO OR NEW YORK FUNDS.
WE PAY NO EXCHANGE OR EXPRESS CHARGES.
BILLS NOT PAID PROMPTLY SUBJECT TO DRAFT.
4726 L.F. 5342

230, 232, 234 & 236 ADAMS ST.

ROUTE 080 SHIPPING POINT Beverly

IF ANY ERRORS REPORT THEM WITHIN FIVE DAYS, OR SETTLE BY THIS INVOICE. ALWAYS MENTION DATE AND ABOVE NUMBERS IN ANY CORRESPONDENCE RELATING TO THIS BILL.

10	Oil. Can		1 20
10	Matches	77	3 08
1/2	Levels	275	1 38
2	Abel	30	60
2		42	84
10	Braid		43
16	Thread 45 Less 790	2	6 70
10		22	2 25
1/2	Compact	440	2 20
2	Hdkfs	27	54
22		38	1 14
3	Pine	10	10
30	Paper	32	1 05
200	Rifle	92	1 84
1	in safe		30
1	O Box		35
1	Pencil		18
1			12
1			22
10	Pads		1 00
3	Plates		26
30	O R		66
1	Measure		28
1	Cups		28
1			24
3		15	45
1	+ Cusick		26
6	Cups		84
1	Hand A. to h. o.		

To be Sent by Mail
(sent)

66

This deed made this eleventh day
of March 1889, between Samuel M.
Gibson and Mary J. his wife of the first
part and Sarah E. Sharp of the second
part, all of the County of Pocahontas and
State of West Virginia
Witnesseth that for and in the consideration
of the sum of one dollars cash paid in
hand the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged
by the said Samuel M. Gibson and Mary
J. his wife doth sell and convey unto the
said Sarah E. Sharp a certain tract of land
lying in the County of Pocahontas and State
of West Virginia on the east side of Old Field
Creek of Elk River, adjoining the lands of S. L. Gibson
Jr., H. Hannah and others (it being a tract of land
conveyed to said Samuel M. Gibson and wife
by George F. Hannah and also a tract of 35 acres
conveyed to the said Samuel M. Gibson by J. T. Hoggsett
containing in all two hundred and two acres
more or less together with all the appurtenances
thereunto attached and warrant generally the
land herein conveyed. Witnesseth the following signatures
and seals)

Samuel M. Gibson (seal)

Mary J. Gibson (seal)

(Mary was Sarah Sharp's sister
& sister of Mrs. Hannah)

Deed from Thomas Wood & Wife to John
 Sharp bearing date 11th day of January
 1843 for one undivided half of Lot No. 8.
 Known as a survey made by Stephen
 Sherwood in the year 1786 - on which a
 Patent issued in the year 1787, in the
 name of Joseph Pennell (the half of the
 Lot aforesaid) conveyed by Wood to Sharp
 contain 2500 acres, and bounded as
 follows, to wit; Beginning at S Sugar
 on top of the mountain on a line divi-
 -ding Lots No. 7 & 8. Then with the said
 line S 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ W. 526 poles to a bush on a
 rocky ridge, thence N 27 W. 1054 poles
 to a bush & spruce on Gaudy Mountain
 thence N 14 E. 480 poles ^{crossing} Elk River
 to a bush & cucumber in a small
 bottom near the river, S. 36 E. 1300 poles
 to the Beginning -

Abstract Taken from Book of Record
 in Clerk's office of County Court of Pasaden
 in Book No. 3. page 574 -

Teste

John Curry clk

69

1864 7

for Edward ~~West~~

(over)

Coroner Supplement
 1 ounce
 Bents Lignum
 a piece to make
 a thin pasty
 mass
 use it 5 or 6
 days 1 dose every
 day
 then they use
 a thin plaster
 on 2 days to
 draw the poison
 out
 then press it
 with water
 H. Robinson
 Worcester
 Ma

etc Receipt for Head ache Neuralgia

- 2 Oz. Chelidonium
2 Oz. Camphor
2 Oz. Capsicum
1 Oz. Tincture Sassafras
2 Oz. Olive Oil.

70	Hugh C. Sharp		
1878	To the Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas		
Gets	Tax on Deed from Wm Sharp 1¢	1	00
	Recording same to \$1.25	1	25
	Wm Curry clk	2	25

C. J. McCARTY, CLERK.

J. G. TILTON, DEPUTY

OFFICE OF THE CLERK
POCAHONTAS COUNTY COURT

Marlinton, W. Va. Jan 7th, 1910.

Hugh C. Sharp.

TO C. J. McCARTY, Clerk, Debtor.

Recording _____ deed _____ from _____
To Copy of Deed . 50¢.

to _____

\$ _____
To transfer fee 0.50

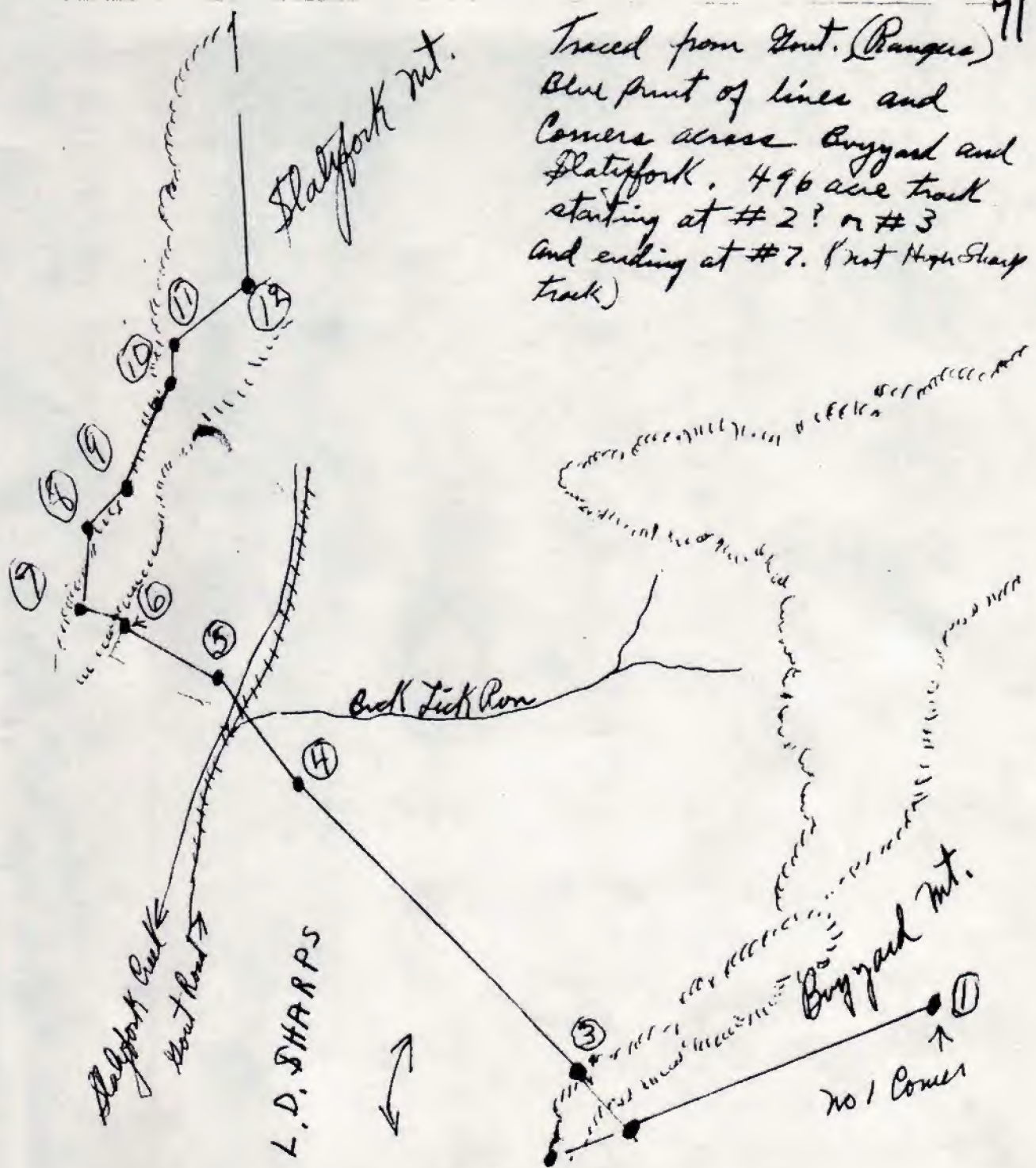
Received payment this _____ day of _____ 19 Total charges \$ 50¢

Deputy.

Clerk.

The clerk is required under penalty of fine and imprisonment to collect all fees and costs as prescribed by law.—
Chapter 15. Sec. 5, Acts of 1908.

Traced from Gout. (Range) 71
 Blue print of lines and
 Corners across Buzzard and
 Flatfork. 496 acre track
 starting at #2? or #3
 and ending at #7. (not High Sharp
 track)



(Forward Lee Gibbons
 not Gout. Surveyed this)

Map of Slatyfork area
 & residents
 1900's - 1900's

74

MIDDLE MOUNTAIN
 Middle mountain

Arbogast camp
 Henry Thayer

(4)

(4)

2nd Saw
 Place

Harriet
 William Sharp
 & Hays Sharp

Oscar Kyr Thomas
 Henry Thayer

Tower
 Camp

Wagon
 House

Geo. Baker
 & family
 Old Barn

Old Road

Henry
 Sharp
 meadow

Middle
 mountain
 meadow

Sharp
 meadow

Log
 school
 house

William Sharp
 first lived here

Mr. Marrison built house

US-219

Mill dam

3rd
 Sawmill

P. M. SHARP
 MOUSE

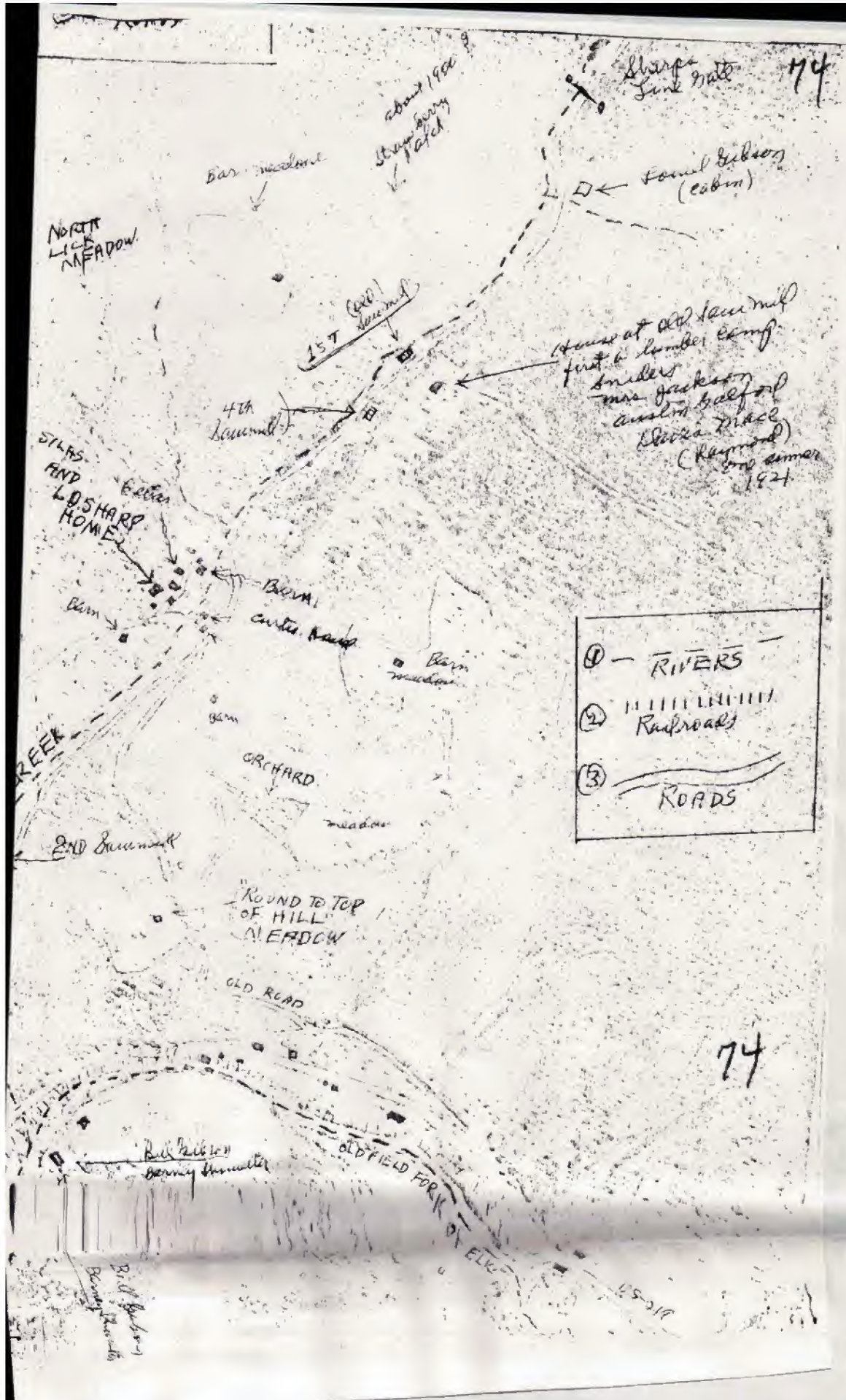
74

once shared meadow
 once a week

Levitt's house here

via Purgatory
 Canyon here

SLATY FORK



HUNTER & ECHOLS, AGENTS

S. MATHEWS, VICE-PRESIDENT

IT IS YOUR DUTY TO INVESTIGATE BEFORE TAKING OUT A POLICY

Hunter & Echols Insurance Agency

(Incorporated)

GENERAL INSURANCE

DISTRICT AGENTS
NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

BANK OF HARTLINTON BUILDING

Hartinton, West Virginia, January, 13, 1912.

Jan 16 1912

Mr. L. D. Sharp,

Slaty Fork, West Va.

Dear Sir:-

We are enclosing herewith policy, as per statement covering for \$750.00 on your dwelling. You told me that you were using gasoline vapor lights and I forgot to ask you what make of light it is. It is necessary that you have a permit for the use of this light attached to the policy, will you kindly advise me the ~~make~~ trade name of the light, the name of the manufacturers and their address, I will then make out the permit and send it out to you, kindly do this promptly, and oblige,

Yours very truly,

[Handwritten Signature]
Slaty Fork, W. Va.
Slaty Fork, W. Va.

Amount of Ins. \$750
Premium \$13.50

on the old house over
the hill

Post Office Department

BUREAU OF ACCOUNTS

Washington 25, D. C.

76

OFFICE OF THE COMPTROLLER

February 27, 1953

Mr. L. D. Sharp,

Slatyfork, West Virginia.

Dear Mr. Sharp:

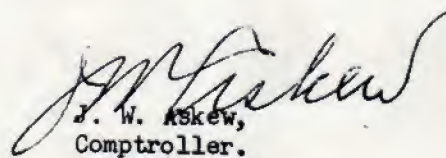
This has reference to your letter of February 16, 1953, to the Postmaster General, regarding your eligibility for an annuity based upon your service as postmaster.

The records of the Department show that you were appointed postmaster at the fourth class post office in Slatyfork, West Virginia May 15, 1901 and resigned August 28, 1916.

Public Law 215, approved May 22, 1920, was the original United States Civil Service Retirement Act under which Federal Government employees were first accorded annuities based on such service. However, Section 1 of the Act required that an employee to be entitled to any annuity must have been actively in the service on August 20, 1920. In view of this information it appears that you were not eligible for any retirement rights when the first retirement law became effective.

Since the passage of the organic Retirement Act of May 22, 1920 there have been many amendments made thereto by acts of Congress but none have been retroactive to include cases where employees left the service prior to August 20, 1920 as in your case.

Sincerely yours,


J. W. Askew,
Comptroller.

77

CABLE ADDRESS: PULPMONT NEW YORK WESTERN UNION CODE



MILLS
TYRONE, PENN.
PIEDMONT, W. VA.
LUKE, MD.
COVINGTON, VA.
MECHANICVILLE, N.Y.
WILLIAMSBURG, PENNA.
CASS, W. VA.

MAIN OFFICE, 280 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK.

QUOTATIONS AND AGREEMENTS
SUBJECT TO THE CONTINGENCIES OF
TRANSPORTATION AND STRIKES OR
UNAVOIDABLE ACCIDENTS AND DELAYS
BEYOND OUR CONTROL.

PLEASE ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO THE COMPANY.

CASS, WEST VA. September 3, 1932.

LUMBER DEPARTMENT.
E. P. SHAFFER,
MANAGER.

Mr. L. D. Sharp,
Edray, W. Va.

Dear Sir:

We received your letter of the 26th enclosing two contracts for the extension of lease on timber. Your price of \$2500.00 is more than we can afford to pay. In fact, we would have been better off had we taken the timber off when it was due to be removed the first time, as the market has gotten worse since that time, and there are not any signs of it getting better. Therefore, we are arranging to remove the timber before the present time expires.

We are returning the contracts herewith.

Very truly yours,

WEST VIRGINIA PULP & PAPER COMPANY,

E. P. Shaffer
LUMBER DEPARTMENT.

SDH

* CONTRACT OF AGREEMENT *****

This agreement made and entered into this the ____ day of August nineteen and thirty-two between L.D. Sharp, party of the first part, and the West Virginia Pulp & Paper Co., (a corporation) party of the second part.

Witnesseth: That for and in consideration of the sum of twenty-five hundred dollars (\$2500.00) payable on or before November 15th, 1932 the said party of the first part agrees to give a five (5) year extension of time from expiration date of contract now in force for the removal of timber and for rail way right-way up Slaty Fork creek. All agreements set forth in contract now in force between the above named parties shall remain binding except the extension of time as mentioned above.

In witness whereof, the parties have hereunto set their hand on this the ____ day of the ____ month of ____ 1932.

June 8 1901
Jno Pulverer Prop
Camp Hill, Pa. 1901

Piedmont
Piedmont Lumber Co. Cambridge Md.
land, Md.

May 1 1900

Gentlemen

I will give you privilege ~~to use~~ ^{mill} ~~your~~ ^{mill} ~~land~~ on my land where the old mill set was, also a place to stock your lumber just above my meadow fence running back to the mill, You to place a temporary fence around the lumber yard to connect with my brush fence running up the hill also to make a road from the mill yard to the main road between my barn yard fence and Slatyfork and you to build two gates one at the road and one at the corner of the Barnyard, and to keep same closed This agreement is in force for two years from this date. after such time you to pay ~~me~~ ^{for} Five Dollars ~~per month~~ ^{for all time} running over the two years You to turn over to me all sheds and buildings Also the lumber that is not merchantable after you are done sawing. In passing through my land with your tramroad you are to cut no timber except beech to be used in building said tramroad except on the right of way and any saw timber on the right of way that you cut you are to pay me for.

81 Wm. Sharp, Sr. (II) Deed to Wm. Sharp, Jr. (III) 11-2-1860 (2020 Acres.) 88

This deed of conveyance made this 2nd day of Nov. in the year of our Lord 1 one thousand eight hundred and sixty between William Sharp Sr, 88 the County of Pocahontas and State of Virginia of the first part and William Sharp, Jr. of the County and State of aforesaid of the second part, witnesseth that the said William Sharp Sr. of the first part in consideration of the natural love and affection he bears toward his son Wm. Sharp, Jr. and for the further consideration of the sum of five dollars to him in hand paid by the said Wm Sharp, Jr. before the en sealing and delivery of these presents the receipt thereof is hereby acknowledged by the said William Sharp, Sr. hath given, granted and conveyed and by these presents doth give grant and convey unto his son Wm. Sharp, a certain tract or parcel of land lying and being in the county of Pocahontas and State of Virginia on the waters of Elk River and containing 2020 acres being part of a lot of 2951 acres known as half of Lot No. 8 of the Pennell Survey formerly conveyed to Wm Sharp by Thomas Wood and wife and bounded as follows to wit: Beginning at three beeches near a low place in Middle Mountain on the line dividing Lot No 8 Thence S. 82 $\frac{1}{2}$ W. 105 poles to a Sugar and Beech on the brow of the mountain. Thence S 42 W. 22 poles to two sugar trees on the brow of the mountain Thence S 20 W. 66 poles to two beeches and Sugar tree by a drain, Thence 46 W. 76 (46 W 76 W 21 POLES) W 21 poles to two sugar trees &

beech, Thence S 76 $\frac{1}{2}$ W 76 poles to two beeches and cucumber, Thence S 20 W. 52 poles to a beech and two white lynns on the side of the mountain, Thence S 71 W. 40 poles to a cucumber and beech, Thence S 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ E. 201 poles to two ashes and two maples on the top of a ridge, Thence S 34 W. 103 poles to two beeches and sugar tree on the back line of the original survey. Thence with the same S 27 E. 785 poles to a brich on a rocky ridge, thence N 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ E 526 poles to two sugar trees on the top of the mountain. Beginning corner of the original survey, Thence N 36 W. 670 poles to the beginning.

To have and to Hold the same two thousand and twenty acres of Land together with all and singular the premises and appurtenances (4) unto the Said William Sharp, Jr., his Heirs and assigns forever To and for the only use and behoof of him the said William Sharp Jr, his Heirs and assigns in all Time to come.

In Witness whereof the said William Sharp Sen., (Sr?) hath hereto set his hand and (Seal) the day and year first above written.

Signed, sealed and acknowledged

In presence of

William Sharp (SEAL) signed

Pocahontas County to Wit:

I, William Baxter, a Justice of the Peace for the County aforesaid in the state of Virginia do certify that William Sharp Sr. whose name is signed to the writing above bearing date on the 2nd day of November 1860 has acknowledged the same before me in my County aforesaid, given under my hand this 2nd day of Nov. 1860

William Baxter, J. P.

Clerks Office of the County Court of Pocahontas 6th November 1860

This deed from William Sharp, Sen. to William Sharp, Jr. was presented in the Clerk's office and the certificate of the execution and acknowledgement being legally certified, the same is admitted to record.

Teste: Wm Curry, Clerk

This Deed made this 25th day of March 1885 between Hugh C. Sharp of the first part and Sarah E. Sharp of the second part all of the County of Pocahontas And State of West Virginia. Witnesseth, That for and in consideration of one dollar paid to him by the said Sarah E. Sharp the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged the said Hugh C. Sharp does grant, bargain and convey to the said Sarah E. Sharp with general warranty all his right and title and interest in a certain tract of land (except one hundred and fifty acres adjoining the lands of S. L. Gibson and James Gibson in the southern corner of the said tract) and lying on Elk River adjoining the lands of John Hannah, James Gibson, and others and bounded as follows, Viz: Beginning at a red oak and sugar tree below the mouth of Slate fork and by the creek on Jacob Sharp's line and with the same N 35 E 75 poles to 2 ashes and 2 maples on a ridge, thence leaving said line North 79½ E 28 poles to a yew pine and two beeches on a ridge and on a clift of rocks S 71 E 74 ps to 3 beeches on a ridge and opposite the Sharp School house S 80 E 295 poles to 2 lins and 2 beeches on the side of Slate Fork Mountain S 18 E 44 poles to 2 beeches near the brow of the mountain S 79 E 76 poles to 3 beeches S 56 E 28 poles to 2 beeches S 67 E 92 poles to 2 sugars cor to the original tract of which this is a prt and with same (or sane)? S 33½ W 650 poles to a spruce pine and 2 bitches on the side of the Mt, N 27 W 524 poles to a sugar and beech by the pike. Thence leaving said line N 34½ E 29 to a stake N 10½ E 10 poles to a cherry by the road, Thence N 13½ W 63 poles to 3 beeches by the creek N 3½ W 23 poles to a beech and 2 spruces near the bank of the creek N 47 W 40 poles down said creek and through a mill dam to the beginning corner, and containing twelve hundred acres of land, more or less, and being a part of a tract of 2020 acres conveyed by Deed from Wm Sharp to the said Hugh C. Sharp. Witnesseth, the following signatures and seal this the 25th day of March 1885

Hugh C X Sharp (Seal)
his mark

Teste Wm B. Hannah, Jr.
Samuel (W?)(M ?) Gibson

State of West Virginia, Pocahontas County ---To wit.

I, a justice of the said county and district of Edray do hereby certify that Hugh C. Sharp whose name is signed to the above writing bearing date 25th day of March 1885 hath this day acknowledged the same before me in my said County. Given under my hand this the 26th day of March 1885

Henry N. Hannah, J. P.
(?)

Pocahontas County Court Clerk's Office, June 15, 1885.

This deed from Hugh C. Sharp to Sarah E. Sharp was presented in this office, and thereupon together with the certificate thereto annexed is admitted to record.

Teste John J. Beard, Clk

(paid N X \$1.25)

Sent by mail to Silas Sharp as per his order,
July 10th 1885. John J. Beard, cl'k.

- contains 1200 acres
- Part of 2020 acres
- 150 acres not included

SLATY FORK SCHOOL

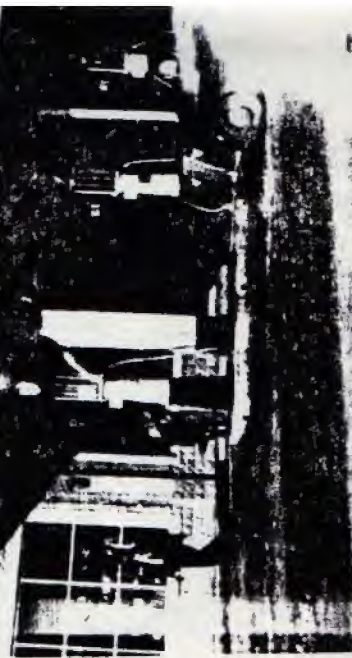
Slaty Fork, West Virginia

Presented By
EMMA S. HOWARD,
Teacher

March 20, 1908

Trustees
F. T. Sharp L. D. Sharp
S. D. Hannah

GENERAL MERCHANDISE



72

(Slaty Fork Creek area)

Talked
Sharp

Kanawha
River

Top of
Joe's Garden

Big Spring
Meadow

Meadow
on mt.

Barn

Sharp
Barn
on Hill
near
Creek

Black
Barn

Jackson House (?)

Old mill

Currier's House

House
(set meadow)
Sharp?

Black
Barn
near
Creek

Sharp

Traverse of mt

Summit Road
(set meadow)

Chas. Barks

Russell

Sam Barks

John Barks

John Barks

John Barks

John Barks

LD SHARP

SILAS SHARP

all road

all road

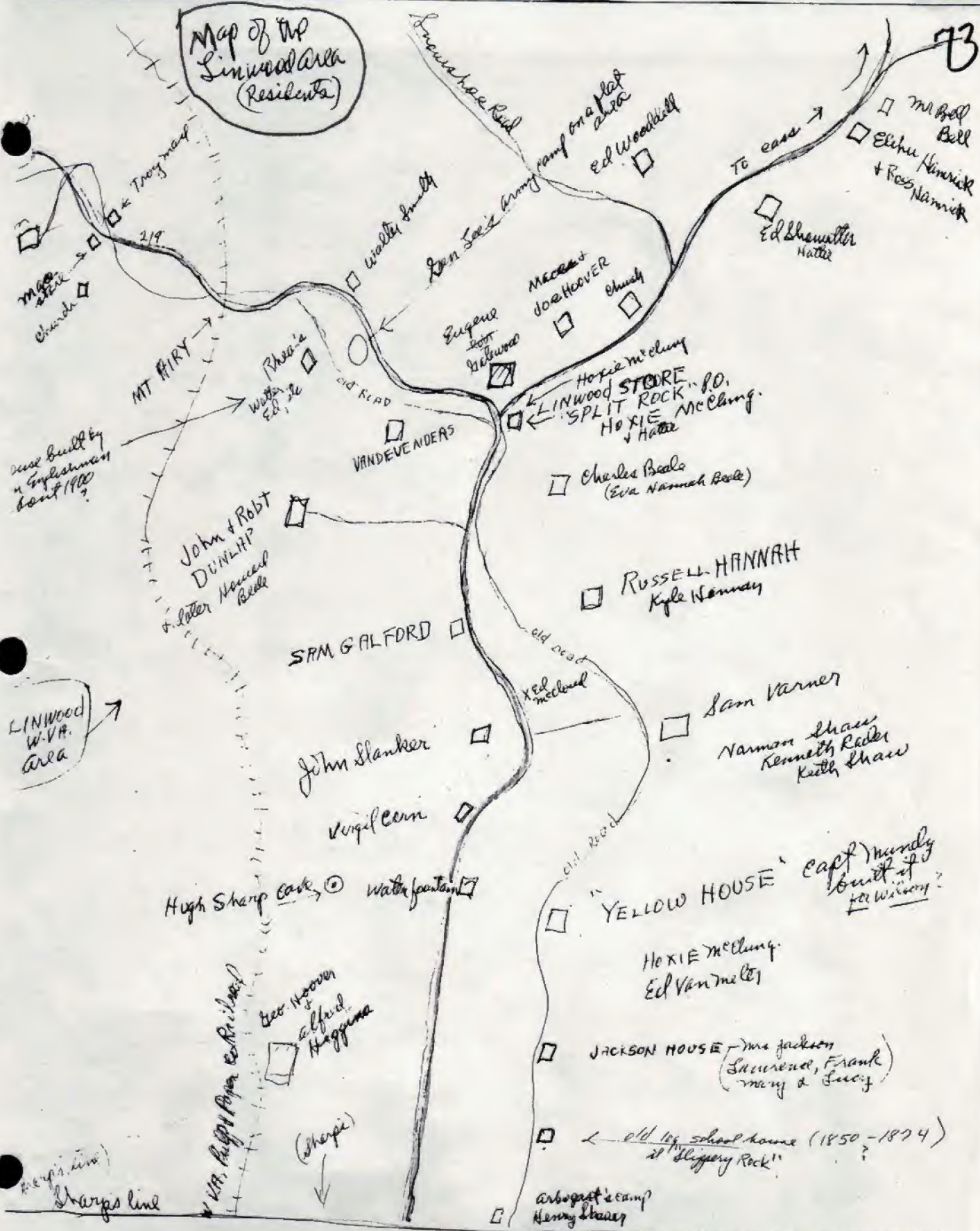
all road

all road

all road

Map of the Linwood Area (Residents)

73



George C. Beale to Timothy Clunen April 1856 363 acres

84

Deed from Geo. C. Beale to Timothy Clunen bearing date - April 1856 for 363 acres of land lying on Elk River and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at 2 beeches near the big spring branch of Elk, Thence N 59 W 86 poles to a birch and spruce pine N 39 W 229 poles to a beech S 88 W. 52 poles to a sugar and beech, S 25 E 214 poles crossing the middle run near below a water fall to a sugar tree on top of a ridge S 14 W 66 poles to a sugar tree and beech, corner to David & John Hannah's survey of 500 acres and with the same S 40 E 124 poles to a pine & ironwood S 80 E 128 poles to 2 beeches S 40 E 154 poles to a beech & sugar tree, leaving said lines N 20 E 57 poles crossing the Old Field Fork of Elk to a spruce & Beech on the east bank of the Old Field Fork of Elk ~~xxxx~~ river Thence 23 W 180 poles to the beginning

Abstract

A. L. McKeever, Recorder
13th May 1870

Back side

Front: Geo. C Beal
to
Timothy Clemon

Dave: this deed or document may have some relationship with the sheet headed: "David & John Hannah Deed to (Clunen?) 266 acres. See the other deed. --signed by a S. H. Clark

John B. Floyd, Esquire, Governor of Virginia Deed to Adison Moore
and George Beal ~~June 22, 1848~~ *Book 102, Page 166*
July 31, 1849 *Richmond*

John B. Floyd, Esquire, Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia:

To all to whom this presents shall come---GREETING: Know ye, that in conformity with a Survey, made on the 22nd day of June, one thousand eight hundred and forty eight by virtue of Land Office Treasury Warrant No. 12,846, there is granted by said Commonwealth, unto Adison Moore and George Beal a certain Tract or Parcel of Land containing Seven hundred and twenty six acres lying and being in the County of Pocahontas, on both sides of Elk River, adjoining the land of William Sharp and a survey known by the name of the Pennell & Sherwood survey and bounded as follows, Viz-- Beginning at a spruce pine and beech on the East bank of the Old Field Fork of Said River, twelve poles above the mouth of Slatyfork on said Sharp's line and with the same so as to include any of said Sharp's land N 23 W 750 poles crossing Slatyfork at 12 poles and the Big Spring at 160 poles and Elk River at 378 poles to 3 sugar trees on the point of the Bearpen Ridge near the main top; thence leaving the "Pennell & Sherwood" survey S 60 W 60 poles to a yew pine & beech in a flat near Bearpen & N 80 W 40 poles to a maple & yew pine South 40 poles to a sugar tree and beech in a flat S 55 W 80 poles to 2 beeches S 25 E 352 poles crossing the ~~XIX~~ Middle run below a waterfall to a sugar tree on top of ridge S 14 W 66 poles to a sugar tree and beech corner to David and John Hannah's survey of 500 Acres & with the same S 40 E 124 poles to a pine & indianwood S 80 E 128 poles to 2 beeches S 40 E 154 poles to a beech & sugar tree, leaving said line N 70 E 57 poles crossing the old Field Fork of Elk to the beginning, with its appurtenances.

To HAVE AND To HOLD the said Tract or Parcel of Land with its appurtenances, to the said Adison Moore and George Beal and their heirs forever

In Witness Whereof, The said John B. Floyd, Esquire,

Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia hath hereunto set his hand and caused the Lesser Seal of the said Commonwealth to be affixed at Richmond, on the thirty first day of July in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty nine, and of the Commonwealth the seventy fourth.

(Signed) John B. Floyd

(Wax Seal attached here)

Note: Underlined words are printed by a press on the document.

Ivan Sharp got Uncle Hugh Sharp's old Deeds etc. This was among these papers. This deed does cover land on Gauley Mt. Wm Sharp bought Hamon Sharp land on the Gauley side of Elk at Slatyfork. Ella Sharp Gibson retained mineral rights on Gauley Mt., so she must have owned some land there at one time. The waterfalls mentioned must be the one near mouth of Slatyfork. (or remotely the one on Buck Hollow--up Slatyfork) Why does this Deed say "include any of said Sharp's land"? Ramona Sharp Shipley has the original Deed in her possession. (Parkersburg, W. Va.

Hugh Sharp and Capt. Nimrod(?) G. Munday(Mundy) received 105,000 A
acres from Benjamin Rich, October 1875

82

Whereas, Benjamine Rich and Thortitos (?) Courrow (?) who were joint owners of the James (?) Welch survey of one hundred and five thousand acres of land situated on the head waters of Elk and Gauley Rivers in Webster and Pocahontas counties in the State of West Virginia did on the day of October 1875 enter into an agreement in writing with Nimrod(?) G. Mundy and Hugh Sharp of the State of West aforesaid ly which agreement the said Mundy and Sharp were to take possession of the said tract of land; and whereas the said Mundy and Sharp did take possession of said tract of land and did build a house on the same and the same Munday and Sharp now have possession of said land; and whereas the said agreement under which they entered into said land has been lost or mislaid. Now this paper writing is made for the purpose of recognizing and (?))←(cosetle ?) using said agreement and the tenancy of the said Munday and Sharp and(?) continueing said tenancy.

Witness our hands and seals the 27th day of October 1887

Benjamin Rich (SEAL)

N. G. Mundy (SEAL)

H. C. Sharp (SEAL)

Executed in duplicate

This was some sort of a deed or attempt to get a deed for land maybe supposed to be recorded (but wasn't?) in the court house. (Some records were lost during the Civil War when records were hid in haystacks etc to prevent the Yankees(?) from taking or burning them. (One record book was lost then)
Or this may have been an attempt to claim the land by "Squatter's Rights"---?

Now Mr. Sharp, there is just one thought that I wish to give you and that is that the stockholders of this Fair Company are just a little different from the Fair itself. In other words, the stockholders give to the people of Pocahontas a fair ground on which to hold their fair and in return they should and will get a reasonable return on the money invested. The fair itself is a public spirited proposition but the fair ground is a business proposition, although, of course, the investment is prompted to a very great extent by public spiritedness. (In other words, the first item on the fair company's expense account is the dividends to the stockholders and then the other expenses connected with the fair before the premium is considered, so that the stockholders can rest assured that they will get their dividend.) Of course, all the property, buildings and everything connected with the fair belongs to the stockholders, but it is just the way we have of handling this proposition to make it a success financially. When any one donates service to the fair, they should not feel that they are donating anything to the stockholders but they are simply helping the fair. I feel sure you will catch my idea and that it is of great assistance in selling stock, and the only way that we could handle the matter successfully in my opinion. In other words, we are to treat it as one separate and distinct proposition. Of course, anything more than the 6% dividend that the fair would make in any one year will be paid the stockholders, but the idea in mind is that we are going to pay them a 6% dividend as our insurance that we take out insures the payment of the dividend even though it rains every day of the fair.)

We have the following old subscribers from your district who have not paid up as yet:

(J.B. Wallace)
 Letter to
 Ed Sharp

Wm. Gibson	5 shares
J.R. Gibson	10 "
Samuel Gibson	2 "
John Gibson	2 "
John Gibson	2 "
John Gibson	1 "
John Gibson	5 "
John Gibson	1 "

Now it seems that there must be some error in regard to J. R. Gibson's subscription as Jake told me a few days ago that he did not know a J. R. Gibson. We are enclosing his subscription card.

Now as far as the Gibsons are concerned, they seem to be holding off on account of Pat Gay still living on the property, but the fact of the matter is Mrs. Gay is taking care of the grounds and buildings for us and making no charge except the rent of the house, and we could not begin to make as good an arrangement with anyone else; besides, she gives splendid meals at a reasonable price which is another feature. Now as far as Pat Gay is concerned, he is not known in this agreement we have with her, but you know how the matter stands between Gibson and Gay, and we will leave the matter in your hands to handle as you think best. But, of course the

15th

of this month we are supposed to turn all unpaid subscriptions that were subscribed for prior to the fair over to our attorney, but we are going to leave this action entirely with each director of his community. You can make a report on the above unpaid subscriptions at your convenience and handle them as you think best, and at the same time investigate the J. R. Gibson subscription.

We sure have a great deal of interest worked up in this enterprise and this year's fair is certainly going to be a great credit to our county and have the biggest crowd in her history.

Now at any time there is any information you want or any need

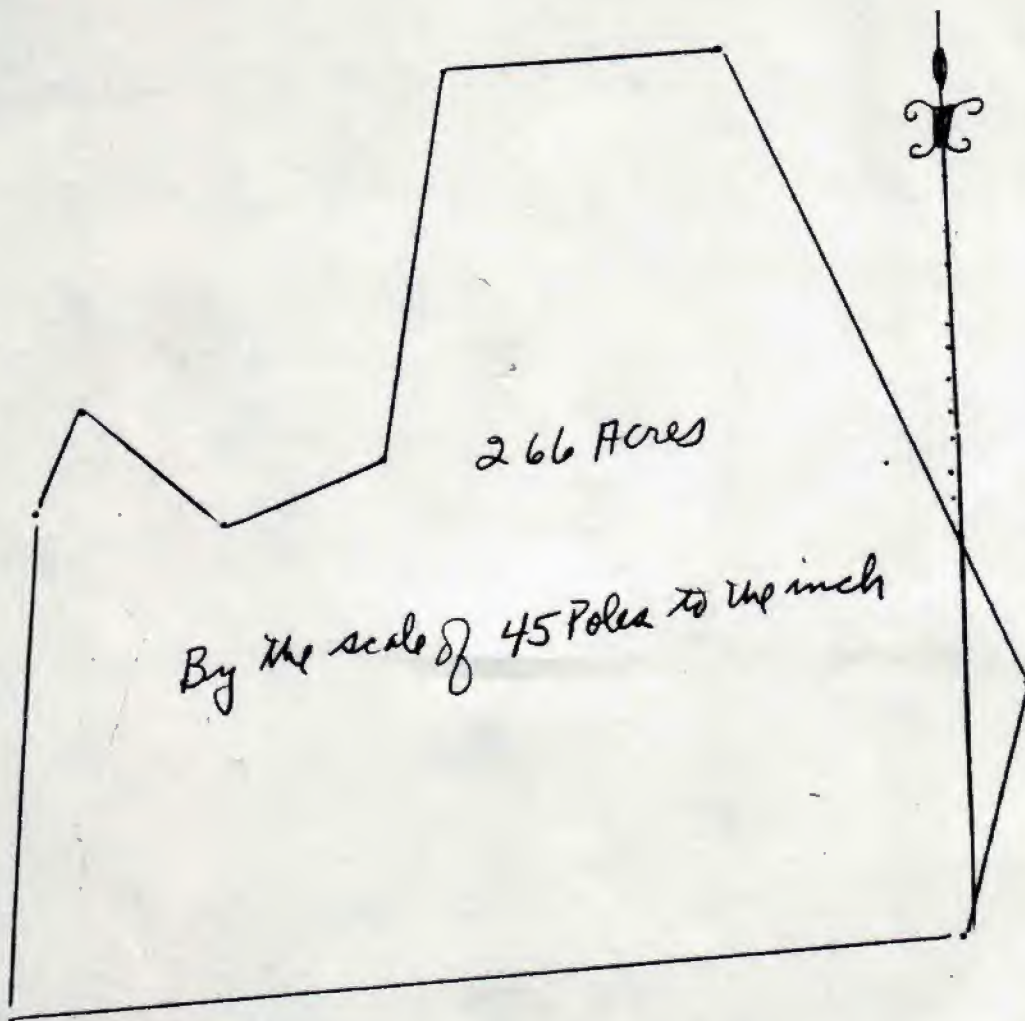
David & John Hannah Deed to Clunen ? 266 acres

85

(Courses?) of land sold by David & John Hannah to atty containing 266 acres on the water of the middle run being part of a survey of 450 acres bounded as follows (Tourt)

Beginning at a sugar tree and beech corner to 720 acres pattented to George Beel and Adison Moore and with there line N 14 E 68 poles to a Sugar tree & spruce pine on a ridge N 25 W 180 poles crossing the middle run to yew pine doble ironwood & sugar tree on a steep hillside thence leaving said line S 85 W 70 poles to 2 yew pines and Chestnut by a drain S 11 W 100 poles to a beech & birch S 68 W 49 poles to a yew pine sugar tre & lynn N 52 W 46 poles to an ash sugartree & yew pine S 27 W 28 poles to 2 yew pines near a large ledge of rocks S 5 W 130 poles to 2 ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ maples & spruce pine N 86 E 246 poles to the beginning which is the division line

signed S. H. Clark



Thomas Wood's Deed to Wm Sharp Jan. 11, 1843 *Book 3, page 514* 86

Deed from Thomas Wood and wife to Wm Sharp bearing date 11th day of January, 1843 for one undivided half of Lot No. 8 known as a survey made by Stephen Sherwood in the year 1786 - on which a patent issued in the year 1787 in the name of Joseph Pennell (the half of the lot aforesaid) conveyed by Wood to Sharp contains 2500 acres, and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at 2 sugars on top of the mountain on a line dividing Lots No. 7 & 8. Then with the said line S 33½ W 526 poles to a birch on a rocky ridge, thence N 27 W 105½ poles to a Beech & Spruce on Gauley Mountain, Thence N. 14 E. 480 poles crossing Elk River to a beech and cucumber in a small bottom near the river. S 36 E 1200 poles to the beginning. ---

Abstract taken from Deed of Record in Clerks office of County Court of Pocahontas in Deed Book No 3 Page ~~513~~ 514.

Teste

Wm Curry clerk

This abstract taken from Deed Book #3 Page 514

Ramona Shipley has the original abstract of Deed
Reference made to Deed Book #3, Page 514

Which William Sharp is this ??

Wm. II (1772-1860) lived and burried near Fairview. He may have bought it for Wm III---?? (age 71 when deed written)

Wm. III 1815-1888) lived at Slatyfork and buried in Sharp cemetery.
---age 28 when Deed made.

By checking the Court House records, one might get a clue, since this is only an Abstract of the Deed.

See deed 1860 - Wm II to Wm III

Copy from surveyor's report made 19th July 1854: by S. H. Clark, of Lot No. 8----- Begin at a cucumber S $37\frac{1}{2}$ E crossing Elk at ~~XX~~ 150 poles in all 1490 poles to a sugar tree in place of a stake called for in pat. of Lot No. 8 & No. 7 (?) (sva $1\frac{1}{3}$ 102 poles longer S(?) (S35,?N) W crossing big spring at 300 Slatyfork 650 in 1160 to a pine & two birches on west brow of mountain $\frac{1}{2}$ ° variation & 88 longer, thence ~~X~~ N 33 W 370 no cor (corner?) found hickory called for. 1° variation N 2 W crossing slatyfork at 276 big spring at 380 crossing slatefork at 276, big spring at 380, crossing(elk(?)) at 1288 ~~XX~~ (?) in all 1754 to big -(beginning . (?)

Ramona Shipley has the original copy of this.

A reference to Lots No 7 & 8 is in Thomas Woods Deed to Wm Sharp 1843

A reference to Lot # 8 is in Deed of Wm Sharp to Wm Sharp, Jr. 1860
(but this (1860) is after the above "report"

90 Sam and Mary Gibson's Deed to Sarah ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Sharp 3-11-1889 90

This deed made this 11th day of March 1889 between Samuel M. Gibson and Mary J. his wife of the first part and Sarah E. Sharp of the second part, all of the Co. of Pocahontas and State of W. Va. Witnesseth that for and in consideration of the sum of one dollar cash paid in hand the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged the said Sam M. Gibson and Mary J. his wife doth sell and convey unto the said Sarah E. Sharp a certain tract of land lying in the co. of Pocahontas and State of W. Va. on the East side of Old Field Fork of Elk River, adjoining the lands of S. L. Gibson, H. N. Hannah and others (it being a tract of land conveyed to said Samuel M. Gibson and wife by George P. Hannah and also a tract of 35 acres conveyed to the said Saml M. Gibson by J. T. (or L?) Hoggsett containing in all two hundred and two acres more or less together with all appurtenances there unto --attached and warrant generally the land herein conveyed. Witnesseth the following signatures and seals.
Samuel M. Gibson (SEAL) Mary J. Gibson (SEAL)

State of W. Va. , Pocahontas County.

I, H. N. Hannah, a Justice in and for the County and State afore said do hereby certify that S. M. Gibson whose name is signed to the writing hereunto annexed, bearing date on the 11th day of March 1889 acknowledged the same before me in my County aforesaid. I also hereby further certify that Mary J. Gibson, the wife of Samuel M. Gibson whose names are signed to the writing hereunto annexed bearing date on the 11th day of March 1889 personally appeared before me in my County aforesaid, and being examined by me privily and apart from her husband and having the writing aforesaid fully explained to her, She the said Mary J. Gibson acknowledged said writing to be her act and declared that she had willingly executed the Same and does not wish to retract it.

Given under my hand this 11th day of March 1889.

Henry N. Hannah, J. P.

Pocahontas County Court Clerk's Office, Jan. 7th , 1890.
This deed was this day presented to me in my office and therefore together with the.....

Dave: This Mary Gibson was the sister of Sarah (Hannah) Sharp, and the daughter of David Hannah. Also the sister of Melinda Hannah that married John Rose, ^{and} sister of Rev Geo. Hannah, Henry, and of Otha who died and had vision of Heaven. Mary was the baby that Otha asked to place in the fireplace to show that it would not be harmed when he had his vision. Another brother, Joe, died a few days before Otha.

91 Silas Sharp, Sarah Sharp & Hugh Sharp to L. D. Sharp (Book 26, Page 56)
March 30, 1895 91

This Deed made this 30th day of March, 1895 between Silas Sharp and Sarah E. Sharp, his wife and Hugh C. Sharp of the one part and Luther D. Sharp of the other part all of the county of Pocahontas and State of W. Va. Witnesseth: That for and in consideration of the sum of one Dollar paid to them by the said Luther D. Sharp the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, the said Silas Sharp, Sarah E. Sharp and Hugh C. Sharp doth grant, bargain, sell and convey unto the said Luther D. Sharp with general warranty all their right, title and interest in a certain tract of land containing 496 acres and bounded as follows. Beginning at 2 Lynns and 2 Beeches on the side of Slatyfork Mountain, corner to Hugh C. Sharp and with his lines S 18 E 42 $\frac{4}{5}$ poles to 2 Beeches near the B (brow?) of the (Mtn.?) S 79 E 15 poles to 2 Beeches on top of Slatyfork Mountain corner to M. Ella F. Gibson and Malinda C. Hannah and with the same S 22 W 26 $\frac{1}{4}$ poles to a bunch of Lynns on a hill side; S 30 W. 68 poles to a stone center and Sugar, Beech and Ironwood; S 47 W. 350 poles - at 52 poles crosses Slaty Fork - at 68 poles crosses Buck Lick Fork to 2 Beeches and 2 Yew Pines on hillside on a line of S. L. Gibson's Heirs, and with the same N. 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ W. 47 poles to 2 Lynns and 2 Beeches; continued 246 poles to a rock above the turnpike road ($\frac{1}{4}$ N 10 E (from?) a Hemlock witness) corner to lower lot and with the same; and with the meanderings of the turnpike road; N. 10 E. 35 $\frac{3}{4}$ poles to the Cleveland Rock; N 59 E 85 poles a Beech and Service below the road; thence leaving the meanderings of the road; S 69 $\frac{1}{2}$ E 62 poles - crossing the road twice and the Slatyfork and the road to a stake by the road at the ford of the creek S 58 $\frac{1}{4}$ E. 92 poles to 3 Lynns at the foot of a hill near the Creek; N 36 E. 48 poles to a cucumber witnessed by a small cucumber and Beech on a hillside near the top of a spur; N 20 E 43 (43) poles to a Beech witnessed by 2 beeches on a hillside; N 30 E 24 poles to M 2 beeches on Hugh C. Sharp's line and with the same S 79 $\frac{1}{2}$ E 108 poles to the beginning. The said Silas Sharp and Sarah E. Sharp, his wife, reserves the right and privilege of cutting any timber they may want to use and to run any stock they may wish on the said above described tract of land free of charge. Witness the following signatures and Seals, this 30th day of March 1895.

Silas Sharp (Seal), Sarah E. Sharp (Seal) & Hugh C Sharp (Seal)
("X" --his mark)

State of W. Va., Pocahontas County: To Wit; I, A. C. L. Gatewood, a Justice of the Peace in and for the County aforesaid, do certify that Silas Sharp, Sarah E. Sharp, his wife, and Hugh C. Sharp whose names are signed to the writing bearing date on the 30th day of March 1895, acknowledged the same before me in my county aforesaid. Given under my hand this 30th day of March 1895 (signed)--A.C.. Gatewood, J. P

W. Va. : Clerk's Office of the County Court of Pocahontas County, May 1, 1895. This Deed from Silas Sharp & wife, and Hugh C. Sharp to L. D. Sharp was this day presented to me, in my office, and thereupon, the same together with the certificate of acknowledgment thereunder written is admitted to record.

Teste: S. L. Brown, Clerk

Date: "Buck Lick Fork" apparently is the run that we called "Buck Hollow"--where Lowell Gibson has his camp.

Cleveland Rock is a large rock that rolled off the bank, almost blocking the ~~xxx~~ old road--between "round top of the hill" and a place near Lou Gibson's place on Rt 219. "Cleveland" painted on it when he was running for President of USA.

92 SARAH E. SHARP'S DEED TO L. D. SHARP 9-27-1902

Deed Book 33, Page 122 92

This deed made this the 27th day of Sept. 1902 between Sarah E. Sharp party of the first part and L. D. Sharp party of the second part all of the County of Pocahontas, West Va. Witnesseth, That for and in consideration of the sum of one dollar paid by the party of the second part to the party of the first part the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, the said party of the first part hereby grants and conveys to the party of the second part with covenants of general warranty; all her right, title and interest in and to a certain tract or parcel of land containing 165 acres lying on the Slatyfork of Elk River at or near its junction with the Old Field Fork situated in Pocahontas County, W. Va. and is and described as follows to wit: Beginning at (A) 2 maples and 2 ashes in rocks on top of a ridge--corner to Hugh C. Sharp and with the same N. 80 $\frac{1}{2}$ E 27 3/4 poles to a number of small birches on rocks by dead Yew Pine -- and 2 - dead Beches S70 $\frac{1}{2}$ E71 $\frac{1}{2}$ poles to 3 beeches on a ridge opposite the Old School House S 77 $\frac{1}{2}$ E 180 poles to two beeches, corner to part laid off for L. D. Sharp and with the same S 30 W 24 poles to a Beech witnessed by 2 Beeches on a hillside S 20 W. 43 poles to a Cucumber witnessed by a small cucumber and Beech on a hillside near the top of a Sp... S 36 W. 48 poles to 3 Lynns at the foot of a hill near Slatyfork, N 58 $\frac{1}{2}$ W 92 Poles to a stake at the pike at the ford of Slatyfork N 69 $\frac{1}{2}$ W 62 poles, crossing the road and creek and crossing the road again twice to a beech and N Service below the road thence with the meanderings of the Turnpike road S 59 W 85 poles to the Cleavland Rock S 10 W 35 3/4 poles to a Stone 1/4 pole short of a Hemlock witness above the road on the old line and with the same N 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ (20 $\frac{1}{2}$) W 54 poles to 2 beeches on the bank of the Old Field Fork continued 45 poles to a Birch on the bank of the creek corner to H. B. Sharp and with the same N 20 W 22 poles crossing the Slatyfork to a stake on the McCutcheon line and leaving the same N 36 E 60 poles to the beginning.

This said 165 acres of land conveyed by this deed being a part of a tract of land conveyed as 1200 acres but afterwards surveyed and found to contain 1105 acres and was conveyed by H. C. Sharp to the said Sarah E. Sharp by deed bearing date on the 25th day of March 1885 and of record in the office of the Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas Co. W. Va. in Deed Book No 17 Page 75 to which deed reference is here made for a more complete description of said land.

The said party of the first part reserves the right to one half of the house in which the said parties now reside and the one third of the fruit in the orchard on this tract of land and the said party of the first part agrees and binds himself to keep one horse and one cow for the party of the first part during her natural life. The said party of the second part further agrees and binds himself to comfortably support, keep and maintain and furnish with all the necessaries of life the said party of the first part during the period of her natural life, and after her death the said party of the second part takes everything reserved in this deed by the party of the first part. To have and to hold unto the said party of the second part his heirs and assigns forever. Witness the following signatures and seal. Sarah E. Sharp (SEAL), State of W. Va., Co. of Pocahontas, to wit: I, T. S. McNeel a notary public in and for Poc. Co. do certify that Sarah E. Sharp whose name is signed to the writing above bearing date on the 27th day of Sept 1902 has this day acknowledged this same before me in my said Co. Given under my hand this 27th day of Sept 1902 T. S. McNeel- N. P.

Clerks Office 9-27-02: This Deed from Sarah E. Sharp to L. D. Sharp was this day presented to me in my office and thereupon the same together with the certificate of acknowledgement hereunder written, is admitted to record. Teste : S. L. Brown, Clerk

Page 3--

State of West Virginia, County of Pocahontas, to wit:

I, G. S. Weiford, Justice of the Peace in and for Pocahontas County, West Virginia do hereby certify that Hugh C. Sharp, whose name is signed to the foregoing writing, bearing date the 8th day of August, 1912, has this day acknowledged the same before me in my said County.

Given under my hand this the 2nd day of September, 1912.

G. S. Weiford, Justice of the Peace.

WEST VIRGINIA:

Clerk's Office County Court Pocahontas County,
September 6th, 1912.

This deed from Hugh C. Sharp to L. D. Sharp was this day presented to me in my office and thereupon the same together with the certificate of acknowledgment thereunder written, is admitted to record.

Teste: C. J. McGARTY Clerk

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA,

COUNTY OF POCAHONTAS, to-wit:

I, Hildreth T. Meadows, Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County, State of West Virginia, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and correct copy from the records of my said office.

GIVEN under my hand and seal this the
30th day of July, 1913.



Hildreth T. Meadows
Clerk, County Court of Pocahontas County,
West Virginia.

This Deed made this 12th day of Dec. 1934 between Luther D. Sharp and M. E. Sharp, his wife, parties of the first part, and Ivan L. Sharp, Silas S. Sharp, Paul L. Sharp, and Luther D. Sharp Jr. parties of the second part, all of the Co of Pocahontas and State of W. Va. Witnesseth: That for and in consideration of the sum of one dollar paid cash in hand the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, and for love and affection the said parties of the first part do hereby grant, sell and convey with the covenants of general warranty to the parties of the second part jointly all of the following described tract of land, situated in the Edray Dist. of Pocahontas Co. on the waters of Slatyfork, a branch of Elk River, and was conveyed to Luther D. Sharp by Silas Sharp, Sarah E. Sharp and Hugh Sharp, by deed dated March 30th 1895 and of record in the office of the County Clerk of Pocahontas Co., in Deed Book 26 at page 56 and bounded as follows, beginning at two lynns and two beeches on the West side of Slatyfork mountain a corner of the Hugh Sharp lands, and with the same, S. 18 E. 42.8 poles to two beeches near the brow of the mountain S. 79 E. 15 poles to two beeches on top of the mountain, corner to the W. Va. Pulp and Paper Co. and with same, S. 22 W. 26 $\frac{1}{4}$ poles to a bunch of lynns on a hillside, S. 30 W. 68 poles to a sugar, beech and ironwood with a stone center, S. 47 W. 350 poles, crossing Slatyfork at 52 poles, Bucklick run at 68 poles to two beeches and two spruce pines on a hillside, on a line of S. L. Gibson's Heirs, and with same, S. 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ W. 47 poles to two lynns and two beeches, continued 246 poles to a rock above the old Turnpike, hemlock pointer, and with the meanderings of said pike, N. 10 E. 35 $\frac{3}{4}$ poles to the Cleveland Rock, N. 59 E. 85 poles to a beech and service below the road, thence leaving the meandering of the road, S. 69 $\frac{1}{2}$ E. 62 poles crossing the road twice, crossing Slatyfork and the road to a stake, by the creek at the ford, S. 58 $\frac{1}{4}$ E. 92 poles to three lynns at the foot of the hill near the creek. N. 36 E. 48 poles to a cucumber witnessed by a small cucumber and beech on a hillside, near the top a spur N. 20 E. 43 poles to a beech witnessed by two beeches, on a hillside, N. 30 E. 24 poles to two beeches in a line of the Hugh Sharp land and with said line N. 79 $\frac{1}{2}$ E. 108 poles to the beginning, containing 496 acres, more or less, to have and to hold unto the parties of the second part their Heirs and assigns forever.

Witness the following signatures and seals. Luther D. Sharp, M. E. Sharp (Mabel) (SEALS)

State of W. Va. Pocahontas Co., to-wit: I, Jesse P. Hannah, a Notary Public in and for the Co. of Pocahontas do certify that Luther D. Sharp and M. E. Sharp, his wife, whose names are signed to the writing above, bearing date on the 12th day of December, 1934, have acknowledged the same before me in my said County. Given under my hand this the 31st day of Dec. 1934. My commission expires Mar. 18, 1939. (Notarial Seal) Jesse P. Hannah, N. P.

State of W. Va., Clerk's office of the County Court of Pocahontas Co, Jan. 4th, 1935. This Deed from Luther D. Sharp and wife to Ivan L. Sharp et al was this day presented to me in my office, and thereupon the same, together with the certificate of acknowledgment thereunder written, is admitted to record therein. Teste: Moody Kincaid, Clerk. (mailed to Ivan Sharp, Slatyfork Jan 10, 1935 (1935))

(A reference above to Deed Book 26, Page 56, 3-30-1895, Silas, Sarah, and Hugh Sharp to L. D. Sharp.)

This deed of conveyance made this 2nd
 day of November in the year of our
 Lord one thousand Eight hundred and
 sixty between William Sharp Sr. of
 the County of Pocahontas and State of
 Virginia of the first part and William
 Sharp Jr. of the County and State afore-
 said of the second part witnesseth that
 the said William Sharp Sr. of the first
 part in consideration of the natural love
 and affection he bears toward his son Wm.
 Sharp Jr. and for the further consideration
 of the sum of five dollars to him in
 hand paid by the said William Sharp Jr.
 before the sealing and delivery of these
 presents the receipt thereof is hereby ack-
 nowledged by the said William Sharp Sr. has
 given granted and conveyed and by these pres-
 ents doth give grant & convey unto his
 son William Sharp a certain tract or
 parcel of land lying and being in the County
 of Pocahontas & State of Virginia on the
 waters of Elk River and containing 2020
 acres being part of a lot of 2951 acres kno-
 wn as ^{half} lot No. 8 of the Pennell survey
 formerly conveyed to Wm. Sharp by Thomas
 Wood & wife and bounded as follows to wit:
 Beginning at three beeches near a low place
 in Middle mountain on the line dividing
 lot No. 8 Thence S. 82 $\frac{1}{2}$ ° W. 105 poles to a sugar
 and beech on the road of the mountain Thence
 S. 42° W. 22 poles to two sugar trees on the brow

W. 21 poles to two sugar trees & beech. Thence
 S. 76° W. 76 poles to two beeches and cucumber
 thence S. 20° W. 52 poles to a beech and
 two white lymms on the side of the moun-
 tain thence S. 71° W. 40 poles to a cucumber and
 & beech. thence S. 24½° E. 204 poles to two ashes and
 two maples on the top of a Ridge. thence S. 34°
 W. 103 poles to two beeches and sugar tree on the bar-
 line of the original survey. thence with the same
 S. 27° E. 785 poles to a birch on a rocky ridge. then
 N. 33½° E. 526 poles to two sugar trees on the top of the
 mountain. Beginning corner of the original survey
 thence N. 36° W. 670 poles to the beginning.

To Have and to Hold the said Two Thousand
 and Twenty Acres of Land, Together with all and
 singular the premises and appurtenances unto the
 said William Sharp Jr. his heirs and assigns forever
 To & for the Only use and behoof of him the said
 William Sharp Jr. his heirs & assigns in all time
 to come. In Witness Whereof the said William
 Sharp Sr. hath hereto set his hand and Seal
 the day and Year first above Written.

Signe Seale & Acknowledged

Wm Sharp Sr.


William Sharp Sr.

I William Bayler a Justice of the peace for
 the County aforesaid in the state of Virginia do cer-
 tify that William Sharp Sr. whose name is signed to
 the writing above bearing date on the 2nd day of
 November 1860 has acknowledged the same
 before me in my County aforesaid. Given under
 my hand & the seal of the said County this 9th day of

Clerks Office of the County Court of Pocahontas
6th November 1860.

This Deed from William Sharp senr.
to William Sharp jr. was presented in the Clerks office
& the certificate of the execution & acknowledgment
being legally certified, the same is admitted
to record

Teste

Geo Curry Clerk


In deed Book # 8
Page 121

100

VALLEY HOUSE,

C. BURE, Proprietor.

100

Buckhannon, W. Va. Nov 19th 1894

To Hugh Sharp

H. C. Sharp Esq

Dear Sir

I met Mr Mundy
here at Buckhannon to day. He
tells me that you are talking of
surveying off the 300 acres
you & Mr Mundy hold Little
Bond for as per agreement to
be Tenants under myself & Woods
of Phela - I write to request
that you do not run the 300 acres
off and separate from us so that
we would break our Possession
and it is very important to us not
to do that at this time

Yours Truly
Benjamin Rich




See the "spectator"
does not Rich, Sharp & Mundy

page 1
 Munas Benjamin Rich and
 Thorttoe Cannon, who were
 joint owners of the famous Wild
 survey of one hundred and
 five thousand acres of land
 situated on the headwaters
 of Elk and Gauley Rivers
 in Putnam & Pocahontas coun-
 ties in the state of West Vir-
 ginia, did on the day of October
 1875; enter into an agreement
 in writing, with Munday &
 Hugh Sharp of
 the state of West Virginia;
 by which agreement, the said
 Munday & Sharp were to take
 possession of the said tract
 of land; and whereas the
 said Munday and Sharp
 did take possession of said
 tract of land, and did build
 a house on the same, and the said
 Munday & Sharp now have
 possession of said land;
 and whereas the said agree-
 ment, under which they
 entered into said land,
 has been lost or mislaid

for 1/2

made for the purpose of
recognizing and confir-
ming said agreement, and
the true meaning of the said
Munday & Sharp and
confirming said true
writing with their hands
and seals the 24th day of
October 1884.

Executed in duplicate.

Benjamin Rich 
W. G. Mundy 
T. C. Sharp 

See page 82

This was some sort of a deed or attempt
to get a deed for land - supposed to be recorded
in the court house, but records lost during the
civil war. when said records were hid in
haystacks etc to prevent the confederate from
burning them.
Sharp & Mundy failed to get the land!

125

Thomas Ramsey (Revolutionary War Soldier)

B. before 10-4-1734 Pittsylvania Co., VA
D. between 4-20-1790 and 8-16-1790
Pittsylvania Co., VA
Md. before 1761 or 7-10-1762

Frances Young

B. about 1738 Pittsylvania Co., VA
D. after 1808 Pittsylvania Co., VA
(her son, Noton, was married
1808 and named mother,
Frances Ramsey)

William Newman Ramsey, Sr.

B. about 1772 Pittsylvania Co., VA
D. after 1840 census
before 1850 census
Pittsylvania County, VA

Md. 3-17-1794

Pittsylvania Co., VA
Bondsman - Nathan Sparks

Rhoda M. S. Million (or MacMillion)

B. about 1776 Pittsylvania Co., VA
D. before 1840 census
Pittsylvania Co., VA

William N. Ramsey, Jr.

B. 10-18-1818 Pittsylvania Co., VA
or 12-5-1818 tombstone
D. 11-20-1857 White Sulphur Springs
Greenbrier County

Md. 12-2-1839

Pittsylvania Co., VA
by Abner Anthony
Bondsman: Middleton Meade

RAMSEY

Edith Ramsey (mother of Laura May)

125
(Start)

Thomas Ramsey
(above)

Frances Young
(above)

William Witcher

Noton Ramsey

B. Pittsylvania Co., VA
D. about 1-39-1852 " "
Md. 2-11-1808 Pittsylvania Co., VA
or 1-18-1808 " "
or 5-30-1808 " "
Bondsman, William Witcher, father

Rachel Witcher

B. Pittsylvania Co., VA
D. after 1852 " "

Middleton Meade

B. 10-3-1793 Pittsylvania Co., VA
D. after 1850, before 1860 Greenbrier Co.
(appears in 1850 Greenbrier Census
as being 55 yrs old)

Md. 12-19-1820

Pittsylvania Co., VA
Bondsman - Noton and
Rachel Ramsey, parents

Elizabeth Ramsey

B. 9-13-1803 Pittsylvania Co., VA
not from Court House
D. 4-17-1854 (Marion Co., C.H.)
Greenbrier Co. with record Book 1 p. 5 line 67
Cause: Typhoid Fever
Age 50 yrs. 5 mos., 4 days
Another source has death as 10-10-1867

Sarah (Sallie) Edith Meade

B. 10-29-1823
Pittsylvania Co., VA
D. 9-27-1862 (C.H.)
9-14-1862 (tombstone)
Greenbrier County, West Road
Cause of death: 'Fever'

PEDIGREE CHART

Silas Sharp

BORN 3-2-1842

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WHEN MARRIED

DIED 10-24-1895

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2 Luther David Sharp

BORN 8 June 1872

WHERE Slaty Fork

WHEN MARRIED 16 Feb. 1893

DIED 13 Mar. 1963

WHERE Martin's Hospital

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Sharp Jr.

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3 Laura Jane Morgan

BORN 31 Mar. 1874

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WHEN MARRIED 17 Oct. 1932

WHERE Slaty Fork

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6 Rev. Samuel Craft Morgan

BORN 8 July 1847

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WHEN MARRIED 21 Feb. 1872

DIED 7 Jan. 1898

WHERE Falling Springs

WHERE Greenbrier County

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7 Edith Harriet Ramsey

BORN 20 Dec. 1855

WHERE White Sulphur Springs

DIED 25 Sept. 1932

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8 William Sharp III

BORN 1815

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WHEN MARRIED

DIED 5-8-1888

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9 Rachel Dilley

BORN 1806

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WHEN MARRIED

DIED 7-31-1882

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BORN 1806

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DIED 7-31-1882

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11 Elizabeth Burnside

BORN 1806

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A TRIBUTE
published in the pages of

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES
MARLINTON, W. VA.
MAR 20 1963

Memorial Obituary



L. D. Sharp

Luther David Sharp, a life long resident of Slatyfork, died Wednesday, March 13, 1963, in the Marlinton Hospital, at the age of 90 years, 9 months, and 5 days. He was a lover of sacred music and organized the Slatyfork Choir, well known in Pocahontas and surrounding counties for its fine music.

Preceding him in death were his first wife, Laura Jane Morgan Sharp; two daughters, Creola and Ada Curtain; two sons, Ella (Mrs. Robert Gibbs) and Malinda (Mrs. Ellis Hannah).

Mr. Sharp, the only son of the late Silas and Sarah Sharp, was born June 8, 1872, at Slatyfork. At the early age of 12 he started his mercantile business, buying and selling fur, livestock and merchandise. For many years his merchandise was hauled from Millboro, Virginia, and Beverly by covered wagons. Mr. Sharp was the first Postmaster of Slatyfork and gave it its name when the office was opened. He loved to fish and hunt, killing his last deer at the age of 89. He was one of the first group of apiary inspectors in West Virginia, and raised bees to produce the famous Pocahontas County white lynn honey.

He leaves his devoted wife, Mabel Hansford Sharp; a daughter, Mrs. Violet Markland, of Richmond, Virginia; four sons, Ivan Sharp, of Nitro; Paul Sharp, of Port Neches, Texas; Dave Sharp, of Cincinnati, Ohio, and Si Sharp, at home; twelve grandchildren, twenty-one great-grandchildren; two great-great grandchildren, and a host of friends.

Funeral services were held Saturday afternoon in the Slatyfork Methodist Church with the Rev. Clarence Pier-son assisted by the Rev. Ezra Bennett in charge. Burial was in the Slatyfork Cemetery.

128 1/2

2 MADISON COUNTY EAGLE, Madison, Va., Thur., Nov. 27, 1973

Madison Eagle

Lucy C. Bowie, Editor

Telephone 948-5121

GREEN PUBLISHERS, INC., Printers & Publishers

Entered at the Post Office at Madison, Va., as second-class Mail Matter.
2nd Class Postage paid at Madison, Va., and at additional mailing office.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY: BOX 325, MADISON, VIRGINIA 22727

Investigation Continues In Forester's Death

Investigation is continuing by Augusta County Sheriff's Department in the death of forester, Evan L. Sharp.

Sharp, 34, a sub-district forester over Madison, Greene, and Rappahannock Counties, died last Monday while hunting in George Washington National Forest with friend and Chief Fire Warden of Greene and Madison, Donald Lee Parrott of Quinque.

His body was not discovered until last Wednesday morning on Elliott's Knob at North Mountain in Augusta County, about 1-3/4 mile from his truck. Sharp had apparently been shot by another hunter. A single shot from a high powered rifle entered through the abdominal area and lodged in the body. According to evidence found in the mountains, it is estimated the bullet which struck Sharp was fired from 80-85 yards away.

An Augusta sheriff's department spokesman said Monday, there was no definite information yet concerning the accident. A check of persons hunting in the area, licenses and big game stamps is underway. Several hunters at campsites in the area have also been questioned during the investigation. Reports are awaited from FBI laboratories pending identification of several items of physical evidence found in the area.

Letter to Editor

On behalf of the personnel of the Virginia Division of Forestry, I want to express our sincere appreciation to all of the people in the Madison and surrounding area for their help in the search for Forester Evan Sharp. All of us in the Division of Forestry feel very keenly the loss in Evan's tragic death. It is heartwarming to know that the concern for Evan was so widespread, and that the response to this concern by his friends and neighbors in Madison County was both immediate and magnanimous. We especially want to recognize the efforts of the Madison Rescue Squad and the many other volunteers, whose names we do not have, from the Madison area. For their efforts and time, including the considerable distance to Augusta Springs and in entering the search, we offer our sincere thanks.

Sincerely,
W. F. Custard, State Forester

AUGUSTA SPRINGS—A body identified as Evans Sharp, the Madison County hunter missing since Monday, was found late this morning on Elliott's Knobb.

An Augusta County Sheriff's Department spokesman would only confirm that it was Sharp's body. He would not comment on the cause of death.

The search had been intensified this morning as scores of volunteers, Augusta Military Academy cadets and area students joined in the rescue efforts being coordinated by the sheriff's department at Strange's Market on Va. 42 here.

Mr. Sharp, 34, had gone hunting Monday with his partner, Donald Lee Parrott of Madison County, and failed to return to his truck parked on Chestnut Flat, a mountain top between Elliott's Knob and Hite Hollow, west of here.

Rescue teams concentrated Tuesday on the east side of the mountain, where a gunshot was reportedly heard Monday at dark.

Mrs. Sharp, who drove here Tuesday after learning of her husband's disap-



MR SHARP

pearance, said the whole situation seemed incredible since her husband was a very "self-sufficient" and experienced hunter, although he occasionally was troubled by one of his knees injured previously while fighting a fire.

Mr. Sharp was employed by the Virginia Division of Forestry and was a member of the Madison County Rescue Squad. He formerly lived with his family in Augusta County and was "very familiar" with the hunting area, according to his widow.

The search had not been without confusion. One report said that a hunter from Madison County somewhat fitting Mr. Sharp's description was seen several miles from the Chestnut Flat area.

Also rescue officials were helped or hindered by the inundation of volunteers that led one spokesman to say: "There are too many chiefs and not enough Indians."

Involved in the search were the Staunton-Augusta, Craigsville-Augusta Springs and Madison County rescue squads, the Civil Air Patrol, State Police, the Virginia Game Commission, the Virginia Division of Forestry, and auxiliaries, churches and private individuals who supplied food to the rescue workers.

Two search planes of the CAP and a State Police helicopter flew over the mountainous terrain Tuesday and this morning.

Evan Sharp

Evan Lilburn Sharp, 34, of Madison, Virginia, formerly of West Virginia, was killed Wednesday, November 19, 1975, in the National Forest in Augusta County, Virginia.

He was a native of Slatyfork, and was in the Virginia Forestry Service.

His father Ivan Sharp, died earlier this year. He was a grandson of the late L. D. Sharp of Slatyfork.

Surviving are his wife, Phyllis McCutcheon Sharp; two sons, Arthur Todd and Roderick Evan, both of Madison, Virginia; mother, Mrs. Ivan L. Sharp, of Nitro, a brother, Ralph Sharp, of California; sister, Mrs. Thomas Shipley, of Parkersburg.

Services were held Friday morning in Madison United Methodist Church in Madison, Virginia. Burial was Friday at 4 p. m. in Slatyfork Cemetery.

Hunter died of gunshot wound

The death of a Madison County man Monday in the mountains west of Augusta Springs was due to a gunshot wound, Augusta County authorities said Wednesday, and the wound appeared not to be self inflicted.

An autopsy completed today at the state medical examiner's office at Roanoke determined that Evans Lilburn Sharp died of a rifle wound in the abdomen. He had been dead since "sometime Monday", State Medical Examiner Dr. David Oxley said.

Mr. Sharp, 34, of Madison County was found Wednesday morning by Virginia Division of Forestry volunteers in a moderately wooded area in the Chestnut Flats section of North Mountain. An experienced outdoorsman and forester from Madison, Green and Rappahannock counties at the time of his death, Mr. Sharp was last seen around 1 p.m. Monday and was reported missing 9:30 that night.

Mr. Sharp, a former resident of Staunton said to be very familiar with the mountains, had gone hunting with a friend Monday and did not return to his truck.

A search, coordinated by the Augusta County Sheriff's Department and strengthened by volunteers, began Tuesday and intensified Wednesday before the body was found late Wednesday morning.

The body was first taken to King's Daughters' Hospital, then to Madison County. Later, it was taken to Roanoke to the state medical examiner's office for an autopsy.

According to a sheriff's department spokesman, Mr. Sharp was found lying face up, his rifle near the body. He had been shot in the stomach, the spokesman said.

The case is now under investigation by the department deputies.

A spokesman for the department thanked those who participated in the two-day search.

Mr. Sharp was son of Mr. and Mrs. Ivan L. Sharp.

Surviving besides his mother who lives at Nitro, W. Va., are his widow, Mrs. Phyllis (McCutcheon) Sharp of Madison; two sons, Arthur T. and Roderick E. Sharp, both of Madison; one brother, Ralph Sharp of California, and one sister, Mrs. Thomas Shipley of Parkersburg, W. Va.

Services will be conducted 10 a.m. Friday in Madison United Methodist Church. Burial will be 4 p.m. in Powhatan County, W. Va.

DEATHS

Mrs. Laura Morgan Sharp, wife of L. D. Sharp, died at her home at Slaty Fork on Monday afternoon, October 17, 1932. She had been ill for many months with heart disease and complications. She was in her 50th year, having been born March 31, 1874. Burial in the Sharp family graveyard on Wednesday afternoon, the funeral being conducted from the Slaty Fork Church by her pastor, Rev. T. H. Taylor.

Mrs. Sharp was the daughter of the late Rev. Samuel Morgan. Her mother, Mrs. Edith Morgan Irvine, preceded her to the grave a few weeks since. Of her father's family there remain two brothers, William and Edgar, and a sister, Sarah (Nunn).

Forty years ago she became the wife of L. D. Sharp. He and their children, Ivan, Silas, Paul and Luther, Jr., Mrs. William Curtin, of Baltimore, and Mrs. R. W. Markland, of Richmond, survive. A daughter, Creola, died nine years ago.

For a life time, Mrs. Sharp, had been a professing christian, a member of the Methodist Church. She was a good woman, who well performed the duties of wife, mother and neighbor.

Rev. Sam Morgan , Circuit Rider, Edgway Charge (Methodist)
 Edith Ramsey married at 16 (2-21-1872) (1889-1894) (See Morgan History)
 72-20-1885
 He later married
 Wes Ervin
 Laura Jane Morgan
 1874-1932 -58
 married L.D. Sharp
 *Will Morgan
 Lebelia
 *Ninnie
 died in
 Weston
 *Edgar
 Lebelia
 *Lena
 Edray
 Married Charlie
 Mitchel (children
 were Ruby & Edith)
 Remarried McKenny more "Edith"
 (children John & ?)
 Elbert Naomi

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Mr. & Mrs. Dave Sharp
4171 Paxton Woods Drive
Cincinnati, Ohio 45209

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August 8, 1977

Dr. Elisabeth K. Ross
1825 Sylvan Court
Flossmoor, Illinois 60422

Dear Dr. Ross:

At your request I am sending a taped recording my father, Luther D. Sharp, Slatyfork, W. Va. made about 15 years ago, facts his mother and father told him about his mother's brother who died while his father was 4 miles away at a sale. Dead apparently a few hours. One side of the tape is about 4 minutes of my father talking. I listened to the larger tape machine (and recorded this cassette from it) and typed very close to his conversation in the tape to make it easier for you to understand the poor quality of the re-recording.

The other side is also about 5 minutes of a cousin, Mrs. Allie Gibson who heard the same story from her mother who was a sister to my father. I had never heard my cousin ever discuss the story before, before my brother Si, got a recording of her recently. You'll hear my brother asking her questions about it in the recording. --basically the same as my father said.

I've heard my father tell the story many times from the time I was a child till his death. Briefly: Othey took diphtheria. His father went to a farm sale 4 miles away. Othey died while his father, David Hannah, was at the sale. When his father returned at night, Othey told him what he had bought at the sale, saying "you bought me a poney" among other things. While his father was at the sale, Othey died, came back to life, told his mother about what all he saw in heaven... aunt Martha Buzzard, Christ asking a man why he took his name in vain, saw his brother Joe who had died shortly before of diphtheria, etc. Othey said he could take the baby that his mother (Sarah's Mother too) was babysitting for (baby named Mary, I believe, who married later on married Sam Gibson) and put it in the fireplace and it would not be harmed. He threw a red handkerchief up to the ceiling and said it would stay there, which it did till 2 o'clock the next day when Othey was buried and it then fell across a chairback. When Othey's father, David Hannah, came back from the sale, he asked Othey if he came to stay and Othey said no, that he just came back to tell how beautiful it was in heaven.

Mrs. David Hannah had supper ready when he got back from the sale. They all sat down to eat. When through David asked Othey why he didn't eat food on his plate. He told his father that his Savior had fed him light loaf, milk and honey from the breadbox. (light loaf was delicacy then--usually cornbread) The family said the breadbox smelled of honey for a long time after that. The boy asked for a "nallet" (pillow) to be put down by the fireplace so he could lie down. He lay down and soon he quietly passed away. This is my recollection of the story my father told many times.

Use the enclosed typed sheet to help you hear or understand the side of the tape that is weak which is my father's voice cassette-taped from an old tape on a roll. There is a recording on each side of the tape--just short recordings.

If there is anything further I can help you on this, please let me know.

Sincerely,

Dave Sharp

PS You wrote me March 24, 1977 that you'd like to hear the tape of my father, but hunting up the tape and getting one from another branch of the family seemed to take time.

Starts with "abel reading a letter from Paul about Vonda in operating room. He called back to a neighbor in Borger who said Thayer and Barbara were getting along fine. Four-pint blood transfusion. Got her a ponsetta. Anderson Hospital. He got a wire from Violet--they are going to Ivan's for Xmas. Love Paul.....

Dad: I see a coon on that limb and I told Lowell to try it. ^{Coon Hunting} Lowell said he moved a little bit. Next shot he shot him out. Went down to the back of the cellar and put my head up against the cellar, ~~xxxxxx~~ after hearing dogs barking when I got to the old school house. I decided the dogs were away up the creek. We went to the top of the hill yonder-- went down and across the creek and went up there to upper end of that meadow right from that big walnut tree and he treed that coon a $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile from where we were at. Best coon dogs I ever saw. I believe better than when I was 12 years old. Well sir, he'd lay in the top of the tree and Lowell said "he'll fall in the creek, what'll we do about it?" I said I don't know. I'll just shoot it lightly and maybe he'll come out. I shot once and missed. I backed up far enough, I thought the shot would sprinkle him, but he didn't move. Next shot and he fell in the creek. Si said: "why didn't the dogs go in and get him when he fell in the creek?" Dad: I don't know why. But the creek's deep, Si. Si: The dogs can swim can't they? Dad: the water's awful rough up there. Pretty near knock the daylights out of a dog. I was on one side of the creek and he hung on until he was plumb dead. And then he let all hands and feet go and came straight down and he hit that water like a chunk of a calf. And I hollered and hissed the dogs and everything and the dogs ran to the water and wouldn't go in. Uncle George (Mabel's uncle) and Lowell was on one side of the creek and me on the other, but we couldn't see where it washed out to one side or the other--clear down to the bridge. It was dark. If he were stiff he'd lodge (against a rock) but he was warm and should roll out on the bank. He certainly was a big one. I hated to loose him. Oh it was the finest night I ever saw. I expect we scared out 8 or 10 from ~~the~~ mother's apple orchard. This one was a big one. I wanted Jr. in on it. I'd give a price of a coon and some extra if Jr. had been along. But it's hard work. I got tired looking along the creek. But he hung up there (in tree) until he was as dead as four o'clock, as the saying goes. Si: I'd like to see a good coon fight in the water where a dog goes in after him. Dad: They'll drown every dog, they say. I only saw one dog go in whole of water in my life after one. That was the other dog I had when I caught those 26 one winter when I was 12 years old. I set it down in a diary. Set down everything I killed that year. It was at that hole where Pennington's lived (below church). Treed it over the hole and I shook him off and he fell in that hole of water and that yellow dog swam in. It was daylight when I got there. I heard him from over here and I went clear over the hill and down and he was there below Will Gibson. It was daylight. He seemed to sit in the water. The dogs swam up to him and he sat up on his hips and he just pulled his feet up like this and popped that yellow dog's head under the water and he got strangled and had to scramble to the shore. I hissed him back in but the coon knew to stay in the water. And then I shot him

Chinese checkers: Dad: when Mabel got playng good enough to beat me, I quit.

Old cellar over the Hill: Dad: Henry has potatoes in there. We put 15 bu. of apples in there and some one stole them all--all but $\frac{1}{2}$ gal. and 2 or 3 bu. of potatoes. It was old H.... T... I guess. H. .. got a buggy rake ~~xxxxxx~~ tool and drewed the steeple (for look) He carried them out on his back. I have a pain at the ball of my right heel. Hurts right into the bone

Apparently when Dad was a boy: Dad: ... cow had a calf with two heads and had it mounted. We were talking and he said to the calf to speak to this little boy. It spoke to me and I thought it was the calf talking, ha ha. I don't see how they can do that, do you? --standing over there and talk to you over here.

Dad: ...Hannah boy killed a bear. We went up to the head of Slatyfork creek and heard the dogs going around the top of the mt. and I decided no bear was coming to the head of the creek and we came out of there and came around to home here and they heard Mazie Hannah phoning to head of Elk that the bear was coming around up there on the Gibson place. and we jumped in the cars with our guns and Uncle George went up here to the Sam Gibson place. There were a whole bunch of us there watching and tourists coming along and wondered if we were watching for a gangster. But here came Si around directly and said they already killed a bear up there at Ellis Hannah's. We all went up there and Si took some good pictures. ~~The~~ Boys that was an awful big bear. His arms were bigger than an man's arms. One bite and he'd kill a sheep.

Dave: what time will you get up tomorrow? Dad: about 6 o'clock. I get uncle George up, so he can get out at 7. I got up at 15 to 3 mornings to go coon hunting. One morning I went over the hill and the dog was dragging a big coon. That night he went over and we killed two and one got away. Gee, believe me, I had a load. I went down to the old wagon house and got a piece of wire and ran through their ham strings, you know and put them across my shoulder. I'd go a little piece and have to sit down and rest. The fun was all over when I killed those two coons. Aren't allowd to kill but two coons at a time. Very good thing the other one got away or I might have violated the law and I might have overdone myself carrying them in.

Dad: Old Jack was barking at the hog pen at Henry's. I was going up to the sheep and I called him away. He was back there barking to beat the band. I went up there and he had two coonstreed up two trees. Loraine was coming to help pen the sheep. After we shot one out I had Loraine --it was before daylight--to see with a flashlight and she said yes there's another.....

Dad: Then Keith Shaw was coming up from the church and said a coon ran across the road right down there. Lowell and I went down there and by the noise of the car and lights it ran up a big oak. Lowell said he saw it and shot it out. That last one made 20 coons. You take 20 coons and the clean out the cornfield and tear it up like a bunch of hogs.

~~Sharp~~ Sharp said hogs aren't equal to beavers. He said he had 15 acres of corn on the river. He said a hog couldn't hold a candle to a beaver. They cut the stalks off and carried them off in to the river. He didn't mind telling me. He said he shot six of them. Dave: Is that the same ~~Sharp~~ Sharp that killed someone? Dad: It was his boy, I found out. One of his boys shot a hole through the top of Gay's hat.(gamwarden?) Gay would never go back in that country after that. ~~He said~~ says that's the best place to hunt because the gamewardens never go back in there--you know after he got shot through the top of his hat! ha, ha. But that

Gay, g when they came over to kill those bear, he came and asked and wanted to know who went up there bear hunting that day. Jake Mace went up there because the bear killed his sheep, and he went up there and caught him without a license on his own place. Took him up before a justice at Huntersville and fined him \$20 and cost. I would have carried that up. Dave: They change the law so you can kill a bear for killing sheep? Dad: Si and I changed that. We really did. We wrote to the Times and the Times took it to the Clarksburg papers and Cal Price wrote how awful the bear was. The next thing, a rule came that Pocahontas county and a couple more, there would be no law on bear. Si wrote the best piece you ever saw. The Clarksburg paper gave Cal Price credit for writing that piece, you know.

199 Stories by L. D. Sharp, 77, taped fall 1949 by Dave Sharp (Page 2-B)
(This sheet should have been immediately following the story about the two-headed calf--near top of page 2 --I overlooked one ~~xxxxx~~ one hand-written sheet when I typed it.) 199

..... (not clear)... Dad: She's biggest liar I ever heard. They put them out over there at Duncan's house. She had twin babies. One named Lee after Lee Gibson and the other after Fred Hefner.

Dad: I was so tired I could hardly make it in. The roads were so bad--muddy and slushy and slick. I had that coat over all this winter ~~xxxxx~~ clothes and I got so hot. We had a lot of fun though. I'd liked to have had Jr. along. Dave: "let's go out tonight". Dad: I got up 15 minutes till 3 o'clock and got that big coon. I don't have vitamins enough, but Lowell will go with you in the morning. He's got vitality enough, he'll jump right out of bed and go. 4 o'clock in the morning is good. Early at night and late in morning. They must retire at 12 o'clock. You can hardly catch them then. They travel just after dark and then again in the morning again. It seems that's the way they do.

Dad: I was almost eaten up one time. I was 12 years old and went down on Gauley to where a man named Curry had a corn field. Uncle Harmon Sharp went there a few nights before that and caught 7 coons. So I went down there and there were no coons in it. So I went out on the top of the bank, and built a fire. I had a dog I had so much confidence in. A 12 year old boy to go down there and camp out. I laid down by the fire and about 11 o'clock whe down in a laurel patch the dog was fighting something down there. And directly he was hollering like he was dieing. I waited for him to come back and I got scared. I went down through looking for my dog and couldn't find him I hit it right on down to Elk River and waded across the creek. The water was low and I hit for home. He rant into a bear down in there. The next day about 1 or 2 o'clock in the afternoon he came in with his whole side torn out. You could see his insides. After so long a time he got well. That bear might have eaten me right there and you'd never seen your daddy. ha, ha, ha. (about five laughing with him) He almost killed that dog. ←

(Dave: Yes, I guess if that bear had killed him, we would never have seen him ! ha.)

Dave: are you going coon hunting? Dad: Yes, I'm going over and start the dogs. I ain't able to go over the hill. Get Lowell and you all can go over the hill You've got a lot of vim. You'd have a good chance to go up to Uncle Sam ~~MA~~ Gibson's place. Just drive the car up there and get out and go under those apple trees. The creek might be up so high that if they came off Gauley Mt. they can't get across the creek. I'll take Jack and Shep over in the madow. Get your shoes on. You and Lowell go along and you two can go on over the Hill.(not clear)...

Dad: ...(about a girl he knew using perfume) ..etti ... a box of..... *girl*
a smell, gives you a perfume. It smells pretty and there's catnip in it. And she wanted in to that and he asked her if that's how she smelled all the time., and she said "yes sir, that's my natural smell", and he'd never go back to her any more! ha. ha. ha.

Another story:Dad:..... and she stepped in where some one had dumped, you know, over at the church and I could hardly stand it and I never liked that girl after that, ha, ha. Si: maybe she didn't wipe. ha, Dad: I never could like her after that. Everytime I'd think of her I'd think about that, ha. In church on the way, and walked to church and in the church and they smelled that. *story*

(other side of cassette) Dad stalking a deer in a laurel patch on "bear pen ridge" on Gauley mt. Dad: ...right in the lanrel patch. I walked right on out and the air was drawing from the deer to me. I walked to a birch tree, I remember it as well as yesterday. I stuck my head around. I could have pitched my gun right on top of that doe's back. Well, I cocked the gun. I'd never shot from my left shoulder in my life, ha. *deer*

I got the prettiest sight you ever say. I was just looking at the front bead. I never once thought of it till it was all over. I drew the bead ~~on~~ right on the middle of the deer and pulled it off and never touched the deer. I bet I shot a foot over it. Well, it went out of there like lightening. I jumped off in the lanrel patch and fired a gain at it as it ran through in the brush, but didn't have a chance. Well, the next morning I said to Billy Marcus(?) "let's learn to shoot from the left shoulder. I could have killed that deer if I'd learned to shoot from the left sholder. We went out and you've never seen the shooting we did (practicing) Bill got so he was better than I was. But Uncle Hugh shot all his life from his left shoulder. (Dave does too!) I was never closer to a deer in my life. That deer was eating laurel. It had it's hind leg toward me. Dave: You shot at a turkey the same way.

Dad: Ha, ha, yes the same way, ha, ha. I saw turkeys with young turkeys in the creek meadow one time, I had a mt. rifle. Had to load everytime. The turkey was going along picking grass hoppers in the grass. I picked out the largest one in the bunch. The young ones were nice size--in the fall of the year. She had her head down, facing the other way and when the gun cracked she just went over the bank were we treed that coon the other night, and flew across to that walnut tree. The others flew away. I went over and picked that turkey up and there wasn't a hole in it, ha, ha.--only a natural hole, ha, ha. Si: so you shot it right in the mouth! Dad: yes, ha, ha. That's the way to shoot a turkey--you don't tear it up, ha, ha. I've done a lot of hunting in my lifetime--ever since I was 12 years old. I'm 77, going on 78. I got so I could shoot that mt. rifle right along. YOU'd have to pour in powder and then put the bullet in and get the ramrod. It fit right under the barrel. Put a cloth wad in and then the bullet and push it in with your knife--butt end and cut the cloth off right at end of the gun, and when you got to the bottom you begin to hit the ram rod like this and when it commenced to balance back you know you had it down on the powder. *gun*

..... (some missing)....Dad:we'll go up to the peach orchard. Si: "I'll just call that --you're thru with the coons".--you're the one that made the bet". Dad: Like, Jr. last night, I told him I'd bet \$100 against 2 cents that the dog wasn't on the porch (gone coon hunting on his own)--oh, yes, I didn't collect the 2 cents did I?

SI: I think you all will have to produce a coon hide to make sure you got a coon. Lowell: we'll get one tonight or tomorrow night. Dad: Lowell has enough experience to know that dog wouldn't go away back up there unless a coon was there. There's no way to prove it because we didn't get the coon, but I know he ran the coon from that apple orchard. SI: (kidding) I'm satisfied in my mind that he was just running a fox up there and he ran far enough he decided he wanted to rest and he barked to fool you, ha.(Snowshoe rabbit) Dad: yes, wool on the bottom of their feet and their tracks as big as a dog's track. The first one I ever saw and I don't think I saw one since. Will Morgan saw this thing and he shot at it and I went to Will. He missed it? He said "I saw the biggest panther". I asked what color it was. He said it was white and as big as a sheep, I asked where it was. He said "it's right on up yonder--I know it's a panther" I never heard of a white panther in my life. I slipped along and he yelled: "wait, wait, I see it". I shot and when the gun cracked down it went. I went up to get it and held it up and it looked every bit that tall (demonstrated it). That was his "panther", ha. We brought it out to home. The biggest part of them is their feet. White as snow, with long ears. SI: They'll get brown in a frying pan". SI: you know, that cold winter in 1917 you know how cold it got? It stayed about zero about all through Dec. and Jan. We caught a weasel over at the high rocks over on Slatyfork that was as white as it could be--just like they do in Canada. We've got it mounted and it's out here in the store upper window. Dad: I saw where on crossed about 15 years ago, thru yonder at the meadow, round top of the hill. Oh, I've seen 100's of tracks in Gauley up there at the high top, I never ever ate one and never saw but that one and I killed it. Dad: tie my shoe string. When my boys are here I want to make use of them. (Attempt to tape Dad and have him on the movie at same time (on front porch?) L.D.: usually Friday is my lucky day but I hunted 5 days and didn't have any luck. I was about to kill a deer on the 5th day. I was crawling up to the deer and another man scared it away, so I missed having good luck on Friday. So Sat. I went back to my old stand. The deer was coming in a different direction to one of my by-standers. He shot about 6 shots and crippled it a little bit. It ran away from him. I shot about 200 yards and broke it's let. Another fellow said "go down in the brush, there's a big deer there on the left side of you. That other fellow didn't go in the brush so I took off down there as hard as I could down in the hollow and I brought him down. He was a 6-prong buck. Now if you want to kill deer and want a partner, you take Lowell Gibson. He's a real chum and a real hunter and if I take him with me he usually gets game. Dave: (kidding) where's Lowell? Dad: He's right here. Come over here Lowell. He and I are hunters together. He does whatever I tell him, ha, ha. Dad: After I killed that fine big deer I sent Lowell back up to my stand where I'd been standing for 5 days and a big deer came thru there and he shot 6 shots and the last shot he brought him down. It was an 8-prong buck. Boy's did we have luck that day! We had two to bring in. It was a job bringing those two in. Boy's we did have venison! ha. Coon hunt:--Dad: Why, we had quite a sport killing coons. One night when there was no one here my coon hunting partner wasn't here so I wanted to go hunting so bad and started out and went over the hill to the other farm and the dogs put 3 coons up a tree. I killed one and it jumped 25 feet down over the hill. It got away in spite of everything. I couldn't get the dogs away from the tree as they knew other coons were in the tree. So I shot out the other two. Believe me, I had a load carrying those coons home, I wished my chum had been there to help. Those dogs are just pups, but really good coon dogs. They won't bark when tracking. (Mabel's experience at the bear chase) Dave: did she run? Dad: The dogs were coming toward us. She ran to the car as hard as she could run, jumped in and suth the door. They ran two deer out and came about 20 steps from us.

Dad: we used to have lots of turkeys. Back on the mountain there must have been 50 head of them. I followed tracks up on the flat and I thought no one within a $\frac{1}{2}$ mile of me. I crawled up over the bank and was picking out the biggest one to shoot. But a man came up on the other side and went "bang, bang" and away went all the turkeys. I was spited ~~me~~ ^{Turkeys} enough to choke him a little bit. ha. Another time I was up on the mt. and was calling turkeys and about 15 of them came in a bow across the flat as hard as they could a calling and cutting. I banged in with the shotgun and knocked down four of them. I ran up there. One jumped 15 feet high and I could have shot it. I was so excited with it jumping. It finally jumped up and out through a hole in the trees and sailed and fell $\frac{1}{4}$ mile down in Buck's hollow. I went down there and looked the country over and couldn't find it. So I went back up and I had three nice young turkey gobblers, about all I could carry out of there. We can't do that any more because we don't have the turkeys. They're as scarce as hen's teeth. Used to hear gobblers in the spring of the year. You seldom hear that now. Hunters and red and grey foxes about finished the wild turkeys. I'd like to recall back when my young days for a little while to have the sport like we used to have among the wild game--turkeys, deer, etc. Fish, we used to have fish to galore. My goodness, you could go and catch a basket full of fish in just a little while. But we can't anymore. They stock the streams every year.

But if you get the limit of 10 or 15 you've done awful well. So, back in our day we had really more enjoyable life than we do today with all our automobiles and air planes etc. We do, of course, have a few deer and most too many bear, but still that's not like plenty of turkey, fish and smaller game. Dad: another time hunting turkeys, I called up 7 big gobblers. I had agun that I hadn't used very much. I called them up to about 20 steps of ~~xxx~~ me and planned to kill half of them, and the old gun wouldn't go off. I tried both barrels. They had their necks almost crossed each other--lined up. Their old beards looked about 10 inches long. By then they started "cutting" (danger signal) and saw me and flew out. When they got about a 100 yards, the gun went off as fair as could be. I felt like taking the gun around a tree, ha. I never had a better chance in my life and to think that old gun would do me that way. I broke the gun down that way (demonstrated) and brought it back up and it didn't cock, you see. It wouldn't cock half the time. They flew when they heard the gun clicking. That was the gun I got from a candy company for ordering a large shipment of hard candy. It wasn't worth a dime! That's some of your give-away stuff. ha. Well, I'm to go over the hill. I may take some corn over and feed those turkeys. If the water wasn't up so, I'd go in the car. (not clear)....

Dad: life's where we expect to meet again. Like Martha Gibson, I was talking to her, I had to leave, and I said "we hope to meet again" She said: we will meet again. I'd talked to them at the market (sheep?) . I hadn't seen them for 35 years. Talking about (age?) I said this world's good enough for me. I'd just like to live here always. I'd heard a man at conference a few years ago giving a testimony --a preacher. One fellow said he'd like to live always if the Lord would permit it. I like life. The fellow replied, I'm not caring much for living on, for according to what we believe and preach, why it's better for us beyond when this life's over. I said that's true too, but I just like life. He replied "I'm different. I'd like to go anytime." He didn't live but about two months after that. He took sick and they took him to the Marlinton hospital and he passed over. His name was False. He said it was better on beyond.

Dad: my mother told me that just a few days before she died--I said to her, "mother, you're going to kill yourself tending to that cold that got it's leg broke. You'll take pneumonia and die. She said: why do

we worry about ~~that~~ that, Luther? It's better on beyond after this life's over. She took pneumonia and did die. ~~Winter~~ Gibson was there when he was a christian and she had him to sing the most beautiful song. I forget what it was now (she apparently requested it) There was never anyone who had a better mother than I did. There was never a more devoted Christian. She was permitted--gave witness to her brother, Otha, died and came to life and he told all about Heaven and who was in heaven. Told them how beautiful it was. The Savior took him all over heaven and let him look down into hell. He said a boy on Elk, a wicked boy, and the savior asked him "whid did you take my name in vain?" --he was in the flames of fire. He told what boy it was. Otha said: "Joe's saved. He's here with me, can't you see him? (Joe apparently had died shortly before Otha with diptheria). --and there's the Savior. Dad: Joe was a mischevious boy and never joined the church and was never converted. Maybe never had the chance. He was raised by Christian parents (David Hannah) They were uneasy about him because he was so mischevious. He died about a week or 10 days before that. That is what made the family such devored Christians. One of them, Uncle George, became a preacher. Otha could permore miracles. He said "I can throw that handkerchief up against the loft (ceiling) and it'll stay there" He threew a red handkerchief up there and it, they said, looked like just a space of a knife blade between it and the wall, and stayed there through that day and night and next day when grandmother askedd what time he was burried--she had a small baby (Mary)(and couldn't go to funeral) and they said about 2 o'clock, when they put him in the grave, up there above Marvin, ah (uncle) George Hannahs-- that's the Hannah graveyard. She said she noticed the handkerchief laying across the back of a chair. He (otha) said: I can take that child and put it in the fire (fireplace) and it won't burn". They wouldn't let him have the baby to put in the fire. Otha said "I can show you where Heaven is. They (his mother etc.) went outside and he said "up there's heaven--right back of Sam Hannah's--the whole heaven's lit up. Otha said "up this way, Pap's coming. He called him pap. He was coming home fromx a sale (up Elk) He told grandfather (David) everything that he bought at the Sale. Among the things, you bought a colt for Sara and I (brother and sister) Grandfather said "yes I was going to give it to you and Sarah (Dad's mother) David said "Son, you've come back to stay with me?" Otha said "no, it's too beautiful over in heaven. I've come to stay only a little while. I wish you'd make me a pallet before the fire". After about an hour or two. He laid down on the pallet before the fire and didn't move a hand nor foot. Just like going to sleep. That is what made them, well they were good Christians anyway. Grandfather (David) wouldn't eat anything cooked on Sunday. I do, 't know if it was before that or not. It had to be cooked on Satur day. You know, when it rained manna from Heaven to feed the Iseralites they could only geather it one day at a time. If they picked two days at once it would spoil. If they geathered it on Sat. it would stay good on Sunday to eat. George commented that he heard a preacher say "a man who fed stock on Sunday wasn't a christian. I disagreed with him" Dad: your're right. Because He spoke one place: "Who is it that won't pull the ox out of the ditch?" When they went through the field plucking corn or wheat, you know, some of the people critized them--the deciples plucking wheat (of grains) because they were breaking the sabbath. and he said: "I am the Lord of the sabbeth and whah of you if the ox fell in the ditch wouldn't pull it out on Sunday? That means that things that have to be done, I think, possibly, it would be more harm to let the stock to starve and suffer than to feed it. YOU'd be doing a righteous act.

(End of 2nd half of reel-to-reel tape. Start on 2nd reel-to-reel. --the first side. -----Cassette #4B

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Dad: Hanson/Doyle said "I saw Jesus, I saw him face to face. I know Him, I've met him". (Dad apparently telling of a vision he himself had): Dad: I said "I had the same experience." but I didn't tell it. Vision: I was out here on top of the hill about 5 years ago and an aunt I hadn't seen in years, Aunt Lear (or Lehr) Hannah. There was some other woman, came up from the old school house and coming up the hill-- I watched them and there was aunt Lear. I'd forgotten what she looked like--uncle George Hannah's wife. She'd been dead for several years, and she said "Luther, look yonder, look yonder". and for 2 or 3 years I couldn't speak of that without crying. It's hard to do it yet. I looked around and I never saw the heavens so beautiful in my life. There came the Savior with the most decorated stars(?) I ever saw on this earth--all around on his wings and crown. The most beautiful stars you ever saw in this world. He came on and there were two others in behind him. I wasn't to know who they were. I believe was my first wife, Laura and daughter Greola. They were decorated. You've never seen soldiers decorated that could compare anywhere. And I wondered about about---they got Christ's picture on a pocket handkerchief(?) and I wondered if that was a picture of him on it or not, but it is. Talk about a personality--the finest personality I ever looked on the face of. And I kind of had a fear--entering in to the presence of God--a poor weak sinner like me., and he came on down to top of the graveyard hill---there was no timber there at all. And I said "shake hands with me" and he reached down and shook hands with me. (Dad weeping). It was no dream. It was a vision. Aunt Lear called my attention to it. She said "Luther look back yonder. And then when I woke up. Aunt Lear and this other woman was walking in their ordinary clothes like when they were here on earth. She said "Luther look yonder". The sky was decorated with stars of various colors, gold, silver and came coming closer till they came to the graveyard. The speak ~~fix~~ ~~fix~~ ~~fix~~ that people are not permitted to look on the face of their creator. I've already had that privilege if I never see him again, and I shook hands with Him.

saw Jesus

End

A.M.
Tape begins at Ivan's at Nitro Xmas ~~KX~~ 1949--message to L.D. 205
Evan: "Merry Christmas, Grandad" --giggles. Genevieve: Merry Xmas Dad & Mabel, and Si and all the little ones. Rufus: Merry Xmas to you Dad. We all wish we could be there with you this AM. And Si I hope you are feeling fine and enjoying Xmas like we are down here at Nitro. We've just had a wonderful time. Violet: Well, good morning good old Dad. It's so nice to be here at Ivan's this AM, but it'd be so much nicer if we could all be up there with you and Si. We've been looking at some pictures and some we had of Paul and Vonda, and we've been thinking of them down in Texas, and I am sure you are too. We wish you you're having a peaceful happy Xmas up there and the new year will bring you peace and prosperity. We hope you'll all come real soon down to Richmond and we'll all have a nice family reunion together. God Bless each one of you is my prayer. Ivan: Merry Xmas Dad, Mable and Si and those about you. Genevieve and I would like to be up there with you. It happens to be Sunday and Xmas up there with you.....(?)....

We played it to Dad Xmas night: He laughed happily about it. Dave asked about hunting: Dad: I started in on Monday morning at 4 o'clock and hunted all week. Saw several does and on Friday my lucky day, I saw a deer at a distance and I had to back out from where I was and go about a $\frac{1}{4}$ a mile around to get up on the deer and got down and crawled and had everything going my way, and I had about 30 yards yet to crawl and don't you know that big deer that was feeding was in a fair opening and Henry Shaver was watching from a distance when we first saw it. And a scoundrel, I don't really know what you'd call him, ha, came up on the other side and when I got up to lay my gun on the rail fence to shoot the big buck it was gone. That's how he scared it and ran it away. I lost out and lost faith. Then on Sat. I went out and Henry Gibson asked if Lowell could go along. I said "yes, I need a partner, and so Ivan, Ralph, Evan was back on the mountain and I think they ran the deer to me. I shot and broke it's leg and followed it's track about 300 yards and that time he laid there! a 6-prong buck and he was a dandy. Well, just after killing it I looked ~~add~~ saw 4 deer going across the ridge. One was large. I told Lowell to go back up to where I was on a stand and I'd follow the deer around and go across at the head of the other hollow, as I wasn't allowed to kill any more. When I got over there they had gone through. Just now I heard Lowell commence bang! bang! bang! He shot about 6 shots and the last shot hit him in the back bone and dropped him down. When I went up there he had an 8 point buck, a dandy! If you don't call that luck I don't know what you'd call it! We'd hunted all week and then on Sat we had our first luck after seeing so many ~~XXXX~~ does. ha. Uncle George here (Mabel's uncle?) 1st day of the season he was afraid of getting shot. Wouldn't go in the woods so he sat up on the mountain and some one ran a big buck by him and he dropped it. He came to the house and said "Henry, come up here quick. I got him--I got him!" I hollered for Ivan and Evan came by him and helped carry it in. It was the best luck we've had for years. I gave Ivan the head and hide and horns. And he is having it mounted. And Uncle George is giving him his (Dave: these must be the two deer heads of Ivan's mounted on one board--?) I didn't know Ivan would mount them so I messed up the neck of Uncle George's.

.....Si telling about someone backing into Frank's car etc. and about Dumire in 2nd world war.

Dave: I hear you killed some coons--? Dad: Well sir, I caught our limit. We have the best coon dogs--most any night you can get a coon. We go over to the apple orchard across the creek. We don't go so far from the house and over on the other farm (old home place). Dave: can't we go tonight? Dad: This is Sunday night!--my boy. Don't you regard the Sabbath and keep it holy? ha. ha. SI: (kidding) Dad's dogs hunt on Sunday. He made us go to church on Sunday but he doesn't make the dogs go!

206 Dad: I went over the hill one night by myself and the dogs treed a coon up a wild cherry tree beyond that barn (the big red barn?) I went up there and there were 3 coons. I shot one and one jumped out 25 feet from the tree--near the wagon house. The dogs knew the coons were in the tree. I tried to get them to chase the coon but they'd run back to that tree. and it got away. But I shot the two out and you should have seen the dogs fight them. I had the ~~xx~~ awfulest load. I hunted up a wire and tied them together. I was worn out when I got home.

SI: talking about army tank binoculars etc.

Dad--telling a story of the Civil war that was on the Edison Phonograph (Dave has the phonograph and the record) --about the colored man "darky" in the army. They asked the darky that was enlisting in the army how many battles he'd been in previously. Darkey: Well, I've been in thousands of battles. Enlist: there wasn't thousands of battles. Darkey: well, I've been in loo(s of battles..... Well I know I've been in two battles. Recruiter: what were they? Darkey: the battle with my wife and the battle of Bull's Run. Recruiter: I bet at the battle of Bull's Run you did some running? Darkey: "Yesss Sirrrreee ! When the ordered retreat I sure ran ! Recruiter: what about the battle with your wife? Darkey: Oh, I surrendered ! ha, ha. He then said to the captain: I want you to do me one favor. I don't want you to put me in the cavalry---so, when the captain say's "retreat", I don't want a horse to hole me back in the retreat." some not clear.....

SI: ...Gum Mathias.... then SI telling about a teacher going up on Elk ... and Sandy (or Andy) wouldn't study. Parents told teacher to make him study anyhow. He said "I him once but id doesn't do a bit o good". So the next morning he (teacher) said we'll all study now. Andy, get put your book and study. He said Andy wouldn't open his book. So he went back and caught him by the top of his shirt and he said he just shook him almost out of his clothes, tore all the buttons off his shirt. He set him back in his seat and Andy opened up his book and he studied from then on. The teacher stopped by the home and they asked him if Andy studied? He said: didn't Andy tell you? They said "no, he never tells us anything. The teacher said he studied fine. I just shook him till all the buttons fell off his shirt. Them old lady said: "that's alright, I'll sewe them back on". ha, ha.

Dave: Dad, did you know Gum Mathias the teacher?

Dad: I reckon I did know him ! SI: "wasn't you and some other boy going to whip him one time"? Dad: Davis Hannah, Joe Sharp and I---we saw him about beat the daylight out of other kids. He had a stick about 20 inches long---he'd cut on it as a regulator (a ruler?) and he used it to prop up the window. He'd just jerk that out of the window and grab a youngen' and blister him right ! ---almost wear him out. So we three made it up that if he jumped one of us we'd join to gether and we'd lick the old man. We were in our teens (1s?) ha, ha. ~~xxx~~ One day....he always would court some girl (student) --pick out some girl to court. Gum Mathias had 3 fingers on one hand and two on the other. (Dave: Raymond Mace wrote me the same thing !) Dad: He had high shoulders. A head as big as William Jennings Bryant. Smart enough and all like that. One day we were out there playing draw ball.. and they threw, you know, the ball to the other side and whoever was hit it put you out .. and so I dove for it and someone missed it. He yelled: "you jumped behind that girl to keep from getting hit"! He talked so independenat and mean. I looked for the other boys but neither was there that day. I said "Gum Mathias, I didn't do it ! I was beginning to think about the girls too, ha. He said: "don't you tell me you didn't jumpe behind that girl to keep from getting hit." I said no sir I did not. Dave: did he do anything to you? Dad: no, he stopped there.

↑ *Gum Mathias*

Dad telling about being nearly shot on a haystack: *shot on haystack 207*
 Dad: I went up in the meadow to feed the calves. Took Albert Hannah along. He was a boy that came from school. (both 12 or 13 ??) I took my gun along with me. There were snow birds ou in the snow. While I was throwing the hay off the stack I told him to kill one of them. All you had to do was to barely touch the trigger on that gun. So e wiggled around trying to get a sight on a bird.--we didn't have English sparrows then-- I hadn't seen one till about 60 years ago. I said: reach me that gun and I'll show you how to kill one. He was reaching the gun up to me. I had a hold of the stack pole and reaching down to him. He hadn't let the hammer down and he touched that trigger and the bullet went along the side of my temple and I just fell. I was numb. Wjen I got over that numbness I felt my head to see if blood. I remember it as well as yesterday. I said "Albert, you've shot me" ! He said: "don't you tell Paps, he'll whip me to death"! I asked him if he saw any blood and he said he didn't.

Story of Dad stomping a skunk to death ! *skunk*

Dad: I was coming up from the Porter Morre house (mouth of Slatyfork creek --up that steep path--side of the hill near Sla yfork creek. I'd been down to Uncle Harmon Sharp's one night. I heard something coming above the path in the leaves. Skunks were worth about \$2. Money was scarce. It was a skunk. I jumped on the skunk ~~skunk~~ above a cliff of rocks and my feet slipped,,,where the bank is awful steep. I landed at the bottom and broke my lantern globe. I was hurt so bad I thought I'd lay there a minute. I'd gone 20 feet--rolled down to the bottom. By the way, I felt something digging under me. I'd caught that skunk sliding down there and I had it down tight and it couldn't do a thing. So I raised up just a little bit. I got off as soon as he started kicking and scratching. Oh, land of merchy, it threw that scent all over me and I got up and stomped that skunk to death. ha, ha. Those boots I had on they stunk every time I'd warm them up--(Dave: I guess before the fire place that winter) and I'd think of that old skunk, Ha. Well, I got the skunk ~~skunk~~ alright! Another skunk story:

Dad: My father and I, we tracked some skunks in down the creek bank -- back under a big flat rock. We got a mattock and went to digging. We built a fire in below it trying to smoke it out. You can't smoke them out or we didn't that time. We blew the smoke back under that rock. So we ~~jumped in and thought~~ jumped in and thought we could dig in back behind that flat rock. We dug down. My father was digging and told me to watch below. He said: I'm coming through on it. The mattock broke in to it here. Now you watch there with that stick. I was watching. The smoke had strained my eyes. He puched down in there and instead of the skunk throwing it out his way he filled my eyes full through that smoke, Ha, ha. Great lands'. The reason the dog wallows and rubs his head in the grass, it's not the smell. it's butns just like fire. I strained my eyes to seea dn it was about 10 feet to the creek. I made about five jumps into the creek and stuck my head right down in the water to get it out of my eyes. I washed and rubbed it out. My father finally killed the skunk.

Story of Uncle Hugh chased by a bear ! *Uncle Hugh*

Dad: That's when Uncle Harmon Sharp said he heard an old deer and she had fawns inthere (up on the mountain)(in a brush thicket) Uncle Hugh, just abboy, went yp there on Sunday morning. He had a dream that night that he had a fight with a bear and he had a cane with a knot on it. He'd get deer and raise them. He wanted to get one of those fawns. With a young fawn you squall and holler and they'll stay down. when they are a few days old. You can run up and catch them. He went up there and there was an old she bear and ~~he~~ cubs in there ! He'd cut this cane off as he went up the hill just like he(d dreamed of. I t had a knot on it, just like in the dream

He then heard the noise in the thick brush, so he made a jump in there a hollering to catch the fawn. Instead of a deer it was an old she bear ! He kept saying "akh, akh, akh," and backing up and putting up a brave face to the bear till he got outside. and he said he ran down over the hill. He was just a boy. He saw a big hollow log and he said "I just piled into that old log and went in as far as I could go---if that bear had followed me that was just where ~~he~~ she would have wanted me" ha,ha. He made the bear think he was brave until he got out of there.

.....~~Baxx~~ Dad: Everybody has an influence on some one. I was watching a baby in it's mother's arms. The little fellow yawned. I stopped in the middle of my talking and yawned. So I said: "Everyone has an influence . You may not think so, but you ~~am~~ do." I said pardon me, but I watched that little baby and it had enough influence over me to cause me to yawn. They all laughed."

More deer hunting--not clear: on the mountain--Henry Loraine, Lowell.

--telling strategy etc.

Dad driving his first car home : Dad:

It was in 1915 that I bought my first car. (Ivan thought it was 1914) You can count it up--15 from 49 is 35 years. I went over to Marlinton fair grounds (to learn) and drove it around two or three times. Then they took me out (out of the fair ground) and started home. and Mr. Burr who was with me--and another fellow was following us in another car---we didn't have good roads then They were muddy

(They turned Dad loose there at Campbelltown and Dad started home on the old dirt road) (Tape is blurred but here is some of it): ... I drove down to Charles McGuire's place(someone) in a wagon. and the horses started hollering (with fright) I stopped, and they held the horses. I was afraid the horses would jump out in the road, you know. I came on down to Page Hannahs, ha, ha. (Dave: I remember him telling that he had to back up on a curve there with great difficulty.) ---and he came on home.

1st car

(Ld, Ivan, Genevieve, Dave, Evan) Sat, Dec 31, 1949

Starts Dad and Ivan singing. Then eating at the table. Singing "Little Star of Bethlehem". Then Ivan saying the blessing at the table. (blurred) Ivan: "Our dear heavenly Father we thank thee for thy goodness and kindness, and watching over us and taking care of us and permitted us to assemble around this family table again. Bless this food to the good of our bodies and bless our fellowship together and at last save us in thy kingdom. We ask it in Jesus' name. Amen." Ivan: Everybody help yourselves. Violet: thank you. Sylvia--wanted some of the hot bread. Dad: help yourself..... (a lot of it unclear).....

Dave: are you going coon hunting tonight too, Dad? Dad: you've never heard of "LD" to fail! --only that time I wasn't there, ha. I go over here (meadow across the creek)(corn) when nobody else goes. I have to go by myself. Ivan: have you got any sideboards for my plate? Dave: Evan, are you going coon hunting tonight, too? Evan: yes! Dave: aren't you afraid of coons? Dad: well we have a slim chance..... Dave: Ivan did you hear about one coon falling in the river? Ivan: yes, I heard about that. Dad: I hated that, I believe that was the biggest coon this year. He fell out of the tree as dead as a door's nail. Eunice asked me how that term got started--she'd heard it all her life.

Dad: Jr. won't drink any milk from his Dad's cows, he's afraid it isn't good like Cinti. milk. I believe he's afraid of the milking (Henry Shaver's milking--unpasteurized). Dave: Ivan's a traitor to his country--he's drinking tea. Ivan: my wife, "Eve" persuaded me. Dad: Is there any ice for my milk? Dave: If it hadn't been for the Boston tea party, maybe we'd be drinking tea. Dad: How was that? Dave: didn't you study that in history? Dad: no, I didn't. Dave: The British taxed the tea to pay for their soldiers over here and we didn't want that, so our men dressed up like Indians and threw all the tea off the ships into the sea. Dad: They did? Dave: then the revolutionary war started. Ivan: Taxation without representation. Dad: Then the didn't let us send representatives from this country?

Dad: Do we have any maple syrup? Genevieve: here's some apple butter. Dad: Ivan and Jr. do you want some of this maple syrup? Dad: Jr. go there in the delco house, there's a whole case of honey brought back from the time the other day (trip peddling in Randolph?) and get you some of that honey. It's already in cartons. Ivan: If you're going coon hunting, better eat a lot. The dogs are barking to go now. Dad: oh, those dogs can bark! (Eunice came in kitchen) Genevieve: Hi, Eunice. Come in..(Everyone said "happy new year" Dad: come eat with us. (she finally sat to eat) (food mentioned at the table: strawberry jam chicken, ham, cottage salad, apple butter, beans, pudding, cheese hot bread, cranberry, etc.

Mable: I'd like to take Dave & Sylvia to church tomorrow. Dave: are you having a contest? Mable yes. (calendar shows it to be Sat, 31st '49) (William Morgan) Dave: is Edgar still living? Dad: no, Edgar has been dead for years. Will's still living. Ivan met him at the Ramsey reunion. I didn't get to go He looked old. You've seen Uncle Will, haven't you? Dave: yes. ... Genevieve: Ivan wanted to get Dad some tires, so I thought they ought to have something for the house, so I got some fustoria. Ivan: Plymouth is going to put out a cheap car, something like the Crosley. Dad: what do you call cheap? Ivan:, oh, about a thousand dollars. Genevieve: Kaeser-Frazier is making a cheaper car too (table talk) Dad: I was fishing up at Eula KKK (Russel-Kyle) Hannah's and I had a and the old bull came at me bellowing and I grabbed a rock and I hauled away and hit him right between the eyes. I told Eula that I hit him.

(Evan must have cut his own hair) Mable: we almost had to get him a whig. Dad: turn your head around and show what the "barber" did.

Evan: Si trimmed it off. Mable: I remember Ralph cut his one time.

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Dad:; Thayer did the biggest ^{on his.} Eunice: Lowell cut his one time.

Dad: Ivan, one time, a little fellow, sat down to get his hair cut on the old house porch. I had the clippers. Then I had to go from the old house down to the store. A fellow hollered "Hello" at the store. I said sit there Ivan while I go wait on him. When I came back he'd started in right here and he cut up to there. So I had to cut his hair all off short to straighten it. Dave: Remember the time that Si and Paul cut Donald's hair off short? There was a circus over at the old place (in upper creek meadow) They just shaved to top of his head to look just like a bald-headed man. He was just a little boy, about like Evan, and they left just a little hair around above his ears. Dad always said we had to go to church, but he wouldn't let Donald go for a month. Dad: He'd attract too much attention with everyone laughing, you know. I scolded the boys about it. ha, ha. Mabel: Dave, you cut Freda Phares' brother's hair off one time. Eunice: wasn't his name Jim? Dave: This Rhea up here that carries the mail. His boy came down and had me to cut his hair. I just cut a road through the top.

Dad: the only time I ever had to whip Jr. in church --you were a little fellow and pinned a clothe on a fellow's coat tail, ha, ha. And I gave him an awful good whipping over that. ha, ha. He was an awful mischievous little fellow he was about the age of Evan..... (coon hunting talk): Dave: You're not going to take a gun are you, Evan? Evan: if dad will want me to. Dave: Give him a shotgun! Evan: (knowing I was kidding said) "hu hu " Dad: you don't have a light gun like a 22? Dave: Dad you might as well ride over there with us..... Dad: We may go to Cinti and stay a few days, ha, ha. Ivan: I was thinking why didn't you and Mabel come down to our place for Xmas and then come up with Dave and Sylvia. Dad: We just couldn't get away, if we had 100 invitations.....we know we have an invitation all the time, so we don't need an invitation. Ivan: If you'll come down I'll bring you back any Friday ~~at~~ night. Dad: This was awful dangerous wasn't it, --Dave coming in? (snow on roads). Two years ago it snowed 15 feet deep up on Middle Mt. meadow. Ivan: these tires will help you an awful lot. Dad: I bought two tires---knobby treads. Ivan: yes, they should be on rear together.

End of the big reel #8 .----

If the cassette is turned over it will be garbled until last 1/3 and it may repeat what is on the first side?

Some of it may be ~~is~~ clearer than other side.

There is some talk about the first cars (after the war?) If so, this tape may have been before 1949--maybe 1947 ?? (At one place Dave said: "it was about August when we got it. They started making them about Feb. or March....) So....????

The box the #8 reel was in is dated "Dec 31" Then Mabel said she wanted Dave & Sylvia to go to church tomorrow (Sunday) indicating it was Sat that the tape was made. The only Saturday Dec. 31st is in 1949.
so

Dad, Ivan, ~~Odes~~ Gibson, Ralph? Lowell? Si Reel #6 (A)
(1st half of LD and 2nd half of reel 6 is of Friels)

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Dad: a fellow told me, he came here wanting to buy sheep and said someone told him Marvin Hannah wanted to sell all the sheep he had this year, because they had abortions and wer all losing their lambs. Some ewes lose their lambs before their time. cause cows too. ...should take that ewe from the other sheep. It's a disease. Ivan: (or ~~Odes~~)?: Veo has lost 4 calves this year. Dad: He only got 5 calves. He had nine and lost 4 of them Otis: The Mace woman down ther, she lost twin calves. Dad: I feel sorry for her. Who's cow had twin calves? ~~XXXX~~ Otis: one of hers. Dad: Nelia Mace's? Lately? ~~Odes~~: She was telling me here last week "I was down at Harry's and and she lost 5 cows. *in the map*

Dad: Well, she lost three when well there must be something wrong! Si: what was wrong with Veo's calves: Ivan: Veo's not lost any before, Si. Dad: I think he lost two last year. Ivan, well last year he lost one, but well he just had a bad time of it. We lost two last year because of carlessness, and this year I set my head to there wouldn't be any carlessness. If we had losses it wouldn't be our fault, and we never lost a one out of 11.

Dad: He said she wouldn't jump three rails.... bought her and took her home and put her in a x 8-rail fence and she cleared it! and went back on old H. Schearer and told him you said she wouldn't jump a three rail fence. He said: "she won't, she won't --she'll just step over it! ha, He wasa pretty slick drader. He sold a horse to a fellow. He was asked how he pulled. Schearer: On, that horse with a wagon, when you come to a hill he's right there. The man bought it. When he got to a hill he "was there"! He ~~xxxx~~ backed and wouldn't pull a lick. ha.

Dad: With a buggy rake she backed all over the field. If we had the rakes pointing the other way! ha. That old big grey mare, weighing about 1500 lbs. Do you remember her, Si: Si? No. Dad: I don't know who we got her from. She wasa bay mare. She wouldn't run off or kick, but when you put her in a buggy rake she'd commence backing, backing. You couldn't make her go foreward. I didn't keep her long. I traded her off, ha.

..... in a wagon, And when she started in a wagon she'd pull it all. But when she got to a steep place or a heavy load she'd just quit. She'd been spoiled. Dave: Your Dad cut a horse's foot out of the log barn. Dad: That was Black Sam's (negor's) horse. I can show you over in that old barn now where he chopped that hors's foot out. I'd like to show to show it to you sometime. (Dave: Dad showd we boys the notch chopped out of the log in the log barn near the old store building, beside the road). Talk about an axman--there never was a better one in this country!

He chopped left or right handed. That horse got down in there and rolling and ran his foot thru the barn in between the logs. Black Sam came to stay all night, him and Marge. He was a colored man. And sir, when that horse put it's foot between the longs there was no way in the world to get him out. We couldn't lift that big ole horse up and he (Silas) took an ax and..... Black Sam said "oh, Mr. Sharp, Mr. Sharp, be careful, Mr. Sharp" Dad: He just chopped one side and turned to the left side and chopped. You could hardly see an ax mark on either side. He chopped that horse's foot out of there. The horse walked awy asif nothing had ever happedned to him. That ole darkie, I can hear him yet saying "Oh, Mr. Sharp, be careful". Si: Where did the live? Dad: They lived down here at the Pogue place (below Slatyfork).

Dad: Another black man: One day I was hungry and they had the sheep penned. Isn't it wonderful how children can remember? They had the sheep penned over across the creek at the head of that meadow and there was a rail fence clear around that meadow and they built a pen there and was shearing sheep. I wanted something to eat so my mother sent over here to her house (? old log house--bee house now?) for a piece of bread. And Black Marge, she brought the mail (??) over, you know. the sandwich for me to eat. And I told mother "I ain't going to eat that bread cause

Black Sam

look~~s~~ at her hands, how black they are" My mother tried to fix it up you know so it wouldn't make her feel bad, ha, ha. Mother said "oh, her hands are clean, they are just that color", ha, ha. And I didn't eat it, ha,

Dave: who was the black man you scared? Dad: he was the one that helped build that concrete bridge over the hill. I said "how do you do Mrs. Hannah" and he thought Mrs. Hannah was right there and scared him almost out of his boots, ha, ha. Dave: what was he doing? Dad: "What was he doing?" I knew you'd come to that, ha, ha. Dave: did his pants get wet? Dad: there was no one (Mrs. Hannah) near him, ha. (The black man was taking a leak) ~~He~~ was a stranger to me. I'd never meet him before. That's why he thought there really was a woman right there ! ha, He nearly jumped out of his hide. He said "Oh, mista Sharp you scared me, you scared me ! ha, ha. Dave: Didn't you get scared one time when Joe Gibson's wife came down the path in the woods from their house on the mountain and you didn't know it? Dad: No, that wasn't me It was some other fellows. Well, she ran on to a couple "other fellows" that was working along there, ha, ha. and scared them. I can't tell you exactly how that was. If you'll turn off themachine I'll tell you how it was, ha. ("someone" had a call of nature on Buzzard mt. path and at the same time Mrs. Gibson came down the path and he had to pull his pants up. Then walked and past her saying "Hello, Mr. Gibson" --neither saying anything else--ha.)

Dave: One time you went to a church (Elk or Edray?) and went to the wrong out-house and 2 girls were in it. Dad: If you want to hear it on your machine, I'll tell you howit was, ha, ha. I went to the toilet and looked in there and there were two ladies in there and it scared me nearly out of my booots, and I backed out backwards and through the excitement I threw the button (lock) on the door outside and they couldn't get out. I went on over to the other toilet in the corner of the yard and came back and they were hollering and scrambling to get out. I got another fellow to go and let them out, ha, ha. ..Then I told one of the girl's brothers that I was awful sorry, ha, ha. *They coouldn't sing. They belonged to the choir. *they were shut up!

.....oh, a lot of funny thingshave happened.

~~was~~ Gibson: Uncle Luther, being up there to Ella's and you wore a plug hat that time. Remember about it? The dog got the hat and he had the rim around his neck & ha. Dad: ha, ha, ..dog, tried to catch that rim you know. I went to see Lena Kennison, a school teacher, and that dog, --Bob, you know, he nearly died laughing--he ate the top out and slipped the rim over his head and he was trying to catch that rim! ha, ha

Dave: was it your dress hat? Dad: Oh, yes! I didn't have ~~my~~ any other ! And then I went down to Bill Varners. Bob had loaned me one of his hats and I went down to Bill Varners. And when I went to leave there I started looking for my plug hat, a "bee gum" hat--that was the style then. They were as hard as a bone, but were nice. And so when I started looking for my hat when I left and couldn't find my hat. I said:"I don't know where I laid my hat" Someone said: "I thought you wore this one". I just happened to come to my senses and thought of Bob giving me that hat. I hadn't looked at enough to knowit. I said, ha, "oh, yes, sometimes I wear one one time and another ~~thaxaxhaxx~~ time the other hat. ha, ha.

DadK Well, I got me another one (hat) and I was going over to Ellis Hannah's (Melinda's husband) and had s grey mare that was just as frisky as she could be and as pretty as a speckled pup. The wind started to blow and my hat jumped off and hit her on the hips and she kicked it in the air and she kicked the whole top out of it, ha, ha, ha. (Ralph and Lowell laughing, too) Next time I bought a hat that a dog couldn't chew the top out of nor a horse kicke the top out of. ha, ha. Boys, I had ~~xx~~ some bad luck &

Dad: I went to ~~the~~ see the same girl, school teacher and I left them--

Dad: I went to see the same girl, school teacher and I left there--didn't have an overcoat. ...left there after night and I had a pipe. I smoked ~~xxx~~ a pipe. I didn't have any gloves. I don't think it was cold when I went up there. And I put my hand on the pipe smoking it to warm my hands, and by the way it burned all out. So I got out the bag and filled the pipe with tobacco. Then I'd blow in and out to ~~xxxx~~ set it on fire from the bottom and in the meantime I sucked (nicotine) amber down my throat. I never got sicker in my life. When I came to the spring there at Frank Hannahs, I thought I'd die nearly. I rolled off the horse to get some water.

I aimed to roll off right at the spring as I didn't think I could walk. I got some water and got back on the horse again. Instead of going to the house (their house?) I rode out to the old barn. I remember as well as yesterday. I rode in under the shed and rolled off off and started vomiting. If I hadn't vomited that nicotine, it would have killed me! I believe it would. I never was sicker in my life. I heard of a woman one time whose husband took colic and they wanted to give him something to vomit him and she took the amber from a pipe to get him to vomit. It was grandmother Hannah or someone telling about it. That wasn't very far away. I forgot who it was. She gave him the amber from the pipe and it killed him in five minutes. If she'd given him stricnine it wouldn't have killed him quicker. It killed him dead! They called it cramp colic, but in those days it might have been appendicitus.

(This tape was done when John Dee was 3 years old. This was mentioned in the other half of the tape that was of the Friels)

Readers Note: Most every story is copied verbatim--word for word--quoted. Very little was not verbatim. It will be obvious where it is not verbatim. Also, extra information or explanations have been put in parenthesis--for instance: "(Elk or Edray?)"

One reason it is verbatim, even if some of it is uninteresting, or superfluous, is that it gives the mood of thinking of the old-timers, and an insight in to their lives. Future generations may appreciate the detail.

Dad, Si, Ivan, Dave.

Stories: selling honey, Hugh snake-bees, Davis Mace, Sally McLaughlin-(mare)

Dad: either spoil the rod or spoil the child. Genevieve: you can't use a finger on them. Dad: you have to use judgment. How many licks did you give Ron?....Dad: Friday Night. Ivan:at conference.

Dad: Good land of Mercy ! No use to send my pants to the cleaner. Dave: maybe you should try to eat slower. Dad: I don't know what. Well, I get in a hurry. I get hungry and my mouth won't open enough....

Dad: that bull didn't look very good.... I didn't buy him for looks. I bought him for service. He's well marked. Ivan: He has all the qualifications of a registered and maybe he'll give better service.

Dave: Tell us about Sallie McLaughlin. (she having the mare serviced on the road to Marlinton when she met the man with the stud). Dad: No, it wouldn't do, ha. say something else and the conversation will be "yea, yea and nea and nea" you have to be careful what you say.

Dad: you asked about Sally McLaughlin. She had Al Bench (?) along with with her (on a trip) and he couldn't read nor write. At a restaurant he didn't know what to order. He couldn't read the menu. He'd say I'll take what ever Sally takes. So they afterwards had that for a by-word.

Dave: Didn't you go with her? Dad: Or no. That was Sally Gibson. She was too old for me. (Note: Dad wouldn't tell on tape about Sally. Her father wanted the mare serviced by a stud that some man was bringing over to Elk. Her dad sent her to Marlinton on the mare and told her for them to service the mare when they met on the top of Elk mountain. She held the mare while the man had the stud service the mare. Then she got on her mare and went on to town.) Dave: tell me about the time they put a snake at Uncle Hugh's bees. Dad: No, that's too funny. Well, Taylor Ramsey had a patented snake and he put it at the bee gum and put the head at the hole of the hive, and Uncle Hugh thought it was catching bees as he came around looking at his bees. He saw that snake there and he got a stick and slipped up, you know, and slammed down on the snake. He knew they (Ramsey and Mrs. Showalter) were watching him and knew he was beat (joke on him), why, he turned the thing on them ! ha Dave: how did he do that? Dad: I couldn't tell that, ha, ha. (uncle Hugh did some fast thinking. He turned facing the house and opened his fly and tinkled on the ground --in front of them They didn't tease him about the snake !) ha. Dave: Uncle Bob looked alright today. What did Dr. Eddy (Cincinnati --there fishing) say about your heel? Dad: he looked at it but he didn't know any more about it than I did. Ha.

(Dad heard his voice on the recorder for first time) Dad: forgive me if my voice sounds like that ! Now you talk and let us hear your voice. ...

Dave: did you find your "traps" (strictly) in your drawer? Dad: I'll pay you for it. Dave: you already sent me a check for it. Dad: you didn't cash it. Dave: the banks down there said it wasn't any good.

.....Si: (to Dad) you give me enough to pay for that treasurer's book and we'll call it square. Dad: there's \$15. Si: no... Dad: this is yours. Si: well go ahead... you I don't want to take that. Dad: take that, it's yours. Si: did you take out for (day's work)? What do you pay them? Dad: \$2 a day. Si: well, there's half of that.

Si: well, I don't want to do that. I didn't go along. Dad: Carnegie in New York. A fellow (at train station) asked if anyone would carry his suitcase up to the hotel. Carnegie said "yes, I'll carry it up for you" He carried it and charged him a quarter or 50 cents. He said: I might need you again sometime. Where do you live? He said: "I'm Carnegie, they call the steel magnet." That fellow said in the paper that as long as he lived he said he'd never ask anyone to do anything for him that he could do himself. ha, ha. I've always told my boys if anything is offered to them to take it, ...and I give you (Si) that. Si: I know but right is right. (Dave: I don't remember which won out ! ha.)

Snipe
Bees
Hugh

Dad: down the valley (Tygart) they plant their corn by and and they ploy both ways--criss-cross. Si: well, I think we'll have to get down to doing it that way. They use hand planters. They don't have to ~~harken~~ furrow it. Just take a tractor and a board and measure and put a spike down at each place, see? You drag a 2x4 board behind the tractor. You sight the tractor down thru yonder and sight it. Dad: Then you drop the corn by hand, don't you? Si: then you turn and go the other way and there are your checks, so you just take the hand planter and stick it down in that square and open it. That's the way Veo Hannah does. Dad: that's the way the did nown Tygart valley. Si: you dont have to stop and cover the corn. Kyle and Charlie Beales all checked their's off. Dad: then it wouldn't have to be hoed? Si: Archie Gibson take the tractor and harrows 2 1/2 rows at a time and plows both ways and there's nothing to do (hoeing). After it is planted, your biggest work is over. Dave: we used to get down and dig weeds out with a hoe, and hoe and hoe., and between morning and noon you'd only get down to one end of the field (one row) --then it'd be dinner time. Si: well, they only got it hoed once over in here (across the creek) Si: Down in Tygard balley they raise corn with less labor and sell it for 65¢ and 75¢ a bushel on ears. Dad: and they have corn pickers to run through.

Dad: I asked Lowell if he wanted to work this morning and he said he didn't think so. Si: Sweckers was down and said they'd planned on going fishing with him today and it rained. Dad: are they havang a ball game up at Shaws tonight? Ralph said he wanted to go with Lowell up to Keith Shaws.....

Dad: That fellow up on the mountain (Point mt) at the mines looked like these Nelsons. He (George) was in there (store) an at last sold 2 lbs of honey at 25¢ (per lb.)--in order to get out of there, he said. There was a beer joint right across the road. A young fellow about 25 and a fat fellow came up and said "Howdy do sir, howdy do sir, don't mind me, I'm just as drunk as a hog" and he turned around and walked off, reeling.Dad.....about 20 years ago.... investigated and found he bought stricotine there at the drug store and Dr. Cammeron saved his neck. Dr. Cameron made oath that she didn't die of posion. She'd been put away (burried?) of course that finished it. (who???) (Jessie Hannah postmaster--retired-- wife postmaster--Jesse still worked --\$50 pay retirement --moved to Elking etc.) (Mr Morrisons's son, etc. (Davis Mace) Dad: I was up there to see Davis when he wasso sick. Si: I was up there to a shooting match. Dave: I was there with you that time and we didn't get anything. Nelia had the match. Dad: Davis was a handy man to have. He was an awful good man. Si: he was a good ole boy. Dad: No body could say any harm of Nelia Mace. She was a good neighbor. If she told a story, she'd tell you who told her so if it wasn't true you could trace it back and see she was clear. I couldn't blame her.

.....(apparently Paul or Dave hadn't written Dad for some time when away to school and apparently Dad had written in his letter an old saying that was used in such a situation--"you wouldn't even write to your to your grandmother" ~~XXXXXX~~ Dad: I said "you wouldn't even write your grandmother" and he thought I meant it, ha. ha. He said: why, Dad, you must have been mistaken. It must have been Ivan, because I don't remember my granmother.... ha. ha. --it was an old saying. --like Henry Shaver has said: "you wouldn't eat your granmother's cooking". ha. --Dad. (Cars hard to get.) Si: it's been 5 years since the war (broke?) and they..... .. why, Bill Miller's has been trying to get his car and can't get it.

End of first half of Cassette
(Apparently Dad had a sore heel) Si: (joking) get some of that bear grease in there.... It might do it. Dave: how do you know it's bear grease? Si: cause Sharp (Cliff's boys?) rendered it out of a bear, ha. Dad: you can tell cause it smells like it. Si: you can't mistake bear grease!

Dad: I'll put some on my heel. Si: put a little on your ear. (sore ear). Dave: Didn't uncle Bob Gibson say it cured his asthma? Si: you know, no germs could live or stay near his ear in that grease, ha, ha.

Dad: to show you I have faith in bear grease I'll put some on top of my head (a cut there?) That's the finest thing for rheumatism I ever tried. My knees was so.... that I could hardly get up, down or any place, and it cured my knees. ~~Yes~~ Yes sir!

(Apparently Dad want to Randolph Co selling honey) Dad: Boys, I had the best hog meat today! I went to that restaurant--it was 12 o'clock when we got there (Huttonsville?) The boys (Ralph and George--Mabel's uncle) took two hamburgers. I said I'll take ham. They ordered 2 hamburgers. I ordered one ham sandwich but they brought me two. I couldn't bite it off and I asked for a paring knife. She found one after a good bit, ha, ha., and I used it. It was good hot lean ham. They enjoyed their hamburgers. I told Ralph he'd better get another glass of milk, so he did. I asked the waitress if there were any girls around there that we could hire that we needed one at our place. She said "I'm from Mill creek." I asked if she had any sisters that wants to hire out. She said, I had one but she went to N. Y. to her brothers. There were 10 of us in the family and they are all gone and now I'm gone. I'm 13 years old. Si: 13 years old. ha, ha. Dad: and when the woman made out the bills she skinned out (left). She'd asked who to make the bills out to. I told her to me. She left the girl to bring the bill to me. She (woman?) took a pound of honey. deducted that off. Si: let's see--a pound of honey off--left 72 cents. Dad: It cost me \$1.58 with 30 cents off. George said "she charged you awful high, didn't she? Si: what kind of hamburgers were they? Dad: just ordinary hamburgers. Si: they must have charged 25 cents a piece. Dad: ~~and~~ They wer big hamburgeers. Si: they used to not be over a dime. Dave: Odie Johnson used to charge a quarter for a hamburter, but he'd give you a big one. What happened to the 13 year old girl? Dad: she brought the bill out and I said \$1.58 cents and 30 cents comes off that and she said I ~~already~~ took that off. The ham sandwiches were 25 cents each and the milk must have been 4¢ glass. (The only Monday in the summer of 1950 was in August)

Dad: this is Monday isn't it? No paper.....

(Dad was sitting in the car and Vonda shut the door on Dad's hand)

Dad: and after a bit I got sick. I said "I'm awful sick" and Paul trained in first aid ran to his car and got a kit and gave me some amonia. I fainted away. I didn't know a thing. This up here (demonstrating?) will be worse than that, I believe (2 different cuts?) Dave: did you loose your fingernail? No. it was up on the hand. See there, I guess that's the cause of it. Dave: what is that thing right there (a bump on a finger knuckle)? Dad: well, I guessthat's what started it. Si: that's what we've read about in the papers--some people get them--some kind of arthritis. Dave: maybe you could put some bear grease on it. Dad: Yes, I did. Dave: what are you going to do with that linement? Dad: put on that there. Dave: does it hurt? Dad: now it doesn't hurt. Dave: then why put linement on it? Dad: Old man Ervin, made Ervin linement that smelled just like this and there was a cancer or something like that on a bull's jaw and it took it right off. If it took a cancer off a bull's jaw it ought to take this off my finger. ha, ha, ha. Si: that's not a bump on a bull's jaw. ha, ha. Was he a doctor? Dad: Oh, yes, he was a veterinary doctor. ha, ha. Si: he was a bull doctor. I wouldn't want him to work on me. ha. Dad: He'd doctor anything. He got this bull off of me and cancer came on it. Well, he didn't get it "off" of me, but I sold it to him. ha, ha. --ha if you want me to explain it to you so you can understand it. My boys are a little hard to understand ~~xxx~~ things. ha, ha.--you have to make thingsplain to them, or you can't get them to understand, ha, ha. Dave: what are you going to do about the linement on your finger tonight? Dad: I'll let it dry a little bit and in the morning that thing will be gone--just like that cancer on that bull's jaw. ha. ha. Si said: And so will Mabel. ha. ha.

that bull's jaw. ha. ha. Si said: And so will Mabel : ha, ha.--smell of that liniment and that bear grease : ha, ha. ha.

Dad: she was ready to leave this evening when I came in (late from Randolph co.) I know what we call supper is dinner in the cities.

..... Dave: did you eat in Mill Creek? Dad: no, it was in Huttonsville.

Dad: Ralph, George and I found out something about Mill Creek. We turned down in the lower end and crossed around and peddled hone to every house on every side and got back on main street.

Dad: well, we went through a good part of the city above the road --out toward Pickens. We went ou there about 50 yards and Ralph and I was standing on both sides of the road. Ralph said to park here and then you can go up yonder to the bank. I told him that I usually sold honey to the cashier in the bank. So I went up to the bank and I said I didn't expect you'd want any honey because I sold you a case last fall. I wanted to come in and see you anyhow. Another big fine fellow in there. He was in an office space by himself. He said he had plenty. He was awful nice, clever and nice. The other fellow said I believe I'll just stake a pound of that honey. On my way back to the car I stopped in at the next house and the lady said "I'd like awful well to have honey. My husband is an insurance agent and he just left to go up to Valley Head. I'll see but I don't know if I've got any money or not. She hustled around and she had 14 cents. I said for her to take the honey anyway, that we'd be coming by here some time and collect. While you're at it take two of them and I'll have something to stop for, ha. She said "if you don't care I'll just take two. She gave me the 14 cents and just as got me paid here the man came in, ha. He laughed. He said I'll just pay for it. I was wanting to get the honey sold. By the time I got back, my boys were gone. Car was gone. I walked away up there and sat down, for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Ralph came up in the car and said "do you want a ride? ha. Now we went over some ground, I tell you! I didn't see brother Brady.

Si: were they (state) working any of the convicts today. Dad: there were about 15 but they had no stripes on them--running a bull dozer etc.

Dad: Ralph said let's go to the penitentiary (to sell) I said we will--they've got to eat, wouldn't doubt but what we can sell them some honey. I said let's go on down and stop there on the way back, but we forgot to. (Ice Cream) Dad: ice cream. Dave: who did? Dad: Ivan did. four pints of ice cream he won. They had a guessing game.... they had some sort of social and he guessed with in a few beans of the number in a pint cup---~~1,300~~ 1,300 and something, and he got 4 pints of ice cream free, ha. Ivan said: I know my beans, ha, ha. Dad: I bet he counted a pint of beans before he went there, ha.

.... Dad: if you gave an old ewe two tablets it'd cure her. That surely fixed a \$25 ewe. Ralph: maybe she was going to die anyway. Dad: no, she was getting along pretty good. Dave: then Iouldn't have given her pills the. Dad: well, I wanted to clean out what was ailing her.

.... Dad: he'll weigh 800 lbs. Si: he's mowing that grass up there. He'll fatten up. Dad: I paid \$175 for him. A cow that size won't bring much. let's see, a 1100 lb cow would bring 15 cents a pound.--maybe \$150.

Dave: what can you buy a Jersey cow for. Dad: \$500. Si: you're buying a name... Dad: they'd cost \$200.... Dave: what ill that old cowom mine bring? Dad: \$150 to \$175 and the calf \$75. Dave: why don't you sell that cow and add a little extra and get a jersey? Dad:.... Dad: boys, that calf I bought from Ivan is really a cow. She's a heffer now and gives a gallon and a half at a miling. I wouldn't take \$200 for that heffer.

(End of conversation)

Buying fur, Hatfield gang, Millsboro, Beterly, Last one living
Passenger pigeons, old log school house. 218

(Dad watching Ralph Tiger Jones fight on TV.....)

Dad: "If I weren't so tired I'd go over there to the end of the meadow and start shep. He'd tree a coon right away. He's going to whip that white fellow. He's about got him.... Now, he's about got Jones. Pretty even fight... He's tired." ... (Jones won.)

(Dad playing the organ and doing very well !!) Dave: that's good Dad. Dad: ha, ha, ha. Dave: What's the name of that song? Dad: I don't know--it just came in my head, ha. Dave: who was that woman that shocked hay? Dad: Ronald Pennington's wife. The besh hand I ever had, in the hayfield in my life. She'd run from one shock after she shocked it to the next windrow to get started again. Yes, and the whole day long. She said she learned from Mr. Tyree when she lived there.

Dave: Paul, Dad has a "talk letter" to send you. (this was intended to be mailed to Paul and Vonda, but got misplaced)

Dad: Hello Paul, Vonda and children. It'd be better to hear you say "hello Dad" and greet me with a kiss. I hope you are all well and enjoying God's richest blessings. I can't stand much hard work anymore. I feel I'm slipping down the evening side of life, but I'm enjoying life and I'm so glad my children are all Christians and seeking that eternal home where we can have a great homecoming xomeday. We'll not be so far apart and be together always. I'm looking forward to that happy day. We gathered 35 gallons of strawberries and our garden is coming on nicely. We have our sheep sheared and have sold the wool. I made out a little check for your's and Thayer's wool. We're having several bee swarms. One big swarm went off yesterday, but that happens every year. Our Sunday school is holding up good--we have about 60 and that's good for Slatyfork. Well, I've been working hard to build up our church and have at least a few stars in my crown..... saved through our works. ... through the precious blood of Christ, can we be saved. So live close to Him and trust Him and our meeting won't be so far off..... I Ivan and Genevieve and Evan came in a little while ago and Sylvia and Jr. are here to say hello to you. Each of you have our sincere prayers that God will be real good to each of you. So goodbye till we meet again. Lot's of love, from old Dad.

Dave: Paul, I went fishing at the Mill about 3 times and caught a few small ones. We've been here a week--came up Sunday and going back tomorrow, Sunday. I was over to the Friels yesterday and Kerth and I fished down on Greenbrier river, but didn't catch any. I came back to Slatyfork and went over the hill and nailed some boards over the front windows of the old house where someone threw rocks through.

Si: Paul, Vonda, Thayer and Barbara Jane. Dave can't shoot any better than he ever did. Ha, He can make the groundhogs fly. Take care of yourselves. Come up when you can Goodbye.

Ivan: Hello Paul, Thayer, Vonda and Barbara. This is your brother Ivan. I'm getting older. But my youngest son talks courser than I do, so folks on the phone sometimes want me to tell my mother about the affairs of the church etc. Evan and I went over on Dry Branch and fixed some fence. This evening we came up Elk River from Charleston thru by Bergoo and up by Granville Brady's (dry branch) and took the truck part of the way up on the hill. Anyway we worked until after dark and came on over here and ate supper and see the folks and have a good time talking. We wish you were here with us. Best of joy and happiness to you all. Good night.

Dave: I'm having trouble with the forward speed on this recorder.--It slips. I have to rotate it with my finger to keep about the right speed. While I was here we hived about 10 swarms of bees. We doubled up some swarms in order to get enough bees for one hive. (End of 1 side of bigreel)

g19 Dave: this is Oct. 23, 1961. I'm up here seeing Dad, doing some hunting and looking for some chestnuts. I'll see if I can get some stories from Dad. Dave: Dad, tell us about the first money you borrowed and starting in business. Dad: I didn't have any money at all and I borrowed \$30 to buy three calves from a neighbor. I borrowed from John B. Hannah for a year and I bought the calves. No, he wasn't a relative, but his son married my sister later on. Considering money then he had plenty. He trusted a 12 year old boy and I invested in those calves and sold them the next year and had \$39 profit. I neighbor boy said "Let me have part of that money and we'll invest in buying furs" He said he noticed at the Edray post office a price list that was away above what people was getting for furs. So I gave him some money and we both bought furs and I doubled my money. So I started buying fur from that day on and I made double on every shipment. So I finally saddled up an old horse about 20 years old and went all over the country (county) buying furs. Believe me, you don't find many boys 12 years old that would do what (Eddie?) and I did to get started in life. The trip down Elk River: I went about 20 miles on the old horse to my aunts, Melinda Rose (Sarah's sister) and stayed all night. Then went down further to a home where they had some prime minks. The old man wouldn't sell them to em. I told him I'd pay him what I could afford to pay. He said "you've got to go 2 miles down to the school house and buy them from the boys. Whatever they take is OK. So I went to the school house and called out the boys and asked what they wanted for the minks. One said "I'll take 25 cents a piece for ~~the~~ mine" I asked the other and he said "I'll take the same for mine" I said "what about the coon hide and skunk. They asked about two prices for them!! -- more than I could get. I said "alright" and paid them for the furs. I came back up and took the hides off the boards and put in the sack. The old woman asked me how much I paid for them. I said "I paid them all they asked", ha. I waited till I got the furs in the sack and then I told her I'd paid them 25 cents for the minks. She said "you didn't pay them anything" ! The old man said "now you shut up. This boy said he paid them all they asked for them. ha, ha. So those minks brought me about \$3 a piece. From then on I bought fur for 25 years. I finally had 6 men buying fur for me all over the county. That's one way I got my start in business. Yes, I kept going back down Elk river buying fur. I went back to the same place and asked the old man if he had any furs and he said the boys had some. He said to come on in and look them over, so he let me buy them from him!

Dave: Did you pay the \$30 back? Dad: Oh, yes, I waited a year. I went back to pay old man Hannah. I didn't know anything about interest or money, ha, ha. I said "here Mr. Hannah is your \$30 and thank you for it", ha, ha. He said "that's alright" ha, ha. Dave: maybe he didn't expect any interest from you. Dad: No, I doubt if he'd a charged me for it anyway. , as he thought a lot of my father and mother, ha, ha.

Dave: what about the Hatfield gang? Dad: Well, they wrote me a letter and told me to put \$500 in a box up at the old school house and signed it one of the gangs. But "they" weren't the gang. It was a man, they found out later, was a teacher. Down in Webster county. (Doddrell?) was a teacher at one time. He was planning to get this money. I took a box and put it at the school house where they said to put the money--"if not, we're coming after you" So I put the empty box at that place. I went with another fellow and watched for them to come, but they didn't come late in the night. We went up the next morning and there was his trunk and he threw the box away about 30 yards from the school. People thought the Hatfields were coming.

Dave: you told about the first car coming through here. Dad: it came down Elk by one of the neighbors. 2 of the boys were down working in the field. They'd never seen a car before. One said "look yonder, the horses ran off and the buggy is still going," ha watched till out of sight.

Jim's father was one of them - all the kids

Jim liked what Doddrell said

Hannah liked

Dave: Where did you see your first train? Dad: I went to Millboro, Va when I was 12 years old with another party after a load of salt--Johnny Slanker, after a load of salt for Hugh Sharp. It was the first train I ever saw--in Millboro. There was another fellow along with me and he went into a saloon and wanted a bottle of liquor and the man said "you're not of age" and he yelled "....give it to me etc. (fast talking) and the saloon keeper gave him the bottle of liquor and he held on to it-- (pulling it from the saloon keeper). Another fellow went to Millboro and like I was, and said to the conductor: "I want to take a 25 cents worth of ride". Dave: did you ride it too? Dad: No, I wasn't with that group of wagoners. So that fellow got on to take a 25 cent ride and thought he'd just go few 100 yards, and they said it took him 2 days to walk back, ha, ha. .. He had his horses there ready to haul a load of goods. DAD: there were many funny things that happened away back then. Dave: Whose wagons went to Millsboro? Dad: Everyone, about, in Pocahontas went to Virginia after salt. Farmers, there'd be maybe 3 or 4 wagons with sheets and lay on the ground (at night) Dave: what if it rained? Dad: We'd put the sheets over the wagons, like a covered wagon, and we had blankets. We'd take our food with us in a box to do us 4 days to a week. Sometimes it'd take a week. Others about 4 days. Back then we had some pretty tough times. When I was growing up, we had 3 things for food. We had meat and bread for breakfast, and bread and meat for dinner, and had both of them for supper. ha, ha. And we got along just fine. We could go out and catch a mess of fish or kill all the turkeys we wanted, and there were plenty of deer. I believe the farmers enjoyed life just as much as they do now with the airplanes and automobiles and the fast life we have today. They'd go to a neighbor's house and spend all day and enjoy the day together. Now we're in too big a hurry, only to say howdy-do and goodbye. Dave: You used to take wagons to Mill Creek didn't you? Dad: It was Beverly. I used to haul my goods from Beverly (meaning it was shipped by rail to there)) We had our own wagons and horses. One time, another fellow was my horses and wagon. There were two other men's wagons too. One for the store at Linwood and one for Sam Woods at Mingo. Sam Woods had about 4000 lbs of goods and Frank (Hamilton?) (at Linwood) had 2000 lbs and I had about 2000 lbs but mine was mostly all wire fence. They had about 25 cartons of jars. They stopped near Elkwater to stay all night and they saw a big storm coming and they decided to go up on the hill to stay all night at old man and stay all night. So they put the horses in the barn on the hill on the right hand side of the river and they went over to -Coggers?-- There was a cloud burst at Mingo and washed a big heap of logs near Sam Woods store and took away....the bank, and it came down the valley and washed away the old Stalnaker house that had been there for 50 years, but no one living in it. It picked up all the wagons and carried them all away. The had a time getting the wagons back together. They'd find a wheel here and there. But mine, the wire was within a few 100 yards. They got my outfit back together again. People said they saw those jars going through Elkins floating on the water. Sam Woods lost about 4000 lbs of all kinds of merchandise. I think I lost a barrel of sugar. The wall of water was from one side of the valley to the other. A man who lived up on a hill went over to see about the flood near our wagons. He heard the roar coming and there was a big pine log about 4 feet over laying over in the field. He ran as hard as he could run to escape and the water to his knees when he got to the bank and he saw that 30 ft long log float away. If my driver and the others hadn't gone to that house to sleep that night, they would have all drowned and the horses too! It washed the saddle off the manger of a horse (house?) over on the bank or hill, a few 100 yards away. I've gone thru many a hard spell in life, but the Lord has been good to me, as I look back over life.

Wagons
Heap

Dad: Out of 250 people my age, when about 12 years old, from Mace Mt. to top of Elk Mt.--I figured up sometime ago, of families then, every last one of them have been called away, but L.D. Sharp. I'm the only one that's living of my age. Dave: we hope you live another 98 years. ~~that's~~ You're 89 this summer. Dad: well, I like life. I'd like to live forever if the good Lord would leave me. I have and a pretty tough time for a few years. (cancer of ~~prostate~~ prostate. He may or may not have known he had it. If he did he didn't tell us). But I'm not complaining. After the 8th day of June, I'm going on 90. According to nature I can't stay here many more years. Many of the young people possibly may go before I'm called. But one thing sure and I'm certain of, I'm trying to make preparation for my eternal home, so I can be with my mother and father, sisters, former wife and daughters. I'm looking forward to that day to a homecoming and I'm expecting each one of my children to meet with me there on that homecoming day. I'm so glad they have all accepted Christ in early life and I trust they are living true and faithful.

(End of 1st side of cassette)

It may not be far off that L. D. will be on the other shore. I'm praying that the Lord will spare my life for a few more years. I'm glad Jr. and Sylvia came to see me. I can't express how I love my children. I can't treat them as I'd like to treat them--by not having or enjoying health like I am. I'd like to be more jolly and go on the mountain (with them) and ~~hunt~~ take a little hunt,--squirrels, and pheasants with Jr. when he was here. According to my health I'm not able to do that. But I'm thankful to be able to go. After death we must meet the judgement. I advise my friends to accept Christ and be saved so we may meet again on the other shore.

Passenger Pigeons: Dave: You used to tell us about pigeons. Dad: Oh, there were thousands of wild pigeons. Thousands come in in one bunch. They'd light right down on the ground and scratch through leaves and eat a ways, they'd fly over the ones ahead of them and start scratching leaves again.

...we'd shoot among them sometimes with a musket loading gun --loaded through the muzzle. We didn't have any shotguns then. Still maybe a half a dozen would fall as they flew over. P..... Pigeons used to roost on trees on Gauley and they nearly broke down a whole pine patch. Thousands and thousands of them. My uncle went in there to see about them. Hundreds of them killed when limbs broke off the trees. (Uncle Harmon?) You can hardly believe it. T Thousands in one cluster of them going through the country. I haven't seen a pigeon for years!

Buggies: Dad: Yes, Ellis Hannah, my brother-in-law bought the first buggy in this country. I had the first cart. I went to Greenbrier county and took a horse with me and bought a 2-wheel cart. I used that for several years. Dave: what did you use it for to ride in?

Dad: courting ha, Dave: did you go to see mother in it? Dad: yes, and I married while I had that. I was one of the first to buy an automobile in the county. There were 3 and I was one of them. I bought a Studebaker. We had muddy roads full of chuck holes. You couldn't go 50 MPH like you can now. (bought it about 1914-1915) Between here and Marlinton, one time, I had 3 flat tires--sharp rocks in the road.

(Singing)--Dad: Yes, we've sung at several homecomings in the past few years in different counties. One had 15,000 people. Yes I've been choir director at the church for several years. When I was 12 years old my father sent me to a singing school and when the school was over they elected one person to lead the choir (group) for three months. Different ones were elected--Harry Jackson, Bob Gibson, Ellis Hannah, and that boy "LD, 12 years old were elected for 3 months. I can remember it as well as yesterday. I got up before the congregation and my knees just

as yesterday. I got up before the congregation and my knees just bumped together--I was so excited. But now 10,000 people doesn't have any effect on me. At one of the homecomings they just had our group of singers. Someone from another church told us they enjoyed our singing and wanted us to be at their homecoming. Once we had about 8 in the choir and we went to the Indian Draft church homecoming.....
 Dave: Did they teach you to keep time when you were in singing school?
 Dad: Oh yes, and we used shaped notes and I use them yet today. I can read the shaped notes off faster than the round notes. They've envited us to some homecomings lately but I'm not abbe to go--been sick. I can't carry on like I did. I guess I'll have to give it up, I reckon.
 (Land inherited) Dave: Didn't your parents give you some land and some to your sisters? Dad: They gave me a tract of land where we lived (the old home place over the hill)--over at the old pñace and gave each of them (sisters) 200 acres of land. The only money my father gave me in my lifetime--for he wasn't able to give ma any--he gave me \$50. He sold some timber and gave each of us, Ella, Melinda and myself \$50 each. Melinda got her land over on Slatyfork (up the mountain from Slatyfork creek above Lowell Gibson's present camp), and Ella got the Alum Rock place (on left side of Slatyfork creek--there's powdery alum under a cliff near the creek 1 or 2 hundred yars above line (vain fence) --200 acres there.....Melinda got hers back on top of the mountain (Buzzard?)

Dave: Who owned the land on Elk where Ella lived. Dad: Old man Billy Gibson. Dave: Who owned that place where Harry Varner lives. Dad: that was part of the same place. I've been there a many a time. Ella married old man Billy Gibson's son, Robert and they lived at that place (Varner place?) for several years until old man Bill giave them the Bob Gibson place when he (Bob?) built up there. I went to a dance near there when I was about 18, and I slipped off from home. There were 36 there at the dance at old man Jim Gibsons and every last one of them are dead except L.. D. Sharp ! So I've been thankful the good Lord has spared my life as long as he has. (Story of the dance in another section).
 Dave: Didn't your dad help build the old log school you went to? Dad: Or yes, I was only 3 years old. I saw them building that house. My father took me up there. You wouldn't think one could remember back till he was 3 years old. But I heard my parents speak about it so much. I saw them building that shhoolhouse and I saw old man Painter selling it inside and running a plane. I saw them making the blackboard. Ella and Melinda was older so they went to school a few 100 yards from home. They'd take the 3-year old kid there before it got too cold several times. They'd take the blanket (another place in these series he mentioned a sheepskin) for me to lay on. They had long benches about 10 feet long on both sides of the schoolhouse. I'd come out of the school to go home and my mother would watch for me. She could see the little white headed boy coming running down the road for dinner. I'd said "I'm coming home to eat gravy with mom. ha, ha."

Dave: Dad, I thank you for these stories. I'll keep them and it'll be nice to play them back from time tok time.

(end of # "61" tape and end of Cassette--(side 2)

Excerpts from a taped, intended, letter to Paul and Vonda in Texas, by "LD", Si and Dave.
Dad on History: Grandmother Hannah said our forefathers came from foreign countries-- German, English, Irish etc. I was 12 years old when my father let me buy a mountain rifle-- muzzle loader. That first year I kept a diary of what I killed and remember distinctly I killed 16 grey squirrels, 3 wild turkeys and I forget how many pigeons. There were pigeons here by the thousands and 100s of thousands and reared like a train coming. But that is over. I've been hunting the past (82 years of age) One time back on Slatyferk mountain I saw 3 pretty black hogs coming down the mountain that I thought belonged to Mr Varner, Ben Varner, and when they came closer, I saw they were a big bear and two cubs and they came down in front of me and walled in the little run and I had a single shot Winchester. I kept my eye on them and thought as soon as they got up I'd try to kill one of them I'd shoot the old one and maybe have a chance killing the others. So when they came out of there they jumped on a big log and ran about 20 steps from me and I hollered "halt". I'd heard my father say at a bear you had to holler "halt" to get them to stop. There was a big tree, right as the bear jumped beside this tree I hollered "halt" and it wasn't like a deer they finished their jump right then. She stopped behind the tree and I could only see a part of her. I moved back (in the other direction?) there was a tree beside that one. There was a cub on the log and I shot and it fell off down over the hill. There was quite a bit of snow on and I tried to get another shell in and kept trying to put the shell in with my fingers, single shot, and the old big bear jumped off that log just as I got the shell going in the gun, right off toward me. She thought the sound was below. She looked down the hill. I could just see her neck where a little bit of her head looking down the other way. The sound echoed down the other way for her. She jumped within 15 feet of me and I just jerked the gun down and fired at her and missed her. But I was scared nearly to death. And she ran down over the hill and I ran around the hill to head them off at--I knew they'd come off at the highway (old road) and they'd likely come around to where there was a pine patch where they usually cross. I stood there a good bit and then came back to where I was at and went down to where this one fell off the log and there was blood all over the ground on both sides. They'd come back and went right up the hill where I could have shot at them for 100 yards I reckon. While I was standing down there waiting for them to come around to me, I went up on the little flat, there was a laurel patch there and I went in. I ventured into that laurel patch, and I saw where the old big one and the other cubs had stopped there with this one that had laid down that was badly wounded. So I heard them tear out of that laurel patch. There was blood where the cub bear laid. So I went over about 200 yards and got shaky-like. and I went down to Mr. Warners and told him I thought I'd killed a bear and for him to come up and help me take a stand, so he did. He took a track and told me to go up on the ridge and when I went up there, the bear had already gone through. So he said don't go any further. We'll go back home and get Henry Sharp's bear dog and come back in the morning and we'll go after them. So he was scared and didn't want to go any further. --because... I'd hid behind a tree and jumped at him and got his nerves ha. ha. ha. I came home that night and we were out of wood and my father said we'd have to get wood, and it snowed about a foot that night. He said "why, these bear would go for 10 miles tonight. You'd never find them" He talked me out of going back the next morning. The fellows who followed them from Clover Lick, Woods Billey, he asked about 2 weeks from then "who killed one of these cubs"? He'd followed them over there and went back the next morning and they jumped up on the Johnson's flat, just a few 100 yards from where we left them, and there were two of them & knew someone killed one of these cubs. It snowed all over this dead bear and I lost my first kill. I've had quite a lot of experience in my 82 years of living and hunting from the time I was 12 years old and killed quite a number of wild turkeys. One time I was over on Gaulley where there were plenty of deer. I killed 7 deer in 3 1/2 days hunting. Of course, I've killed a deer each year until last year. I get my deer almost every year till last year. I failed last year. They allowed killing does and fawns the last 2 years and they've about killed most of the deer out of around Slatyferk. Hardly any deer around here any more. I've had the great sport fishing. I've caught a great many of trout. I enjoy hunting very much, but I'm getting most too old to get over the hills. I've not been very strong lately, so I have to hunt around on level land, mostly. I haven't been able to find any turkeys yet., but we ~~xxxxxxx~~ hope some one runs some through that I might have a chance to kill one.

Ben
Bears

Stories and History of the Slatyferk, W. Va. Sharps by L.D. Sharp, taped 10-5-54 (Page 2)
Dad telling names of parents etc.: My father was Silas Sharp, my mother was Sarah Sharp. 224
(Silas called her "Sally") Grandfather William Sharp, Grandmother Rachael Sharp (was a Billey).
There were 7 children of William. There were 3 of them killed during the Civil War.--3 boys.
My father was captured (as a civilian) and served 23 months and 24 days in prison in Salisbury
, N. C. They starved them to death there by the thousands and I was going through there going
to Florida and there was an old man there and I was talking to him and asked where the prison
was and he was pointing out that the prisons were more like barns., and he said they all
starved to death and what wasn't starved was poisoned. I said "no, they weren't--my father
was exchanged a few days before the war ended and that he lived --he lived through all that
but said thousands of them starved to death" he said; "oh no" this old man, he's getting old
and childish said "no, no, there wasn't any of them that got out--every one of them died,
what didn't die they poisoned them" ha, ha. He contradicted my story of my father living
through it. But it was terrible what they went through.

David Hannah was my grandfather Hannah. Grandmother Hannah's name was Hester. They had a
large family. There were two of the boys that died during the war with diphtheria. Out their
family down--mother's brothers. One (another) was a preacher. They were all very religious.
George (P.) Hannah was the preacher (brother of Sarah, Dad's mother.) I think I had one of the
best mothers that ever lived. I guess most everyone else thinks the same about theirs.
My father was a great man, a good man, a good religious man. My mother was outstanding in
every way. She was good to the sick and anyone she could help. One thing I'm grateful for
is that I had good Christian parents.

My Dad's (Silas's) brothers were: Henry, Bernard, Harmen, and Hugh and one sister. I think
her name was Margaret, but she died with diphtheria during the war. (buried below the store,
left of the road on the high bank). The 3 boys that were killed was Luther, it was named after
him., Henry and Bernard. Margaret was 12 years old. Took diphtheria. It sure was a hard
stroke on my grandparents to lose that many of their family--four out of 7. Only three lived
through the war. One of the boys was found with an apple in his pocket and my grandmother
planted the 7 seeds from this apple and only 3 of them grew. She gave one of the trees to
uncle Harmen Sharp and one to my father (Silas) and one to uncle Hugh. These trees grew up
and bore fruit for many years. It looked like they represented --to show that just 3 lived
through this siege, the great Civil War.

first wife's name was Laura Morgan and she was a preacher's daughter. There were about
3 in that family--Bill Morgan, Edgar Morgan, Ninnie Morgan, Lena Morgan and Laura
Morgan, my wife. (Edith was the mother of the children).

MY SISTERS

My sisters were: Ella Gibson (Mrs. Robert Gibson) and Malinda Hannah (Mrs. Ellis Hannah).
Betha were older. Malinda was 5 years older and Ella 3 years older. Malinda lived to be
85 years old and Ella must have been about 80. They lived about 4 miles from Slatyferk (on
Elk) When I was a boy there was quite a number of people living on Elk and Linwood and out
of maybe 200 or more there was, two years ago, only 6 of them living along my age and they've
all died off. (End of first side of large reel tape).

In the past 2 years they've dropped off and now I'm the only one that's left of these my age--
about 80. I'm 82. I'm the only one that's living of that great number of people that lived
here on Elk. Whole families have passed on. So, I'm going yet pretty strong--not like I
used to, but I don't know how long the good Lord will leave me here. But I hope to live ~~me~~ so
to meet these great many people I knew in my boyhood days.

Meeting Laura (mother): Well, I went to a picnic, first one I'd ever been to in my life,
and my wife had visited this picnic with another girl, so I took a fancy to her actions, and
meeting with her she seemed to talk so nice. I asked her if she'd take a ride with me in a
swing, ha, ha. So that was the beginning of our courtship at this picnic, the first one I
ever attended. After I was there with her there a few hours, I thought one day I'll write
her a letter--a nice letter and see if I might have a date. And so that was the start of my
courtship as best as I can remember. It was near Linwood--about 3 miles from here. The first
time I ever drank lemonade was at this picnic, ha. I thought it was something wonderful!
There hadn't been any in the country up to that time that I knew of. I thought the girl was
so wonderful (than the lemonade) ha, ha. And she was so nice and every time I went to see
her I thought she was the "only girl on the beach"! ha. and finally we got married. I went
the battle. To see her I had to go horseback then. Didn't have any cars, and really no
suggies in this section of the country. I did win out even if I did go slow, ha, ha. Yes

Yes, I did have competition, but I was the best looking boy, ha, ha, ha. (joking). No, I don't mean that, ha. Any way my winning ways (joking) must have had something to do with me winning her. Because she was so fine. She was preparing to teach school. I changed her mind after so long and she became a great housekeeper.

I had a nice family of 7 children. And one of the greatest things of all is that.... there was one of them, only about 16 (18) (Creola) just finishing highschool took sick and came home and died....but one great consolation is as I started to say is that my 6 children living, they they've all established families except one who is not married and they are all Christians, living for that heavenly home we might someday enjoy. Countless ages of eternity together and it gives me great joy to know that they are all living for Christ.

Mode of traveling when a boy: Horseback and "footback" ha, ha. We either had to walk or ride a horse. I never had an automobile untill about 1915. Well, I don't know... a few years before that I bought a buggy and maybe a couple of them,---I wore them pretty well out---about 1900. They didn't cost but about \$100 to \$125 and maybe not that much. We ordered them from Cincinnati from a factory there.

The first automobile I'd seen, a Doctor fixed up some kind of a motor on a buggy. He ran about 6 miles an hour. He drove around a few times here on Elk with that motor. I guess he fixed it up himself, to run that buggy. He had some kind of a steering arrangement. I'd seen him once or twice---maybe 3 times.

First one that came down Elk, it came over a hill and 2 neighbor boys, they yelled "look the horse ran off and ~~the~~ tore away from the buggy and the buggy is still going yet. Look at it going yet" (probably an appropriate joke for them to tell on that occasion!).

They didn't have telephones then. My first telephone was around maybe 1900 or? People thought it was something wonderful when we had the phone put in and one about 12 miles away (at Edray) Some asked if the messages came in to our phone over a hollow wire. I told them it was a solid wire. Phones must have been cheap then. You could buy a pair of shoes for \$1.25 that'd cost \$6 or \$8 now. Coffee cost.... we sold coffee at 12 cents and 15 cents when we started the store. Now it costs \$1 to \$1.25. Flour sold for about \$4 a barrel in olden barrels. Your dollar was worth something then. I think we were as well off then as we are today.

End.

PS Dad's children were: Ada (married ~~WILL~~ John Johnson and then Will Curtain), Violet (married Rufus Markland), Ivan (married Genevieve Orndorff of Arbovale), Creola who died at age of about 18., Silas of Slatyferk, Paul (who married Vonda Lowe of Buckhannon, and after her passing married Ketha of Port Neches Texas, and Dave who married Sylvia Friel of near Marlinton.

224 Stories and History of the Slatyfork, W. Va. Sharps, by L.D. Sharp, taped 12-25-59, age 87 & 6 mo

(Dave: who were the first in Pocahontas county to own automobiles?) (Taped by Dave Sharp) 224
1 was Ace Barlow at Edray, Bowd Hannah on Elk and L. D. Sharp, myself. We bought the first few cars I know of in this county and they were Studebakers. Later on people began buying the Fords and different makes of cars. (Dave: Did you have any trouble with them running in the ruts that the wagons made?) That's all they had to run in, you might say, because of dirt roads. They weren't very wide and the wagons cut ruts in the roads. They had a lot of trouble with the blowing out by stones and the bad roads. We had dirt roads. We had to keep them up. Each farmer worked, I believe 3 days or 5 days a year free to keep up the roads such as we had. The government didn't pay any money for to keep them up. Farmers had to keep up the roads so they could travel. (Dave: what about gasoline in those days?) We didn't know anything about gasoline until we got the cars, and then we got the cars. Then someone in Marlinton set up a gas station and furnish us with gas. We'd get a barrel at a time. That's about as much as I'd get when I first started handling gas. But these others buying cars, ones already had them. Bowd Hannah was about as close to me any one else. He'd buy 60 gallon barrel at a time. We had ordinary pumps in order to pump it out into our cars. That was a pretty tough way to get along. We thought it was something wonderful. (Dave: what about that telephone line, which way did it come in here the first time?) It come through from Randolph county. Dr. Bosworth was the first to come through and built the lines. There was one phone at Dr. Cameron's (Mace) and one at Mingo at Sam Woods store and I took a phone and so did George P. Moore at Edray, and Marlinton was the next place they were supposed to have telephone service. (Dave: could you call Marlinton from here?) No. We could call the office there, but didn't have any regular operators to call for us. Yes, the phone line went on through to Marlinton. And they had a contract with some of the people at Marlinton to pay so much money to Dr. Bosworth for bringing the line through to Marlinton. Yes, I think those were the first phones out of Marlinton (back thru to Elkins, I guess he meant) (Dave: In other words the line ran this way instead of down Greenbrier River). I don't know how long it was before the line went on down through Greenbrier county and up also up through the head of Pocahontas county--not very long after they found out what a great blessing it was to have a phone and talk over the wires. Different ones asked me how you ~~was~~ talked over it, saying "The wire is hollow isn't it?" I said "no, the wire isn't hollow. Electricity in the wire. They could hardly believe that. And they were so excited they, at Edray, the preacher wanted to sing a song and he'd sing soprano and I'd sing tenor. So we sang over the telephone 12 miles away! He sang one part and I sang another and we thought that was wonderful. We sang together and 12 miles apart. Oh, it was hard to make people believe that we didn't talk through a hollow wire, ha. ha. (Dave: what about the first automobile that came down through Elk from Marlinton?) Yes the first one came down through by a horse up here and a couple boys out in the field and it came down the road and one of them yelled: "Look yonder, a horse has ran off and with a buggy and it's going yet. There's no horse to it--it's torn loose--and it's going yet" ha. What a great laugh about it after on. They couldn't believe it possible that something like that could go without horsepower. (Dave: didn't someone on Elk call on the Party line that a horse ran away and for them to stop it?). No, not that I know of, ha. ha. I don't remember. (Dave: where did you kill your first deer--back there on the mountain?) I couldn't answer that. I think it was back on Slatyfork, and Uncle Hugh Sharp, I killed a fawn. He said it belonged to his pet deer, Nanny. He had about 12 or 13 pet deer and he said "that's one of my deer you've killed, I believe. He didn't care about me killing it, but he said that one was one of old "Nannies" (name of his deer) fawns that I killed. and it might have been, ha. ha. I don't know, ha. ha. I wasn't looking for any brand or name. (Dave: what kind of gun did you kill it with?) I don't know--I can't answer that. I had, I think a rifle I got. I had a rifle and a muzzle loaded rifle--that's the kind of gun I had first, and it might have been it. (Dave: what did you do with that gun?) I just don't know at all for ~~the~~ my life what ever happened to that gun. It'd be a relic now, wouldn't it? (Dave: How many pheasants have you ~~kill~~ killed this year?) Well, it may be against my religion, ha, ha, ha. I don't know what the limit (Dave: say ~~the~~ if the limit was 40 how many did you kill?) If the limit was ~~in~~ 40 I guess I killed something less than that, ha. ha. I missed several, though. Well, if you're going to take me to court--to take it down (tape it) for the fact, it was 13. Well now, don't take me to court and have me fined, ha. ha. (Dave: you'd say before the judge

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over there in court that you killed 13? Ha, ha, well if I went before him I'd have to say it. I won't swear to a lie, ha. (Dave: how ~~did~~ many did you kill last year?) I didn't get any last year. I only got 2 squirrels. I had to go to the hospital (prostate operation) and I didn't get to take a stand for a deer. So I missed last year. I had the privilege of shooting at one this year, but it stopped in a big patch of brush--too thick to get the bullet through to it. I thought I might kill it anyway, but missed. And my gun got clogged up (jammed) and I couldn't get any other shots and it got away. What is that flying over there? Violet, I saw a robin out there. (Dave: yes it is. It's Dec. 26th) It flew down in the pathway and up in that tree and then flew over in the garden. (Dave: Violet, do you know this gentleman sitting here? who is he?) (Violet: Well, this is my father, my very devoted father) (Dad proudly laughed, ha, ha, ha.) (Dave: how many Christmases have you seen?) ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ (Violet: I just can't say that, I'd rather not, but it's been several. But this is the first Christmas I've been in here since 1917. 40 years since I've been to Slatyfork, for Christmas.) Dad: You see, the reason she doesn't want to tell her age, she lost her husband and looking for another, ha, ha, ha. (Violet: well it'd be awful hard to find anyone as good as he was. So I think they're very scarce). (Dave: how many of your kids were in here this time, all of them?) Well there was Violet from Richmond, Va.; Paul from Texas. Ivan and Genevieve and their son from Charleston, and Si living here with me. It's ~~grrr~~ a great joy of having them with me for the Christmas holidays and celebrate the birth of Christ. It's been about the most enjoyable holidays I've ever spent, I think. It's going to be very sad with them going out tonight and along in a few days--next week. It makes it very sad to have them to leave us. We pray the Lord to take care of them. We commit them in to His hands to take them back safely to their place of abode or living,--where they work to make a living. We're awful glad to have them. I cannot express in words. I can hardly think about it without shedding tears. If they all left at one time, I don't believe I could stand it. Some are going tonight and tomorrow and next week. They'll drop off gradually and I'll live it through, but it's hard to give them up. We'd like them to stay on and on, like we used to have them around our fireside and our house, and we enjoyed their presence day in and day out. The way circumstances are, they're scattered far, and so we're certainly thankful to the good Lord that they have been with us and giving them health and strength to make the journey--coming in to see old Dad and ~~he~~ meet together and be together. I can't express in words how I appreciate it. (Violet: you know Dave and Sylvia are here too.) Oh, pardon me, Jr. was handling this machine (tape recorder) and I forgot, ha, ha, ha. I call him Jr. Dave and Sylvia pardon me. There is ~~seem~~ many of them I have so many children, ha, ha, ha. I think of them as much as any of my children. That was just a slip of my mind. I was ~~past~~ 21 on my last birthday, so you may know why I'm just forgetful--being that old--past 21. If you ask how much past that, I was 87 the 8th day of June, last June. 87 years and 6 months, since I came into this world. Don't seem but a short time. Don't seem but a few years since I used to go to school up there at the top of the hill--about 80 years ago, (school across old road from cemetery)--when I was first going to school--past 80 years ago when I first went to school. But it don't seem but a short time. So if any of you hearing me talking, if you think you'll live to be old and it'll be a long time for life. But it'll slip by before you know it, if the Lord spares your life, it'll be over before you know it. So it doesn't seem long since I went to school and lived with my mother and dad and sisters. But according to nature and all, like that, I can't expect to be here that much longer. So the main thing I think is for each one of us to live for..... ... for we are told that when least expected, and we find that is true. When one of our loved ones who goes out in just moments of time, so many people dying of heart trouble, and one way or another. (Dave: what's going on?) (Ketha, said: we're fixing to eat pheasant) (all laughing and talking at one time) (Violet: Bet your fingers out of there (apparently they were weighing themselves on a pair of bathroom scales) Dad: He's recording all that. (Ketha: Dave what are you doing?) (Genevieve: he's recording--we'll play it back.) (Ketha: I might weigh 135) (Genevieve: I do too.) (Dave: How much do you weigh Paul?) (Paul: I weigh, with this heavy underwear and shoes 219 lbs.) (Genevieve: Violet wants to weigh her shoes.) (Dave: How was is that Lila?) (Lila: 140 even) (Dave: Come on Violet, come on Helen) (Genevieve: come on Si, Dave, Evan (Dave how much do you weigh Evan?) (Evan: 155) (Helen? 126) more talking. (Si is now playing piano over in the parlor. It's far from recorder so low volume on the recorder)

Stories & History of the Slatyfork, W.Va. Sharp's by L.D. Sharp, taped 12-25-59 age 87 & 6 mo.
(Dave: Dad, lets get some recording of your singing. When did you start?) Well sir, 1238 singing school
I started singing when I was 12 years old. My father sent my sisters Ella, Malinda and myself to a singing school. We went to two terms. I forget who the professor was that taught the singing school, up at the old log school house below Mary's Chapel Church (on Elk). That was the only church on Elk. They had the singing, preaching service and all the meetings in this old school house. And after they had the school closed, they decided to let the leaders carry on the singing. So they decided electing leaders for 3 months. And in electing, they elected Bob Gibson and Ella Hannah (maybe father of Russell Hannah?) and Curry Jackson and Dave Gwinn and L. D. Sharp, just a boy 12 years old. So I had more nerve than I had brains, ha, ha. So went ahead just the same. It came my turn. I remember it as well as if it were yesterday when I went up on the platform to lead the singing. My knees shook so, I could hardly keep them from bumping together and it was hard for me to stand on the floor.. I was awful bashful. But I've kept on singing all these many years. I'm 87 years old the 8th day of June. and I've been leading choirs ever since a boy 12 years old. And now it has no effect on me. I've been before a few thousand people leading our choir from Slatyfork. We've had a good many choirs in the last 60 years and we've had some awful good ones. It doesn't make me afraid or nervous or anything. I can go before these thousands as well as I could, or better than I could when I was 12 years old among my own friends and neighbors. (Dave: haven't you been superintendent of Sunday School many years?) Oh yes, I was superintendent and taught Sunday School. I've gone to church every Sunday I was able to go that I remember of since I was quite a small child. When I was too small to go, of course my mother and dad took me. They were both devoted Christians. And they'd take me to church when I was so small. I believe in that so much. The Bible says bring up a child when it is young and when it's old it won't depart from it. The trouble today is that so many people don't pay any attention to their children. Just left them grow up among all kinds of characters and it's bringing it's results to most of the young people. So many of them are going astray.....
I enjoy life, even at my age. I'd like to live on, if it's the Lord's will. But I know according to nature I can't live many more years. I've thought over it a lot of times--several years. Three score and ten, but if it is his will I'd like to live just forever, even though I have lots of trials and troubles and disappointments and sorrows. Yet, I enjoy life. But I know it's better on beyond. (Dave: your dad's name was Bill?) William. (Dave: how much of this ground did he own around Slatyfork--most of it?) Well, Grandfather Sharp owned about 2,000 acres, and then he bought the place for Harmon Sharp (at the forks of Elk River, Big Spring Creek and Laurel Run running off Gamley mountain). My mother and father sold live stock and helped pay for it. He promised to buy them a farm where it was level. Instead he bought him a tract of land just across the hill from where he lived--several hundred acres, but it was all in green timber. And my father had to go in that green timber and clear out fields to lay out his corn and wheat, oats and things that took care of us through life--feed. My mother made clothes and my father made our shoes and we had an awful hard time of it, but we had plenty to eat such as it was. We didn't have any canned fruit. It was all dried apples and dried berries, but they dried an awful lot of fruit. We didn't know what a can was. I didn't see a can pie! We liked the way we had to live. We enjoyed it as much as we do now with all our conveniences, automobiles, etc. (Dave: what kind of lights did you use?) We had candles. They killed a beef and used the fat, I mean tallow. They had candle moulds--makes six candles at a time. And we thought we had a wonderful light when one had a candle light. They had flints back in my earlier days, where you had a flint rock and they had a spunk (soft dead pith wood in logs) and they would strike that flint and it knocked sparks in that spunk and set it a fire and get the fire started that way, and my father and mother had little twists of paper on the mantle that they'd reach and get one of them and put it in the fire and light their candle with it. We didn't have the conveniences of this day and time. (Dave: did you have to make your own sugar?) We made our own sugar. My father and mother told us when we make it, we had to make, I think it was, a 100 pounds of maple sugar and then we could have the rest of it made up in molasses. And we children would work hard because we liked the molasses so well we'd get that 100 lbs of sugar. We had to have that before there was any molasses made.

g Stories & History of the Slatyfork, W.Va. Sharp's by L.D. Sharp, taped 12-25-59 age 87 & 6 mo.
(Dave: what about mineral rights on the land?) Yes, I own the mineral rights. It'd never been sold. My father gave 400 acres: 200 to Ella and 200 to MaLinda. Ella (sold) her mineral rights. On her piece of land there was an alum rock and there were augets that looked like gold or silver. They may become valuable some day. (That alum rock is a few 100 yards above the Sharp line on Slatyfork, Creek, just across the creek and up against the bank about 20 feet.), but she ~~didn't~~ sold the land. But she may have kept the mineral rights. (Dave: Dad, --about the old mill down here. Did you have it built?) Uncle Sam Gibson and Tetrick a man named Tetrick. They got the land off of Uncle Hugh Sharp. He gave them the land to build the mill. And didn't charge them a penny for it. They built the mill and then ran it for a good while and they had an "up and down" saw attached. They sawed a lot of lumber there. They had a place to run up logs, and they could saw lumber. And could grind their grists if they wanted to. Finally at last, Brice Griffin bought it off of them for just a song and he ran it for 10 or 15 years, I expect. Couldn't grind over 15 bushels in a day's time. When they first had the contract the man who put the mill up contracted, guaranteed to grind so much an hour. They ground flour The old mill rocks are down there yet, laying out on the ground. --The corn rocks and the flour rocks. (Dave: didn't Willie Gibson have a key for it and worked there?) He may have. Brice Griffin died. In his Will it was to be sold and the money to be given to his mother. Others bid against me. I didn't want anyone to get in there that was undesirable and it was up to me to buy that land back. The Mill was gone down from the few years standing there. It wasn't used any more and it cost me \$500 to get that piece of land that Uncle Hugh Sharp gave to Uncle Sam Gibson and Tetrick. I've given that land to Silas Sharp, my son. (Dave: did you run the mill some yourself?) No. I never. I had it run. I take that back. I got old man Elben and his son Charlie to remodel that mill. I'm forgetful. I bought 50 bushels of wheat from Sam Moore at Edray and I ground all that wheat into flour. And I ground corn to meal. I didn't grind any for other people. I may have had Brice Griffin run it a while before he died, but I'm forgetful (he couldn't have had Brice, as Brice died and it was sold at auction to Dad--?) I didn't grind for others. You got a gallon out of a bushel for toll (for grinding it) So it didn't pay me to grind for others. (Dave: was it Henry Gibson's father, Sam Gibson that built it?) Yes, he and Tetrick they built the first mill. There was a corn mill over at where Barney Showalter lives (Bill Gibson place across the creek from the church.) Andy Hannah, took it over from his father John Hannah who had it built. He ran it for years. I remember taking corn there to grind. (Dave: did you buy any mill stones?) Yes, I bought from old man McLaughlin who had a mill for 40 years, I reckon. There's where I got the last corn stone and the flour stone--I bought from old man George McLaughlin over above Marlinton. Had them hauled over and had Elben's put them on the mill to grind. They cost several hundred dollars (new) shipped from foreign countries--France. But I didn't pay much for them. They were doing him no good. I got them very cheap. If someone wanted to put in a mill they'd be just first class--corn meal and flour. People and times are ~~run~~ too fast now, you know, to stop to grind any corn.

Chas Elben

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age 1 History, Stories, Thoughts and Advice--Taped of L.D. Sharp 8-29-59 by Paul L. Sharp (copy)
AGE 87 --Dec. 1980--Re-taped on Cassette and typed by Dave Sharp

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we look

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In the presence of Paul, Ketha and Violet, Dad was asked to sing and did: "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder". Then they ate supper. On tape: Si played some good piano music. Dad: Well, I was 12 years old when my Dad sent me and my two sisters to a singing school. And after we went to two singing schools, they elected what they called chorus leaders. They selected different ones for 3 months, and in electing the officers they elected the little boy 12 years old--that little boy was L. D. Sharp. The first time I got up before the congregation I couldn't keep my knees from clapping together. I could hardly stand on the floor. And I served out my three months and when it came another term (turn) I was elected again. I'm 87 years old and I've been singing and leading groups of singers since I was 12 years old, and since that time going to different counties, taking our groups. At one state song service they said there were 15,000 people there and getting up before large congregations didn't have any effect on me. I got so it doesn't have any effect to get up before large congregations because I have been used to it. I often think how hard it was for me to stand before the congregation to lead the first songs I ever tried to sing. We've gone to different counties and gone over into the state of Virginia to a homecoming and were called to Greenbrier county to a homecoming 2 years ago, and they wanted the Slatyfork group of singers. So we took our group to this homecoming. We thought there'd be several groups of singers there. There were several preachers there and a very large crowd--some from California. To my surprise and disappointment, you might say, they depended entirely on the Slatyfork choir. We got a great deal of praise and I was very proud of our group of singers because they did a good job. I love to sing. I hope to someday be able to sing after this life is over. I do the best I can here, but I'm looking forward to the day that I can really sing when I join the choir in heaven with the angels. (Knowing Dad and his intense love of music, that is exactly what he is doing now!) I'm looking forward to that day. I enjoy attending church and helping with the singing. We've done it several times at home comings this year, and we got a wonderful lot of praise at them, and I believe they really did enjoy the music--our singing.

Paul: Could you say some things about your family?

Dad: I have a whole lot to say about my individual family. We had seven children in the family and they all accepted Christ from the age of 8 to 12 years old. I'm certainly proud of that. And I'm proud of my father and mother of the lives they lived. Because I don't know what would have happened to me if I'd had parents like a great number of people have. They never attend church and live wicked lives. But my father and mother when we were growing up, they were so strict on us that the first pocket knife I ever bought, my mother said: "now don't use that pocket knife on Sunday or you'll lose it, ha, ha, and I believed it for a long time. I'd use it during the week and on Sunday I'd lay my pocket knife away. So I'm glad when we retired when the day came to a close, that my mother (I had two sisters) would say "come here and say your prayers before you go to bed" and we'd say our little prayers, as children commonly are taught: "now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep, and if I should die before I awake, I pray the Lord my soul to take". So, then, we learned to bend our ~~knee~~ knees while we were so young, and I'm so proud of that, so proud of our early training. The Bible says: Bring up a child when it is young and the way it should go, and when it is old it will not depart from it". And I'm glad my children are following the steps of their mother and their father and trying to live for Christ, and it gives me great joy to think of the great homecomings we attended during the past years and this year. But I'm looking forward to the day when we'll have a great homecoming that will be worth while!--that we'll all meet together at that great homecoming after life is over. That'll be the greatest joy of anything a person can think of.

So many parents never take their children to church, never bring them as they should be brought up. A number of families, as many as 12 at Slatyfork who never attend church. It hurts me that the parents would bring up children so irreverent, not to love their Lord and master while they're young. So I'm certainly thankful that my children came a long distance to visit their old Dad and loved ones here. They haven't been able to come all at one time. But Paul and Ketha and Violet are here now and others have been coming. Before this, Junior (Dave) and his wife and Ivan and his family and Will Curtain (Ada's husband) has been in visiting us. So we certainly do appreciate that. One thing we grieve about is that they take such a short stay and we hate to see them leave us without staying longer with us--for we enjoy their company so much. As I understand it, Paul and his wife and Violet are going to leave us in the morning and it makes me feel sad that they're leaving us. We'll be very lonesome after they leave, because they've been such company to us.

copy 1

Paul: what about your father etc. He was in prison once.

Sal
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Dad: ha, ha. He'd done no crime or anything like that to get in prison, ha. People'd think he had done a terrible crime. No. It was the time of the Civil War. He was living in his home, living a quiet life, harming nobody. The Rebel soldiers came and captured him when he was just in his prime of life. He really wasn't on either side. The people didn't know which side they should join at the beginning or out-break of the war. So they took him to prison and he served 23 months and 24 days in Salisbury, N. C. where they starved thousands to death. I had 3 uncles who were killed during the Civil War. Bernard Luther, and Henry. Luther was only 16 years old and the Rebel soldiers came running down the valley and his mother yelled out "look out, yonder comes the rebel soldiers" and this boy took to the hill back of our (this) house and only 16 years old. Old Jake Simmons was following behind the group of soldiers that were running down the valley and he shot this 16 year old boy and killed him. It was the same time they captured my father and took him to prison. The other two boys were in the army when they were killed. One was a rebel and the other was a yankee. (Dad may have told us one other time he wasn't sure one was a rebel).

Paul: You were right here on the border between the North and South, and your family tried to remain neutral and couldn't do it. Dad: And they really didn't know. I've heard them say: at the time when it (war) broke out they didn't know which side they should join! --some of them. My grandfather (William) was a republican--after he lost so many (including Luther) of the family in the war and because of how my father (Silas) suffered as he did in prison. They were Republicans dyed in the blood--they surely were Republicans all their lives.

Grandfather Sharp (William) and grandfather Hannah (David) --their foreparents came from the foreign countries. They were Irish, German and English. My grandmother could almost trace them "back to speak" to Adam. She often time told about them coming over here. We've got all kinds of blood mixed in our veins--Irish, German and English. During the first World War when they were so down on the Germans I said to a traveling salesman: "I've got some German blood in me, what do you think of that?" He said: "That's pretty bad blood, pretty bad blood!" ha, ha.

Sal
Dance
I've spend 6 winters in Florida and traveled quite a bit. I've been here 87 years the 8th day of June, and I thank the good Lord for taking care of me down through the years. I've had troubles, sorrows and disappointments. I've been only to one dance in my life. I chose to go to. You should keep good company: A girl I'd been corresponding with was as pretty as you say, a speckled pup, ha, and she came to my home, rode a horse up, horse-back. They rode horse back the. No automobiles, even no buggies, and persuaded me to slip off and go to a dance. So I went off up to the dance (on Elk), and the people from all over the country gathered to Elk, a certain section of Elk. They called it pretrasted dances. The best I counted, there were 36 people there, and were healthiest people in the county. I never saw such a time in all my life and I never expect to see, nor want to see another like it. Talk about drinking! A fellow played a banjo. Another played a violin. The banjo player got so drunk during the night and I was going around trying to promenade. I'd never been on the floor before and he through out his feet and I fell over his feet and fell in the floor. I was a washful boy of 18. Oh, I was so ashamed of that! I almost pulled my girl in on me. I had to hold her. I didn't fall clear to the floor. The thing I want to bring out is that every one of those 36 that was there that night has been called into eternity. I'm the only one that the Lord spared a life. I give credit to the Lord for taking care of me down through the many years. I haven't tasted whiskey for 50 years. When I was a child we didn't have a doctor any closer than 23 miles. They had hardly any medicine. So when we were sick the people in the country would give us a little ginger in a little whiskey as a medicine. I never even tasted beer. I'd rather see a saloon in the community than a beer joint. They call them beer parlors and I hear they even have ladies any more to go in and wait on the people, selling beer. I see in the paper where 45% of the people killed in car accidents last year was because of drunken drivers. I think the time has come when every Christian should do everything he can to stamp out the liquor traffic. It'd be a great saving of life for the country. Liquor is ruining so many families and causing so many deaths.

Sal
I don't know what else to say about my life. I'm going along pretty strong at my age. I've had quite a bit of sickness this past winter--operated on (prostate), but I've snapped out of that. I'm going to stay as long as the Lord sees fit to leave me here. I'd like to live always if it was the Lord's will. But you know after one's death, then the judgement.

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age 3 History, Stories, Thoughts and Advice--Taped of L.D. Sharp 9-29-59 by Paul Sharp 232 Copy
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We are told that death comes a thief in the night, when least expected. So we are commanded to be ready and not wait till death comes. We must have on the wedding garments, have our lamps trimmed and ready to enter into the marriage feast. No matter when the summons comes we should be ready. That's my advice to every individual and not wait till they are old to accept Christ. Because after they get to be 50 or 60 years old it is almost impossible to get any one to change their lives. It seems the older they get, the harder it is to amend their lives. So I insist on parents to bring children up the way they should go,--take them to church--not send them. Take them to church every Sunday and live close to a Christian live. Let their influence live in the family they are bringing up.
Paul: What about the roads and in your days. ?
Dad: We had mud roads. Weren't very wide and were kept up by each farmer who worked 4 days a year in order to keep up these roads. We had no buggies. Most people had wagons because they had to go to Millboro (Va) about 60 miles for salt and roofing and supplies. There wasn't any salt or sugar to amount to anything (here) and they went to Millboro. They (his parents) had mills and ground the wheat people grew and ground flour. Women these days wouldn't try to think about making light bread out of flour like we had to live on. It was the best we could do. I owned a mill after I grew into manhood. (Last used about 1920. Remains can still be seen --1980-- submerged dam-log, rock foundation and the rock side-dam.)
Paul: In the past you've talked about inventions, transportations in the early days.
Dad: Well, back in my boyhood days when there wasn't a buggy in the country and I was one of three who bought the first automobile bought in Pocahontas county. (A 1914 Studebaker) (The enameled licence plate in the store window possibly may have been the plate for it??)
I remember the first buggy that was bought by my brother-in-law. I bought a surrey--a two wheel surrey, the first conveyance I ever had. A good many people don't know what a surrey was. It had two wheels and a skeleton seat, big enough for two people to ride in and we thought we had a wonderful way to move along with a one horse. I went about 40 or 50 miles to where a man was advertising and selling these surreys and buggies. I rode a horseback to go get it with the harness on the horse (to be ready to pull it when I he got there) and I had that until my first courtship, ha. ha.
There were no telephones in the county. I was one of the first to have a telephone. There were 2 or 3 in the county when the lines got through first--just to try it out. (I believe that Dad in another taping said that Marlinton had no phones, and they got their phones after the line was brought through from Randolph County by Slatyfork. It was extended on to Edray and Marlinton. There were probably one or two in the Linwood area before the line got down to Slatyfork. First ones in the county??) Someone who came to my home one day and I was talking 12 miles to Geo. P. Moore's store at Edray. They had one. One fellow said to me: "Now do you get the message over the line to Mr. Moore's store? The wire is hollow, isn't it?" ha, ha, I said: "no it isn't hollow" ha, ha. He thought we were talking through a hollow tube over the telephone wire.
We had no doctor any closer than 23 miles. No hospitals. If anyone got sick,--most all the farmers had different kinds of teas. They had teas for different sicknesses. They had penerall tea and different names for teas they had. My mother (Sarah) had a half a dozen different kinds of tea hanging up there (attic?) dried, and if any one got sick --she was a great hand at going to visit the sick. She'd geather ups some of these teas and take with her.
(Joke??) When I was quite small we had three changes of food a day. We had Bread and meat for breakfast. Meat and Bread for dinner, and both of them for supper, ha. ha. We enjoyed life, I believe better than today. We could go out and catch a basket full of fish in a few hours, and there were plenty of deer and wild turkeys to galore. And bear, plenty of them--too many of them. They killed our sheep. They did more harm than good. But I believe people were better satisfied. They'd go visit a home and stay all day, and families would come to visit my father and mother and stay all day. There was no rush, and now if they go and stay just a little while in their automobiles, they're up and gone. We're living in a fast age and many are losing their lives by living in this age of automobiles.

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History, Stories, Thoughts and Advice--Taped of L.D. Sharp 9-29-59 by Paul Sharp
Re-taped on Cassette and typed Dec. 1980 by Dave Sharp

We rode on horseback. I did my first courting riding horseback.

Paul: How did you court riding horseback?

Dad: Ha. Ha. Well, I managed to get an awful nice wife--your mother, a preacher's daughter (Laura Morgan) I fooled her and got one of the best girls in the country for a wife. I give credit to my children for being what they are to a great extent for having such a wonderful mother. She was a preacher's daughter. I don't take any credit. I give most of the credit to their mother. Her father was a Methodist circuit rider. He rode horseback. He didn't have any buggy. He preached at nine different appointments (country churches) on the Edray charge. He lived at Edray. (In the same present parsonage building) He had to ride horseback or not get to his churches. It looks like they'd (circuit riders) get a greater reward than ministers today who stee in an automobile and a few minutes after the church service (he at another church)--go all over his charge. Could do it in a few hours. In that time it'd take maybe a half a day to come from the Edray parsonage over to Slatyfork to preach.

Paul: what did you say you went to Millboro for?

Dad: We went to Millboro to get salt, sugar and such things as that. There was no salt in this area.

(About 1884)-- The first time I was to Millboro, I went with Uncle Harmon and another fellow. to take his horses and wanted me to go along. I was 12 years old and it'd take us almost all week. We had a box to carry our lunch in and we'd sleep out at nights. When night came on we'd drive to the side of the road and camp over till morning. We took feed to feed our horses. It took us about all week for this wagon trip. Didn't have any buggies. There was no other way of conveyance.

(Dad told me, (Dave), a story that was not recorded on tape about this trip, when they camped near a negro town in Virginia, and when they pulled a trick-joke on him I may tell it elsewhere in this booklet being compiled.) see "Jan 31, 1980" page 6

A couple fellows--a railroad came through Mountain Grove (Va)--they thought they'd like to try that train out. So they went to the conductor when the train pulled up and said: "We'd like to have a quarter's worth of ride" The conductor knew they didn't know what they were talking about and he gave them a quarter's worth of ride, ha. He took them on the train and it took them 3 days to walk back, ha. ha. Well that taught them a lesson! They knew not to take over a dime's worth of ride the next time, ha. ha. I guess someone else in their group took care of their horses while they were gone.

Paul: Dad, you've seen a lot of new things--inventions...

Dad: Telephone, hard surface roads, automobiles, T V, airplanes. I rode the first planes that came into the county at the County Fairs. One fellow came in there and made quite a bit of money barnstorming ("Scotty". He'd go behind the barn and take a drink between rides in his biplane. He got killed in Ohio stunting. --I believe flying under a bridge.) People would pay to take a ride over the town of Marlinton and sometimes pretty well all over the county, but not too far because he wanted to get back to get another load of passengers.

Paul: Did you like to fly?

Dad: I certainly did! Paul: Would you rather live now than back when you were a boy?

Dad: I really believe we had more real enjoyment than we do today--even with all the inventions, telephone, TV, radio. People are not satisfied today. We're looking for more inventions and going to the moon (it was predicted). I haven't thought much about that trip! ha, ha. Paul: Do you have anything to say now before you sing for us?

Dad: Well, all I have to say to those who may listen to this, be good and live from day to day, as we're commanded. Be thankful. Realize where our good blessings come from--God. Trust in him and you'll never regret it. Paul: Thank you Dad, Now what song do you want to sing?

Dad: Well the title of the song is "Jesus is the Way"--a wonderful song. I hope anyone who listens to it will pay attention to the words, the meaning of the words. (Mable played the piano while Dad sang solo. Another song: "My Faith Looks up to Thee". Another song: Trio: Dad, Paul and Mable--"Beautiful Home Somewhere". (Dave: I couldn't tape the music!) ha.

Dave: There was a lot of Si's fine piano playing on Paul's reel tape which was not included on the cassette copies made by Dave. After taping Dad's voice I did go back to Paul's reel tape and picked up (on last 1/4 of 2nd side of cassette) Si playing piano, and with a little comedy-conversation played the tenor banjo, guitar and accordin.

And Dad's singing is on the cassette where indicated in the transcript.

History and Stories of the Sharp Family, by Luther D. Sharp, taped 6-13-67 in the presence of his children, Si, Ivan, Dave, Violet, his second wife, Mabel, and Genevieve, Ivan's wife.

Mable and I went to the Mary's Chapel graveyard. I looked all through it. There was old man Jim Gibson, Cousin Wm Gibson and other old people I thought was up about 90, 95 years old, and there, they were 70 & 80 years old! Just for fun I told Mabel, "let's get out of here, let's get out of here. I'm the oldest person in here!" ha, ha.

Yes, Uncle Hugh was 77 years old--on the tombstone 77 years old. (He said to Ivan: "Ivan, wasn't he converted?, Ivan, didn't you talk to him and he accepted Christ?" (Ivan: "yes, that was on his deathbed".) He was a mighty fine good man, but never joined the church. (Dave: We're all here except Paul") I'm awful proud of it. I appreciate it, you don't know how much. (Dave: you're 90 years old a couple days ago) I thought sometime ago that I wasn't going to reach 90. I prayed to the Lord to spare my life. (regarding age referred to years and days:)) Better to have it even years, you know. It takes right smart paper to print that, and you'd have it in the paper no doubt, but it doesn't matter about it. (Violet: "approximately 5,000 ~~xxxx~~ Sundays--?") They made a mistake. Did you figure it up how much it is? (Violet: I don't guess they count the Sunday you were born") Dad: Oh yes they took.....(?) (Violet: "four thousand, six hundred eight... (?)") Dad: Ha, ha.

(Dave: If you counted those.... before he was born that would make some more") Dad: ha, ha I don't regret it. The greatest heritage on earth is father and mother. Raise them up in the way of the Lord, When they get old they won't depart from it. That's history, and I'm no exception. That is time. He's recording every word I say.

I'm happy my children got in to my birthday, and my son's?... was born on my birthday. I said ('d never have any children named after me because it'd mix up the mail so and getting mail and letters. So the way Jr got his name, he was born on my birthday and after he was born my wife said to me "this is your birthday and this is your birthday present and I'm going to name him Luther David Sharp". I said alright, that's all right ha, ha. She'd gone down to the jaws of death presenting my son, so she could have her wishes! That's how come Jr. got his name, Luther David Sharp. After I'm gone I guess he'll his name?) (Dave: They can call me "LD" then.) ha, ha.

Yes, it was nice you to stop by and see old Dad.?....Christian life that's the remain(?) of faith and family. That's my faith,

Thinking about having prepared, I never heard my father go to bed in his lifetime ~~is~~ go to bed without having prayer. Lets all of us bow and have a silent prayer. (silence) (The following has to do with two hitchhikers he picked up on Elm in his car.) This one fellow, he told me, I asked what ~~the~~ was he doing coming out of that hollow up there ^{and} Lake Reed was up there getting lumber, and we sent truck up (hitchhiker: why, we were up there hauling lumber and broke the truck down and we're ~~go~~ going on to Marlinton to get some parts") And in no time when the other wouldn't tell me where he was from.....hesitancy in answering, I figured out when I hadn't gone a half a mile, I knew who they were. And so I was scared out of my senses nearly. Went over to Marlinton, said to myself, now If they demand me to go on by, I'm going to fly right on by over in the city and raise hell if they holler for me to go on. I came down hurried as fast as I could across the bridge. They yelled "we wanted to get out back there" and I'd run them all the way across the bridge and let them out. And here a couple days later police caught them in Huntington. Dad was asked if his father made their shoes.pair of boots atime or two. (Dave: where did you get the leather?) Got from McCarty down at Millpoint. Killed a beef and they'd send hides down and he'd tan it and get it back in a year's time. Got leather all the time that a way. (Dave: didn't he (his father) make shoes for all the family?) Yes all the family. He had lasts for all of them (Dave: did he make shoes for others too?) No. I don't know where he got his lasts. (Genevieve asked: did they make different size shoes?) Yes different lasts for size of our feet. (Dave: Did he ever make any pegged ones?) Yes, all he made was pegged shoes. He'd punch a hole and he made the pegs too. Made of maple. Sawed off about half an inch or one fourth an inch, you know, off right on through like that. He'd sharpen off at each side first, I think and all he had to do was sharpen each one on the other side. Oh, he could make them as nice as you could buy them. He was a mechanic, mechanically inclined. But I never got as most of my boys did, who take after my father. He made breast pins when he was in prison at the time of the civil war. He was in there 23 months and 24 days, lacking six days of two years, and he made breast pins and made a couple breast pins and sent them back to mother who he was courting before they nabbed him and took him into the starvation prison.

Hitchhikers

Made Shoes

Breast Pins

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Civil War
Prison

They starved them by the hundreds and by the hundreds, starved them to death. At Salisbury, N. C. (Dad on way to Florida about 1939 ?) and we stopped (Violet: wasn't he in prison in Richmond too?) Yes, before they took them all to Salisbury, N. C. and an old man (sitting on the street) had a long grey beard. Henry and I and your mother..... I said where was the prisons at---my father served 23 months and 24 days, lacking 6 days of being two years. I said they didn't have prisons, they just had just like barns scattered all over ~~this~~ this country here. He said they starved to death and what they didn't starve to death, they poisoned. And I said my father was traded for Rebel prisoners just a few days before the war ended, and he said, Oh no, there wasn't a one that escaped. Every last one of them starved to death, or was poisoned. And I said my father lived through and I am his son. He wouldn't give up. I couldn't make him believe. My father said "I saw them every day, wagon loads of soldiers and saw them digging trenches through the fields and just throwing them in and dirt over them." Well, one thing about the rebels were starving even their own men, didn't have food and of course prisoners of the Yankee army. Why, a good way to get rid of them so wouldn't have to feed them, you know. (Dave: didn't he sell some of those breast pins he made to get extra food, but how did he get extra food if they didn't have it?) I don't know how he got these (? black hides ?...) made beautiful breast pins. (Dave: did you ever see any of those pins?) Oh yes, I've seen them. My mother kept the first few (letters?) I don't know who which one of the girls got them, --Malinda or Ella. He said that they died off there with diphtheria and said the old black woman that gave medicine for diphtheria, that he got on the right side of her and told her to give him two doses of it. She doubled the dose. He said them out every day and buried them. And said there was a captain that was so mean to the prisoners and the prisoners threw a bag over a captain's dog that followed him in. They then killed that dog, and ate that dog. And ~~the~~ said they begged him to eat some of it and killed a cat and begged him to eat a bite of it and he said, I think he couldn't swallow it. And he said he didn't get any more in a week than he could eat in one meal. Said they had skippers (worms) all over the top where they had boiled the ham and said we just turned it up and drank it. (Dave: How did he come back home?) I started to tell you a while ago: why the captain that was so mean to the prisoners, and somebody shot outside while he was in there going through among the prisoners, and he went to the window and stuck his head out to see who it was that shot outside and they blew his head all to pieces. He said the prisoners rejoiced over this, because he was so mean to them... He stuck his head out to see who shot, so they blew his head off.. (Dave, did he walk back from Salisbury N. C?) Yes, he said he went by a town after his release--got his release. Grandfather Sharp (Wm.?) and Wamsley had (they or this?) Yankees had Wamsley's son and Captain Marshall's son and Grand father's Sharp had traded. Got traded sons out of one prison out of the other. Just a few days or weeks before the war was over. Said they were going by a town and they said "how did you get out" and he told them he was released, and said traded.....? And they said "if we gain our independence, we won't let you live with us". He said: "if you gain your independence I'll not want to live with you!", and they came out, started out like they were going to He said I put down the best running I could do I ran but they stopped me and didn't follow. Yes, they was mean (souther rebel) (Dave: I guess they were kind of mean on both sides,?) Well, I don't know about the Yankees, I guess the Yankees..... treated the southern prisoners better? anyway. My grandfather Sharp (William), after the war was over, he brought suit against Marshall. Capt. Marshall he was a captain, but had men through here. Old funny name (....) had captured my father (Silas). He brought suit against him for several hundred dollars. (apparently Marshall was a rebel) It was in court for years. He came to my father's house over there. Called him out. They wanted to see father to ~~see~~ a compromise. (Dave: What was that in regard to?) Capt. Marshall and Wamsley, they came to see him. (Violet asked a question?) No. They wanted him to say something so when they go into court that they could get it released, you know. (Dave: what did he sue for?) Because they took his son (Silas) away from home here when he wasn't in the army. He wasn't bothering them at all, you know. They find a young man they thought he was a Yankee and they took him to put in prison and starve him to death. Whether they meant to or not, they didn't have food for their soldiers, they claimed, but they did starve them to death by the 100's and 100's of them. I couldn't make that old man believe all my telling him about my father lived, that any of them got out at all. Oh, my father said

Breast pins

exchange

capt
lone

Saw
Grand
Marshall

Civil War

it was awful, awful life. (Dave: Gen Lee camped up here at Linwood, didn't he?) ²³⁶ Yes, they came through here on our land and the fence around that field was all rails, and they saidfew thousand of them, they took from one side to the other and brought those rails and put them right up through that field yender from one end to the other and started a fire and camped there and burned all the rails up in the 10 acre field. They camped at Linwood a great long time. (Dave: didn't someone go up there and haul back some lead bullets that was left by the rebels when a freight wagon broke a wheel in the creek?) My father and Uncle Hugh went up there and had all they could carry on their shoulders— a 100 lbs, I suspect, or 75.. all my life we melted those rebel bullets and made bullets for our guns. We put them behind the chimney over there (at the old home place—at a chimney about 50 feet below the present old house) I've gone there and got them. There was a pile as big as a half a bushel or more than that where they were piled there in back of the steps. Uncle Hugh brought the same over here (at the log house next to the new house now in use). It was all they could carry. Lots more left there. They carried out all they could. (Dave: did any of them (Sharps) go up and visit the army at Linwood?) They wouldn't bother them up there. Mrs. (?) (Yeagart? ??...) different times talked about "there goes Gen. Lee's horse many times. (Dave: did she say that?) I think he was kinda courting her, you know. She was a girl. Gatewood was a colonel in the army in the rebel army. (Dave: In the rebel army? I thought maybe X colonel Gatewood would have been in the northern army) No he was in the southern army. (Gatewood lived at Linwood on the bank beside the road. It was dismantled about 1970 and a modern house built there) (Dave: that must have been the reason they camped at Linwood.) They knew about where the union army was, and they had some over in the valley, you see. (Valley Head-Mingo area) It was at Elkwater where they had their fight. (Dave-1980: I thin there is a statue of Gen Lee beside the road on Mingo Flats yet). Jake Gibson acted crazy and he was in the Army down there and he ran to the river and their army was then on horses. The captain was on a horse and they galloped past him and he ran to the river and the river was up deep and he couldn't swim and it was too deep and the captain galloped up to him and he ~~XXXX~~ fired a shot or two and ordered him to surrender and he says: "your're a brave soldier—not a hair of your head will be hurt, then he ~~sh~~ (Jake) shot at the captain and hit the horse and killed the horse out from under the captain. The captain ordered them to shoot him. They shot Jake Gibson all to pieces. He was a brother to old man Bill Gibson, old man Jim Gibson. He would have saved his life. That was foolish, when he didn't have a chance, he should have taken a chance on getting away again, shouldn't he?! His brothers were old man Bill Gibson and Dr. Gibson—they were raised up here on Elk. Is my bed made honey (Mabel) (Dave: you're 90 years old. You better get some rest) I have to get up so many times at night is what gets my (strength?). WENT TO BED, X NEXT DAY: (Dave: who built the old house down here that we call the honey house?) Grandfather William Sharp. The first house was down at Eva Sheltons. Just at that apple orchard. (at the mill dam spring). Way back in my young days I've seen the chimney rocks. They hauled them away later on. And they came up here and built that house (what's standing of it?) and then built another above here, a new house—later on after later years. (Dave 1980: I don't know which he means) Had to haul the logs around to Andy Hannahs where Barney Showalter lives (across from the church). Old man Hannah had an up-and-down saw mill that was run by water, where he had a mill dam where people took their logs there and he sawed them into lumber. And they got lumber to build this house—I mean that second house (Dave: I don't know which one it was unless it was the addition added on nearby and moved out of the way to build the present new house, and which log house covered with clappord that Si Sharp sold to a man in or near Elkins who planned to re-construct it over there—about 1976 or 77.) (Violet: why did they use water at the saw mill—to float the logs?) Had a mill dam there and had a place the water ran through on a wheel and that started the grist mill a grinding and they ground all our corn into meal for years and years. Then we built one (a mill) down here. Will Elbon built one down here. Uncle Hugh Sharp gave Uncle Sam Gibson and somebody else the land—that tract of land—5 or 8 acres, to build a mill dam. So they got Elbon from down at Webster Springs. He was a millright man and? But I got old man Elbon and his son Charlie to put in the turrs and ground flour. The box up in the wagon house—that was in the mill. We ground wheat there for years. And Brice Griffin tended to the mill. Those rocks (turrs) are still there yet. (Violet: Did you get some of the meal for rent?) Well, I had Brice Griffin make a Will, so if he died

Lee
camped

bullet
balls

Lee
→

Elk
water
ford

Wm
Sharp

Saw
mill

will
mill
Elbon

Brice
Griffin

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that it was to be sold and the money be given to his mother. And Brice agreed to it and I drew up the will and had witnesses sign it. Later on..... he died and they put it up for sale. And here comes this fellow from up at Cass down there and it up on me. Uncle Hugh gave him the land to build themill. I had to pay \$500 to keep that fellow from buying it and keep him out of down here. (Dave: you've gotten \$500 worth of fishing out of it) Many times more than that of pleasure. I got pleasure of a thousand dollars or more just fishing. I'll have to go to bed now. Good night.

NEXT DAY: (Dave: did Uncle Hugh save those service trees up there?-on the flat) Oh yes, he cut down the other trees and left the service trees. (Dave: These chestnut trees, we used to pick them up and a nuts here when I was young) You could pick them up by the bushel. (Dave: what did they use them for, bread?) Well, they'd eat what they wanted to eat. Didn't make bread out of the m. I bought them by the bushels here 50 - 60 years ago and shipped to one of the cities, I don't know which. They'd lay on the ground and you could pick up a bucket full in no time. But some blight struck them and killed all the chestnut trees, I reckon all over the United States, and it about put the squirrels and turkeys out of business. They just feeded on them. That was an awful loss to our country. Wild turkeys feasted on them. There were so many wild turkeys, and they just died off--~~xx~~ starved to death. (Dave: wasn't there one or two rebel soldiers burried up at the top of the hill?) He was burried just to the left hand side of the road. I was plowing there and the horse broke through in on it. Looked down in one. (Dave: who shot those rebels--were they rebels?) I don't know if they were rebels or yankees. I think they were Yankees killed. Joe Gay and Walt (Apple?). (Dave, 1980: Uncle Hugh said they were from the South) (Dave: didn't uncle Hugh say they brought one of these men in here to the fireplace in the old house?) Yes, Uncle Hugh thought so much of him--stayed with him till he died. He was shot up there at the "flatrocks" (near "yellow house"--near the new water fountain up on the old road). (Dave: Didn't those rebel soldiers take all the apples the family had?) They come there where they had them burried in holes, you know. Lee's army came over there and commenced taking apples. It was Grandfather Will Sharp's place. They commenced to pick them up and the captain told them to stand back and handed them out to them. They went across the creek to the meadow and took rails from each side and brought them up the middle and piled them along the center for 100's of yards and burnt every rail. Lia 9-20

Seems like the captain told them to pay for the apples. They camped across the creek that night in that meadow and burned every rail. (Violet: whad did they burn them for?) 9-22

Keep warm--Lee's army --through the night. (Dave: what did you use to start fires?) Shavine, had no lampoil, had no lamps. Candles was only thing I had to study my lessons with. Beef tallow candles, and sat by the fire and enjoyed it as much as we do now with electric lights we have now. Martha Jane Hannah was so "close" and "tight" and I was up there to visit my sister (Malinda?) she was married and young boys gathered around there and in a room there, I bet she had 150 candles piled up in a room. She'd light candles for her husband to read the Bible and before the'd say prayer, she'd get up and blow it out before we'd get down to pray! And remember, we always had let the candle burn, and their children studying their lessons, going to school, and one of them would get up there and punch the fire up so it'd blaze up and ~~ixxx~~ turn their books up sideways so they could see ~~ixx~~ to read--I can still see it. She was that "close" in saving her money. My mother ~~makd~~ made our candles. I think the mould for them are out here in the store showwindows. I've seen my mother make a many a one. We had slates to write on. We figured arithmetic on slates at school. Oh, there's a big change, we got along just as well. We enjoyed life just as much as we do now.--I believe more. They'd go on a visit to neightors and stay all day. And they don't do that now. They had log rollings. They'd come from all around--from 5 or 8 miles around--gathered for those log rollings and help roll up the logs that the man had cut through the winter time to raise crops next year. Most all of them would clear a patch of land and put in corn the next year. That's the way this country was cleared off, and then they'd call them in and move those logs into heaps and burn them up. Oh, they burned thousands and thousands of dollars worth of valuable timber--cherry and.... and I've seen where they rolled up big popular trees, you know, when lumber wasn't worth anything then. Then another man would have a log rolling and they'd all go and help him. They'd divide off with leaders. Each man would have 5 or 6 men in his crew, and each would see how fast they could roll up those logs. I remember when that field "around top of the hill" (right side of Slatyfork creek and below the old county road) had a log rolling for that. And John Gikson, he's a powerful man he'd ~~say~~ spikes under a log and 5 or 6 men carry it if they could. I can remember ~~it as well as if it were yesterday~~ Candle 9-22

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man, he'd get spikes under a log and 5 or 6 men carry it if they could. I can remember it as well as if it were yesterday--carrying logs out of that swamp over there. The man would have the trees cut up in logs ready then (for log rolling) They enjoyed life just as much. They killed a wild turkey about any time they wanted to. (that was his great sport). Deer were plentiful. And fish, I've seen my father, he made his flies, I've seen him go down Elk river and come back with a basket full of fish. Creeks were alive with fish. (Dave: how old was your dad and mother?) He was 56 and mother 62. Ivan has the honor... for getting Uncle Hugh to accept Christ. He was a good man but never had gone to church. But Ivan talked to him just before he died, and he accepted Christ. Isn't that right? (Ivan: ... a day or two before out on the porch??) (Ivan: he said "everything was straightened up all right --I accept the Lord") That's all we need to do. "If ye confess me before men you shall be saved" --and I risk my life on his word., for his word is true. (Dave: how many people did you say was gone from Elk to Mace your age or over that gone?) Well, from top of Elk Mountain to top of Mace Mountain the best I could count there were 253. They didn't have any jobs away from here and they stayed at home, and none of them would leave Pocahontas County or even Elk. And they married 1st and 2nd cousins--a whole lot of them, cause they didn't get out to meet with other children. Yes there were 253 of them from my age and above have gone into the eternal world. Molly Slanker was the latest one--about 2 years ago. She's from Pennsylvania--she died. She was about a year or two older than I was. Lots of people younger than me died, but those 253 were my age or older. But I don't know that it's any great blessing to live to be so old. If you're ready to die and pass off at any young age, why they spend a lot of chastisements and trouble through life. I've had a pretty hard life of it--up's and downs. (Genevieve: you've had more ups than downs) I guess that's right. But if I had the privilege, Ivan, tonight, to set back to two years old, to live my life over again, I'd say "no". I don't want to live it over. But I wouldn't want to live my life over again and go through what I've gone through with. Oh, I've had a pretty hard time of it. Lots of sorrow--my mother and dad, sisters, my wife and my daughter and (then) leaving out, leaving me. (they'd passed on, he means.) Have to bear it though. That'll be a great homecoming, won't it!? And we don't know who has to go next. Should be ready and not worry about it. When the Lord calls us, why, I know we have on our wedded garments to enter into the marriage feast. I ... In the Bible, some of them had made no preparation and when they went to go into the marriage feast why it was over with before they could go in. You know they gave that explanation. How easy, if we'd realize that Christ lives within all of us. "If you confess me before men, you shall be saved!"--"and I'll confess you before my Father who is in Heaven. I go to prepare a place for you and I'll come here and receive you unto myself. I go prepare a mansion for you" He promised a mansion up there for us. And it says it's never been told to man yet the great joy of heaven. The great joy we'll have in Heaven when we get through the pearly gates. That's his word. My father died so young. Finally, he was so tired he said "make me a a pallet down before the fire," Sally (she was called his wife Sarah, "Sally" and I'll try to lay down". She laid the pallet before the fire (fireplace) and he laid down and he hadn't laid there, I don't think two minutes, he called "Sally, Sally, Sally" and by the time they got him up to his desk he had died right there. He suffered untold pain. Dr. Cameron said he had cancer, but we had no sign of it. But he had those awful bad spells, he couldn't lay down. It might have been appendicitus. If now, he'd been operated on and saved. (Dave: how long was he sick?), Oh, he had the cancer 12 months or longer, that he was bad. (Dave: what did your mother die of?) Yes, she took pneumonia and died. We had a mare that had a colt and mother was looking after it in the cold weather and the colt got in the fence. I told her "mother it's so cold you're exposing yourself. You'll take pneumonia and die. Why, she said: "why do we want to stay here, it's better on beyond" and by the way in a day or so she took pneumonia and lived just a short time. (she died Dec. 21, 1908) And I said to her "did you see this evening the beautiful sunshine with the going down of the sun?" She answered "I look at my heavenly home every day. There isn't a day but what I look and view my heavenly home." She's the one (Sarah) who had the brother (about age 10) who died and went to heaven and told all about the beauties of Heaven and all (the people) he saw there, and so on. And came back (to life) and performed miracles--threw a handkerchief up to the left and it stayed there till 2 o'clock the next day. And said I'll show you where

above. "Sally, he called her Sally"

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Page 6 History and Stories of the Sharp Family, Slatyfork, W. Va. by L. D. Sharp; (taped 6-13-59) 22
 Heaven is", and went out and my Mother and all of them, the whole heavens turned the prettiest light you ever saw. (The boy, Otha or Othy said:) "now up this way pap is coming" He'd been to a sale up on Elk and had been gone all day, I reckon. And said a light like a candle showed the pathway where Grandfather (Hannah). Grandfather (Hannah) came home and Otha told him he'd died and had been in Heaven and told about seeing Aunt Martha Buzzard. She'd shout all over the church. She died before he was born. And told (of) different ones. Said "the Savior took me over and showed me the pits of hell, and there was fellow on Elk that was so wicked and said Christ asked him "why did you take my name in vain"? And he said it was so beautiful there. Grandfather Hannah asked him "Did you come back to stay with me?" "I just came back just to tell you about heaven. You're worrying about Joe who died at 12 years old and had never joined the church. There he is!! Can't you see him! --and there's the Savior! --just as plain as he can be. The Lord has saved my brother!" (Later:) "I'm just going to stay a short time. He then begged for Aunt Mary (Mary) to put her in the fire and said "not a hair of ~~hair~~ will burn" and of course they wouldn't give her to him as she was just a baby. And he told Grandfather Hannah after so long of time "I wish you'd make me a pallet down before the fire. Before that though he said I want to eat with you before I go. She got some food on the table and he sat there and sat there and she ate. And when they got through they said why didn't you eat with me. He said "the savior feed me on light loaf and milk and honey all the time you were eating." (Dad told us other times that the family could smell honey in that breadbox for a long time after that). He said "there he is right there, can't you see him?" Then he asked Grandfather Hannah about making a pallet before the fire after so long a time. And he laid the pallet down and Otha didn't move a hand or foot and never gave a groan. That made them all. (Christians) And, Uncle George Hannah became a preacher. Grandfather Hannah wouldn't eat anything cooked on Sunday after that. I think Otha had diphtheria. It killed so many of them on Elk. -- Arabaugh's(?) and 5 or 6 old maids and bachelors--killed everyone in the family and killed the only sister my father had. What was her name? --Martha? (Dave: I think it was Mary) She was buried down top the hill on the left hand side of the road (Rt 219 below the store). (Genevieve: was it your mother's brother that died and went to heaven?) Yes, he went to heaven and came back and performed these miracles. When he came back a--at the two-story house, there above Frank Hannah's above the road (Rt. 219). I was there a time or two in that house when I was a child. And he went out and showed them where heaven was. He threw the handkerchief up and it said it will stay there on the left (ceiling) and it'll stay up there and when he threw the red bandana handkerchief, I've heard different ones of the family say and it looked like the space of a knife blade between it and the ceiling and it stayed there the rest of that day and Grandmother Hannah had that baby and didn't go up to the Hannah graveyard up there at George L Hannah's up where the graveyard was then. (Vee Hannah's place) She asked him what time they put Otha in the grave. (Otha) And grandfather told her "at two o'clock" when they buried him. She said, "I noticed at 2 o'clock that handkerchief was laying across the back of the chair. I've heard them say, and I know it to be a fact, they said it looked like the width of a knife blade between it and the left. Oh, God gave him the power to perform those miracles. Genevieve, did your mother die with a heart attack? (Genevieve: she must have) Wasn't she singing "I lay down my cross and take up my crown" (Genevieve: I'll change my cross for a crown" --as soon as she got through singing that song she was gone. END

Dad told me previously that Otha told his father on his return from the sale that he beautiful him (Otha) a cell. * David Hannah's house

Where the tape was not clear, I put dots and question marks ????? If someone can decipher the tape better later on, it could be changed, or filled in. This was a tape Dave Sharp, his son, made in the summer of 1959. Paul Sharp also has a tape of Dad. I may also have another one misplaced just now.

Aunt Mary above in mind (in 1959),

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Stories and History of the Slatyfork Sharps

One time Dad, (L. D. Sharp) as a boy living at the "old place" over the hill, came home at night with a lantern up the path along the side of the hill (left of the Slatyfork creek about 400 yards from the mouth of the creek, when he saw a skunk just in front of him. He couldn't let it get away so he jumped on it with both feet. His feet flew out from under him and he rolled 30 feet down the steep bank, bruised, so lay there a minute to get his breath. He felt the skunk under him and he jumped up and down on it till he killed it. He broke his lantern globe. He said he got more than enough from the pelt to buy a globe. But ~~xxxxxxx~~ his mother made him leave the clothes outside the house until the odor left. by L. D. Sharp 240

I, Dave, was given by my father, Uncle Hugh Sharp's silver, 18 size ^{medium} pocket watch. Uncle Hugh may have bought the watch, or it may have belonged to his father, William. As I remember the story, the watch was dropped in the mill dam when they were working there late one day. They were only able to get it out the next morning. They wound it up and it started running. Dad said it probably was waterproof from the grease on it from Uncle Hugh wearing it, ha.

Dad always took us boys fishing on the first day of the season. He was a good fly fisher. I've seen him catch two at once several times on flies. He said he took mother fishing once and he told her not to stand over the hole as the fish would see her. He laughed and said she caught the largest of all they caught. He took us deer hunting and bear hunting. One time he had me back up on Slatyfork mountain and the dogs were barking chasing a bear over on the other side. He listed a little bit and said: "that's the sweetest music ever made--dogs yelping after a bear!" He perhaps killed 50 or more deer in his lifetime, but I have never ever heard him say he ever killed a bear. He shot at, at least, one, up on the mountain. The bear had cubs. He sighted and when he pulled the trigger, he kneeled later, he had the rear sight on her, but not the front sight. He thought he'd have a fight with her.

When he was about 80 we children presented him for Christmas a trophy with a plate on the front engraved "The Greatest Deer Hunter in W. Va." and our names engraved on it. He was very pleased with it. Later, when he was unable to climb the mountains (age about 89) he sat in a chair up Slatyfork creek in a blind, went to sleep, woke up and saw a deer and shot it. It ran across the creek and fell dead. I think Ivan came down to where he was and brought it over to the road.

One time when he was over on Gauley, deer hunting at a deer lick, he hid in a tree top about 50 feet from the (salt) lick. It was getting late in the afternoon when a "catamount" (wildcat?) kept smelling deer tracks at the licks and wouldn't leave. It was getting almost dark, so he decided to shoot the cat as no deer would come to it. He said he sighted and sighted, but didn't have the front sight up in the rear sight when he shot. The cat didn't know where the shot was from and the only place he could go hide was that tree top, so he made 3 or 4 big jumps ~~xxxx~~ toward Dad in the tree top. Dad said he jumped up and yelled as loud as he could, and the cat went the other way! ha.

Another time, he was hunting over there with, I believe a Sam Higgins. The other man was on a stand up the hill. Dad was "driving" or hunting around the hill below when he saw a deer running by. He shot it and it fell down. Dad set his gun against a tree and stepped one leg across the deer, got a hold of its horns and to see where he hit it, when the deer jumped up quickly and started to run. Dad got off ~~xx~~ and away from it and grabbed his gun and shot it dead. He said later, it would have been funny if he had held on to its horns and rode it up through the stand by the other hunter. ha. ONE ANTLER HAD A YAW AND A BULL-HET NOTCH - IT STUNNED THE DEER.

Another time he went fishing with ~~xx~~ (Jackson, I think, over on Gauley. The boy was (DAVE) only about 11 years old. They camped on the bank of the creek, but it was actually an island when the water was up high. They built a fire, and it started to rain very hard and the creek got high. They heard a "catamount" whining in the woods. They were afraid to move over where the cat was, and afraid to stay on the island because the water may wash them away. As I recall, they kept the fire going bright to keep the cat away. (They may have moved over on higher ground and rebuilt the fire --?)

Another time hunting (or fishing) over on Gauley, they camped out (no shelter) and they told bear stories before going asleep. Dad's head came off and he was feeling around for it about 2 AM, when his hands came upon another fellow's head. He thought a bear had him and he jumped up yelling, ha.

Jackson's story was that the fellow that worked for Dad, he once told him to get this man's brains out of his eggs! what a name? 240

Uncle Hugh had, I think, about 15 pet deer at one time. When he was a small boy of about 12 one of his older brothers saw a bear with cubs up in the ~~law~~ laurel patch, but they told him that they saw a deer with fawns up there, so he sneaked up there, perhaps to capture a fawn. When he got in the bushes, he saw the bear and she took after him in protection of her cubs. He ran down the hill and crawled into a hollow log so ~~she~~ she couldn't get him.

Later on when he was grown and when Dad was perhaps 12 years old, he had the 15 deer. All he had to do to get a buck deer was to wait till a buck followed his most beloved deer, named, I think "Nellie".

One time Dad and Aunt Ella was coming from over the hill (the old place) and were going through the meadow, when this deer ^{CRACK WIZ} who I believe had fawns and protecting them, took after them. They ran to a small tree and climbed up, in it till Uncle Hugh came to their call for rescue.

One fall when Uncle Hugh was, perhaps above the service patch of trees, when men were deer hunting when he heard a shot. When he got out to where he heard the shot, there lay his pet deer with her bell that she wore around her neck. The man offered to pay for her. He then offered him the meat, but he told them he couldn't eat his pet deer.

The limestone cave below the railroad track, up the road, opposite the waterfountain on route 219 has been known for years as the Hugh Sharp Cave. I was told that a deer was tracked in there once. Maybe went to entrance for shelter. Uncle Hugh is supposed to have his name written inside some place. I have seen names on the walls inside but I don't recall seeing his name, but it is a big cave.

Captain Mundy and Uncle Hugh were good friends. I faintly remember a story about Captain Mundy coming up on an Indian in the woods and they fought to the death. The Indian was mostly naked and greased and Captain Mundy could hardly hold him to throw him down. I don't recall the outcome of the fight.

Captain lived at one time in Buckhannon. As I recall, Dad and I drove to Mrs. Mundy's house in Buckhannon when I was in college. She was old, and may have been younger than him when she married him???

Ramona Shipley has Ivan's collection of old deeds. Among them is one of 1860 when William Sharp, Sr. deeded 2,020 acres "for love and \$5" to his son William Sharp, Jr. ~~She~~ she also has a copy of a 1931 Pocahontas Times giving an account of in 1832 of William Sharp, age 92 petitioning the State of Virginia for an army pension for Indian scouting and fighting against the British in the revolutionary war. Perhaps she could make us some copies of these, *she did*.

I heard the story, I think Dad told, that Uncle Hugh went up Elk to see a Rider girl up the hollow above Jim Gibson's on a Sunday. Some boys knew he was coming and tied a string across the path up to the house, near the house. They pulled the string and he fell embarrassing him, and he never went with any girls after that.

Uncle Hugh used to go up to the upper meadow, up the creek from the new store, to feed the cows hay. When the water got up too deep to get across, he would walk on stilts. One day in the winter his stilt hit an apparent submerged cake of ice and he slipped and fell in the deep water.

This reminds me of the time Dad had Austin Galford to cut a limb of a locust tree over at the "old place" that hung over the hold of water near the big barn (now gone). He climbed up there with a saw or ax and stood on the limb and cut it off and he fell in that hole of water. They described his yell as "Oussch!!" when he fell in the water on that winter day.

I'd heard that Uncle Hugh didn't like flowers. Perhaps they planted some that he thought was in his way. One day when they went to church, and when they got back they found the flowers wilted, as if hot water had been poured on them.

Silas Uncle Hugh had a sugar tree orchard ~~back up on the flat~~ and he worked it on Sundays. His ^{Wife} ~~mother~~, ^{SARAH} ~~Michael~~, told him he would lose by working on Sundays. Dad said that for about five Sundays in a row he had misfortune. Spill all the Syrup. Log trough sprung a leak and lost all the sugar water, etc etc.

Dad said when he was a boy, they relied on sugar from sugar trees for sweetener. They had to get 100 pounds of sugar (maple sugar) and then they could make maple syrup. They used wooden spiles to get the water from the trees. And had small wooden troughs at each tree to catch it in, as they had few buckets. There was a sugar camp up on the flat.

Dad had a sugar camp over at the old place just below the meadow there at the creek.

Stories and History of the Slatyfork, W.Va. Sharp's (L.D. Sharp)

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Granddad, Preacher Morgan was driving along in his buggy on a steep mountain road, when a pheasant flew up and scared his horse and the buggy up-set over the hill and broke his leg and a gallon of jug of molasses. He was taken into a neighbor's house and put to bed. A woman ~~xxxx~~ ^{who} donated the molasses came to see him and worried about the lost molasses. Granddad Morgan took pneumonia there and died. Probably was in a cold room. Grandmaw Morgan then married "Wes" ^{Ervin} Ervine up the "Brush Country", and inherited his 20 acres. The Morgans had Laura, Lena, Ninnie, Bill and Edgar Morgan. Grandma was a Ramsey from Greenbrier County--(Ronceverte?) Maiden name, Ramsey. ----Si Sharp

see
Grandmaw
story

Dad, L. D. Sharp, sold the timber on the Hugh Sharp place after Uncle Hugh gave him the farm to take care of him the rest of his life. With the money he built the large 17 room house. Kennison from Hillsboro (Perhaps a ^{brother} of a Kennison girl "ID" went to see when she taught school on Elk near Aunt Ella's--I think she taught school). contracted to build the house for \$5000. When it was finished he told Dad that he broke even on it. Dad gave him 10% more--\$500. Uncle Hugh moved into the new house, (from the log house which is still standing) which was built about 1916- 1918. Mrs. Rachael Showalter from Linwood stayed there and cooked for Uncle Hugh. Uncle Hugh had his bee hives moved inside the new fence of the house. He hid his money in the lid of one of his bee hives. We heard that someone found out where it was and took it. He had a bee hive with a glass window to see the bees working. Ivan said that Captain Moundy made it for him. They were good friends and bought some land together, or received it as a grant from the State of Virginia. Uncle Hugh had several large round hives made from hollow logs that are still in storage along with the glass windowed one. The Log house was built before the Civil War, by William Sharp, father of Hugh. His first house was just inside the fence at the big spring at the mill dam. Si said the old barn below the store was there before and during the civil war. Uncle Hugh apparently told Si about it.

---Dave Sharp

Dad told a story that his father, Si told him Either grandfather Si or his father, William had been missing ears of corn out of the corncrib at night. He decided to set the wolf spring trap in the corn crib. One morning at daybreak he was going by the crib on the way to the barn, and through the corner of his eye he saw a man caught at the corncrib and pretended not see him. The man yelled out "Silas" (or was it "William"). He went over, and he said to let him out of the trap and he'd never do it again. He begged that it not be told because he was so ashamed; Dad said he never did tell what neighbor it was that stole the corn.--he kept his promise not to tell.

--Dave Sharp

Another time, Silas was loosing ~~hay~~ hay out of the barn on the mountain. He slept up there a night or two and caught a man, that I believe said was ~~W~~ Mannah. He also promised not steal hay again, but no promises was made about telling about it.

--Dave Sharp

Dad and Uncle Bob Gibson went to the St Louis World Fair in 1904. Dad's grandmother, Fester knew some German because her parents were from Germany. Dad knew one word, which was German for "pretty girl". Among all the different booths (Italian, English, etc.) there was a German booth selling items. Dad walked up to a group of girls in the booth and said his word. They immediately started talking in German. He said he was so embarrassed that he turned around and hurried away., ha.

--Dave

There is a large limestone cave between the road and the railroad at the waterfountain that has been known as the "Hugh Sharp Cave". He had been in it several times, and may have originally found it. Si, Paul, Dave and othes have been in it. A creek runs over a waterfall in it. Paul took pictures of it with a flash back in the 30's.

On Gauley Mountain, is a ~~knob~~ knob known as the Sharp Knob, and probably named after William who bought land in that area for Harmon. It is near the fire tower area.

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The Slatyfork Sharps, Stories, History, and Miscellaneous items.

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David Hannah, father of Sarah Hannah, wife of Silas Sharp, lived in a log house where Page Hannah lived, and in recent years where Archie and Cora Gibson lived in a newer house after the log house was removed. Frank Hannah said that David sold the place to Frank's father, Sam Hannah, before David moved to Buck. Apparently David died there and was brought back and buried in the Hannah cemetery on Elk. Tradition is that David was buried in an unmarked grave in the Hannah cemetery. There is some confusion about where David lived all his life. My father said that David lived in a two-story log house on the left of the road--across from Sam Hannah's (Frank Hannah) house. Said he had been in the house. And Dad also told me one time that his grandfather lived there at Page Hannah's. Dad said the two-story house burned. So maybe they rebuilt down at the Page Hannah place. Ivan in his tapes (recorded elsewhere in this book) I believe states that David lived on the Dilley place in a log house that burned down, and where Otha died and had his vision of heaven. (Ivan's tape also said Anna Leha (tape not clear--was it Aunt Leha?) was the mother of Josie Lewis and Edna Foster of Minton.)

--Dave Sharp
Frank Hannah told me the story about Blaine Sharp, that "LD" told us many times. Blaine lived near Sam ~~Hannah~~ Hannah's, I think. He often times came down and stayed with Sarah and Si at night. Blaine, brother of a Henry Sharp, was at Sarah's house when it got dark. Sarah, forgetting that Blaine didn't sleep in the extra room the night before, just told him "Blaine, you can sleep where you did last night". ha. Blaine "who was not very smart" said "It's dark, but I've got a good bed at home and I'm going there"! ha. It may have been Allie Gibson instead of ~~Sam~~ Frank that retold this story to me, but I'm pretty sure it was Frank. ---Dave Sharp

Ellis, Bowd and Sam Hannah were brothers---Frank Hannah
A sister married John Beverage. Another sister was Nancy Dilley.
Bowd Hannah lived near the present Rt 219 road above Sam Hannah's house.
John ~~Hannah~~ Gibson was Sam and Joe Gibson's father. -- Frank Hannah

Andy Hannah was father of John Hannah. From one of Dad's tapes.

George L. Hannah ran the "Yelk" Post Office on Elk where Don Hannah now lives--in the same house. Si said Aunt Ella ran it when he remembered the P. O.
Wugh, Lee, Clark and Fred Hannah were brothers--sons of Sheldon Hannah.

Allie Gibson said she taught school at Slatyfork in 1911-1912.--in the school house that burned about 1927 when the Carter's (working on the new road-building) lived in it. It was located about 200 feet from the mouth of Slatyfork creek, on the creek bank.

Ada Sharp also taught school there, perhaps about 1913-1914? + *Tampt Li*

When the road (now 219) was built about 1926-1927, they (Battershell Construction Co.) used a real steam shovel fired by coal or wood and operated by Mr. Carter, father of Kathleen seen in a school picture. The shovel dumped dirt in wooden dump wagons pulled by mules to a dumping place--a low place in the roadway, pull a lever and the dirt fell through. Mud was very deep and they whipped the mules with big long whips. They worked them sometimes without a collar pad and the shoulders were bleeding and red like hamburger. Several died in the flat area just up the creek where they were tied up at night. After the road was dragged flat, loads of creek rock was hauled to the road and gangs of men with sledge hammers cracked the flat rocks into fist size rocks, then smaller sizes on top and later they hauled limestone crushed rock from over Elk Mountain etc for a topping before the tar on top.

A group of shanties were built out of rough lumber between the roadway and where the old Slatyfork creek road crossed the creek.

1/ Interview of Mrs. Forest (Allie) Gibson in 1980 by Dave Sharp on tape recorder. 245

William Sharp's sister married David Gibson and lived where the Bob Gibsons orchard is. Bernard Sharp, killed near Bob Gibson place was buried in the Moffett cemetery on top of the butt (hill) in front of the Jim Gibson house, during Civil War. George Luther Hannah, ~~a minister, son of David~~, (that's where Luther Sharp got his name) married Emma McClure and she died down here in the church and she was buried behind the Droop Mountain Church. Allie's story about Otha having died and going to heaven and returning to talk to the family was the same as down Dad's side of the family. I told Allie that Vee Hannah's daughter Evelene told me the same story came down Melinda's side of the family. Allie said: Otha told the family that Joe had gone to heaven and that any of the rest of you that want to can go too. Otha said if you want to see where heaven is I'll take you outside and show you and he showed them the heavens were lit up beautiful. Mary (sister of Sarah) was a baby, who later married Sam Gibson and had one child, Stella who married a Fisher.

Many years later when Mary's child, Stella, was perhaps a teenager, Mary in getting ready to go down to Slatyfork to see Sarah, her sister (Mrs. Silas Sharp), went into a bedroom to get some waists to wear and saw two men in there in a vision. She didn't know them and one said "don't be frightened--we're Otha and Joe--we've come to help bear your burdens, and it won't belong till you'll go (die)". Mary was aunt Mary. Mary took Stella on behind her on the horse and went to grandma's and she cided all the way from uncle Sam Gibson's home down to Slatyfork creek and dried her tears up before she went to the house, and Stella said: Mommy cried all the way down till we got to the creek. That's the day Mary asked grandma (Sarah) if she'd take care of Stella and raise her, and ~~XXXX~~ Mary died a short few months after that. (Dave: I've heard Dad tell about Stella being raised there with him. I always thought Dad raised her, but I suppose Dad meant Stella was raised by his family--his father and mother.) Grandma Sarah lived till about 1908.

Dave: who was William Sharp? William always lived over on the Uncle Hugh Place. William owned all the Slatyfork country. They always had a mill there at Slatyfork. (Dave: I was told by Dad that there was an older smaller mill dam there. We could see one of the dam legs, half submerged, about 30 feet above the later dam legs--where the old dam was.)

Silas gave Ella and Melinda property up Slatyfork. We still own the mineral rights to that 242 acres. We had a nice orchard up there on the place (above LD's line on Slatyfork) and a freeze came and killed most of the trees in the country and I don't know if any are alive now. (I remember 2 or 3 trees across the creek from the present Lowell Gibson cabin)

Stories about the Sharps: I can tell you one about Silas Sharp. He didn't join either side in the Civil War, because the Confederates had come in and killed his (younger?) brother Luther, 16 and a civilian, right there at the house. He wouldn't fight on either side and they sent him to prison down in Richmond and he nearly starved to death while there. He said they killed rats and cats and ate them. They'd throw a cover over a cat when they came in with a guard and ate them. Silas said he never could eat a cat but did eat rats to keep from starving. When he came home he was so poor and thin no one knew him--not even his wife-to-be Sarah, who he soon married. After he married grandma, Sarah, she later said she didn't know him when he came back. I guess they were classmates together before the war and things like that. He fell in love with grandma and was married and had "L. D.", my mother Ella and Aunt Melinda. I've heard them tell about Silas sleeping on the hard ground in prison and when he got home he couldn't sleep in a bed very well for a while--slept on the floor. I can tell a story of later on after he (Silas) was married. He had such a good sugar cane and when sugaring season was on he liked to make sugar and syrup. One time he went to sleep on Sunday and burned up his syrup. Grandmother wouldn't help him on Sundays (Sarah's parents wouldn't even cook on Sunday--Dave Hannah). The next Sunday the same thing or similar, he lost his syrup. Do you remember, Dave? (I said: I thought it was uncle Hugh who was warned if he made syrup on Sunday he'd lose everything trying to do it on Sunday, but apparently it was Silas, and Dad told me one time the wooden trough serving a leak and lost all the sugar water, and another time he spilled it.) Allie said: and the 3rd time he said: "this is one time Sally's (he called Sarah by "Sally") prayers won't be answered, and he was going home with two big buckets of syrup and on his way home stubbed his toe ~~and~~ on a briar and spilled most of it and said: "I'll never try it again". Allie assured me it was Silas instead of Hugh.

246 Allie: I know something Sarah did. LD was going to see a school teacher and he came up to my mother's (Ella), to see a teacher who was boarding with mother. Her name was Lena Kellison from Hillsboro and was teaching school across the road from mom's. He'd come up several times on Sunday to see her. Someone (his mother Sarah) put some bread in his pocket so when he got off his horse at the barn he threw out the bread from his pocket and the chickens were running around with bread in their mouths, and that was a joke on him. (Allie implied that LD was embarrassed and didn't go see her any more.) It was the same Kellisons from Hillsboro that built Dad's big house.

Henry ~~David~~ was killed up here on Elk, near Robert Gibson's house and buried at the Moffett's cemetery, on the hill in front of Jim Gibson's big house, across the road and up on a high knoll. (Jim Gibson was father of Forest, Winters, Summers, etc.)

There is no markers up at that graveyard. Not even of my granddad. (which granddad?) I don't know where young Luther was buried. Otha was probably buried over at the Hannah cemetery where Marvin Hannah lived and now owned by Harry Hannah. Joe Hannah and wife Elizabeth, father of John Hannah was buried in the Hannah cemetery. I saw his marker.

The Indians crossed through above here (mountain) and came down through here.

"Jane" ~~(XXXXXXXXXXXX)~~ Hannah was a daughter of a pioneer and married to Joe Barlow and lived at the Barlow place (on Elk Mt.). She was a sister of David.

Uncle George Hannah was the son of David Hannah and died in Minton and he was a preacher and preached at Buck, W. Va. and died there and buried there. He was keeping grandma Hannah, his mother, and she died down there and is buried at _____.

Most of the Hannahs were buried at the Hannah cemetery on Elk.

Melinda Hannah married John Rose in Webster Co. Their daughter Stella died last year at about 96.

Bowd Hannah was Sam Hannah's brother.

Otha's father, David, went to a sale (Martha Buzzard's? --recording weak) to get a horse but brought a cow home instead, I think. Otha told them before his father came home, that he'd bought a cow. Otha threw a handkerchief to the ceiling and it fell across a chair at the time Otha's body was lowered into the grave. He said he could put the baby (Mary) in the fire and it wouldn't hurt her, but they wouldn't let him.

at '80 Grand father Silas would take us on his knee when I visited them. Ada and a bunch of us and Violet was smaller. And he'd sing "Hobbie horse and two little girls riding a saddle" "Hobbiedegig, hobbiedegig, two little girls riding a saddle". William Sharp's sister was Mary Gibson--David Gibson's wife.

David Hannah must have been buried over here in the Hannah Cemetery. Aunt Hester Sisafesse Hannah, David's wife) is buried at Buck, W. Va.

Rev George Hannah was the minister. Son of David. He was not George L. Hannah. Rev. Geo. Hannah took care of his mother, Mrs. David Hannah, at Buck.

He and his mother were buried there.

Repeat of the story told in July: Mary Gibson and her daughter Stella planned to go to Slatyfork to see her mother Sara Sharp. She went in a room to get her wraps to go and there were two men standing in there and she didn't know them and they happened to be her brothers, Otha and Joe. They said "We're Otha and Joe, You've had a lot of troubles and we've come to help you bear them.--she'd been sick. She was only a baby when they died and she didn't know them. She (Mary) cried all the way down to Grandma's. Stella held her grandma that her mother had cried all the way down. ~~XXXX~~ Stella told her grandma about the vision. That was when Mary asked Sarah to take care of Stella and raise her and she did, (Mary died soon after that). We all thought a lot of Stella. Stella was really mom's step-sister, you might say. She wasn't adopted, though. Stella married a Fischer and died in Elkins, and had a son named Reckey.

Uncle George Hannah's wife died in the church. He married Emma McClure from Droop--she was buried there. Aunt Mag Hannah and Edith Calahan--all buried in Droop Mt. Cemetery--tombstones.

George L. Hannah was John Hannah's boy.

David and John were brothers. George L. (Luther) is the one that had the post office at Yelk (near Marvin Hannah's, where Don Hannah lives--the same house). There was a post office near Charleston named Elk, so they spelled it Yelk by adding a "Y" to it. I suppose the first post office in the area was there. (I believe she said the post office was there in the 1800's.)

David and John's parents, Joe and Elizabeth (Burnside) were buried in the Hannah cemetery.

John P. Hannah's mother was a Burnside.

Interview of Mrs. Forest (Allie) Gibson in 1980 by Dave Sharp, two different times. 247

Othe and Joe probably had a double vault, and probably buried in the Hannah cemetery. (I couldn't find a stone of Othe or Joe in the cemetery).

Dave: If Joe Hannah was buried over there in the Hannah cemetery then that would be in the early 1800's--? Allie: Yes, they were buried over there (near the present cemetery) and later an apple tree in the orchard grew up ~~with~~ the old cemetery was and they took the monument or stone up and put it in the cemetery and left the grave buried there. There was nothing they could do about it. The stone is a little square.

John Rose married Aunt Melinda Hannah. ~~XX~~ Robert Rose was a son of John Rose. ...and Stella Rose died last year at about 94. *She was married to Harmon Bonner*

Dave: I've heard that a lot of people stopped in at the house of Jim Gibson and he fed a lot of people. Allie: "They always cooked a 1/2 bushel --Potatoes, beans or corn. The big pot is still back there now. We made bread --2 pans of bread. I don't know how he (Jim) provided it all. He'd been a millionaire if he hadn't let people steal from him. He bought a lot of timber land down in Webster County near Webster Springs--all that-- and didn't get reserved one iota of minerals--coal, and they mined all that land.

Where did the land come from where Uncle Bob Gibson lived.: Did the Sharp's have anything to do with it? Allie: That was Gibson Land all the time..

The land on Slatyfork (Creek) running up to the top of the mountain (near Larrel Run or Slatyfork creek), my mother, Ella, owned over 200 acres and Aunt Melinda's land came in between mom's and another piece of property where it was flat down at the creek and we put out apple trees there one year (across from Lowell Gibson's new cabin).

Dave: There used to be some apple trees there a few years ago,--maybe still there.) The government owns the land but mom reserved the mineral rights.

Rda and I went up there once and fished at the hole of water near the apple trees.

helped mom with the dishes etc. and helped her some in the garden. My sister, Florence, went out with the horses in the woods with the men. She could harness up a horse as well as a man could. She worked with horses and skidded logs. Once a man asked her where he could "do his business" (BM) thinking she was a man and she said: "right over there" ha.

Interview 1980

Frank Hannah: Harmon Bonner was a brother of Lee Bonner, father of Hubert and Ganneth Bonner -- Dave went to grade school with them. They lived in Harmon Sharp's old log house across the creek from where Big Spring empties into Elk (Slatyfork)

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Dave: they put the telephone line through here in 1898-1899. Tell me about it. Allie: We kids imitated the line by putting elder bush poles in the ground and truing strings on it. Dave: Dad said David Hannah lived just above Sam Hannah's place --besie the present road when Otha died and saw his vision. He said it was a log house, two stories. He said he'd been in that house when he was a boy and he said it burned. Didn't David Hannah live there before he moved down to the log house at Page Hannah's? Allie: I never heard of him living up there near Sam Hannahs. Dave: Who lived in the old house there near Sam Hannahs? Allie: Aunt Leah Hannah stayed there--Bowd Hannah--bee, I wonder what those people's name was. The Gibson house was an old log house up the hollow (at Sam Hannah's?--Dave) Dave: I stopped there and the old chimney rocks are still there between the old and new road. Allie: seems like the Browns lived there. I'll tell a little story. Grandma Hannah (Hester) was there to visit and she said Elmer Rider was a little boy and he visited there and there was a Rider lived there then--Elmer's daddy. He said he got a hair in something (eating) and she was so mad at him for saying loodly "gotta hair, what am I going to do with it"? Grandma told us kids, you know, "what that boy should have done was take that hair out and said nothing about it" It must have been a Rider that lived there because Elmer was there. (Dad told us the story about the boy and the hair, but I never remembered who it was--Dave).

Dave: Ivan, in one of his tapes he made said: "David Hannah lived in that log house before it burned." Allie: that isn't the same house. That's the one over where Archie (page Hannah's) Jim Jackson lived there (Archie's place), after David lived there--in my time. My mother (Ella) stayed there with uncle Henry and aunt Mag when Ernest Hannah was born--he moved to New Mexico. (Dave: Frank Hannah said David sold the place to Sam Hannah before he died.) Allie: when David died he (~~Ernest~~) left (what?) to George and Henry. Henry only had one boy and afraid he'd get in meaness and he kept moving like "a turkey gobbler"--jumping from place to place. Then they must have sold the place to Sam Hannah. George and Henry were to look after their mother, Hester. Uncle (George) was a minister and moved a lot and Uncle Henry was a merchant and he just went from place to place--Arbovale, Renick's Valley, and so many places. He married Mag McClure. She's burried at Droop. She came back after Uncle Henry died from New Mexico and came back to her sisters and died down at Bee..... (?)

L.D.'s Courting: Allie: A school teacher was boarding at Mother's and uncle Luther was going with her (Lena Kenniston?). He'd been coming up pretty regularly to see her. Had to go horseback. So grandmother or Stella down there put some biscuits in his pocket. So when he got ~~down~~ off the horse at the barn, whe, he threw the biscuit out of his pocket and the chickens just scrambled for it. Embarrassed him. It may have been Lena Kennison. Mom had a picture of her. I was only about 2 years old when Luther and Laura married. Laura said she thought I was the cutest child she ever saw. She took a likening to me and we were always like mother and daughter. I believe even closer. I always thought so much of her. My father, Bob Gibson (wagons) went to Huttonsville to the train to bring Uncle Luther groceries etc. One of Suzie Rider's brothers or her father was drowned in the river (Tygart). I think he was a Brown. Dave: Dad told once of someone drunk and drowning in Tygart River. Allie: that was him. Suzie's father I think. He was a Brown. I wonder where the Brown's came from and the Jacksons?

Allie:Martha Hannah. That must have been the John Hannah's famuly. Forest's grandfather was ..(John?) (David and John brothers?) ... Where the Hugh Hannah house is--was--a log house. I never remembered Forest's grandfather except when he was burried. I remembered. I wondered why that woman was sitting on the bed crying. I was a child. It was Aunt Mandy Hambrick with one of Lee Hambricks little ones --baby one.

I taught school at Slatyfork 1911-1912. The Trustees were L. D. Sharp and Sam Hannah. I stayed at my uncle LD and Aunt Laura's from Monday evening till Friday morning, for \$11 (I think) a month. I helped with the bed making, dish washing and the like, I helped around the house and store if needed. As far as I remember, I paid \$11 for board. I loved them very much. I'm sure they all had an education suitable for their day. I remember Mandy Irvine tripping and running and doing the work at William Sharp's. I don't recall my great grand--Grandparents (Wm and Rachael Dilley). Uncle Hugh was there.

All I know is David Hannah and Hester raised their family at the Sam Hannah's house were James Jackson raised their family. I know my ~~family~~ mother stayed there when Uncle Henry and Aung Mag lived there and took care of Earnest Hannah--I think she was 14 then.

Sam Morgan preached at Mary's Chapel

Yes, there was an old house where Frank Hannah said on Boude Hannah place just opposite the Gibson place in the corner (Corner?

.....
I think Grandma Hannah (Hester) told me Elmer & Pennick Rider, parents lived there. (Elmer's parents? It was just a vacant house to me. (It's gone now? .

That was Silas Sharp that slept in a rocking chair. He didn't lay down for six weeks. The night he died he asked Grandma: "Sarah"--his wife: to fix him a pallet by the fire. She helped him down. Then he said "help me up" He died peacefully then--just went to sleep. I didn't know of any of the Sharp's owning slaves. Ellis Hannah died in 1915 by an accident.

Joe Gibson's children stayed at Bob Gibson's--and went to school.

Nancy Rider?

Anthony Creek....

Silas Sharp: I stayed with them what time he was sick and had a fly bush to keep flies off of him ---6 weeks he never got out of his chair. He had a bench or something like a table on a high chair to put his arms on and his head down to rest. Stella Gibson was there. She could help grandma take care of him at night.

Students I taught: Jesse, Fred, Frank, Dock Hannahs, Ivan Sharp, Willie Hoover, Willie Harmon Gibson, Clyde Galford (just visited)--under 6, Cayde Ogukkuos Richard Gibson, Henry Gibson, Bernard Galford, Paul Hannah, Violet Sharp, Roxie Galford, Viola Jackson, Eula Galford, Beula Galford, Bessie Hoover, Velma Hoover, Maude Phillips, Bessie Higgins Creola Sharp, Emily Hoover, Ruth Gibson, Emma Hannah (Gibson), ~~Kathy~~ Lucy Hannah (Jackson) Bessie Higgins, (daughter of Sam Higgins)

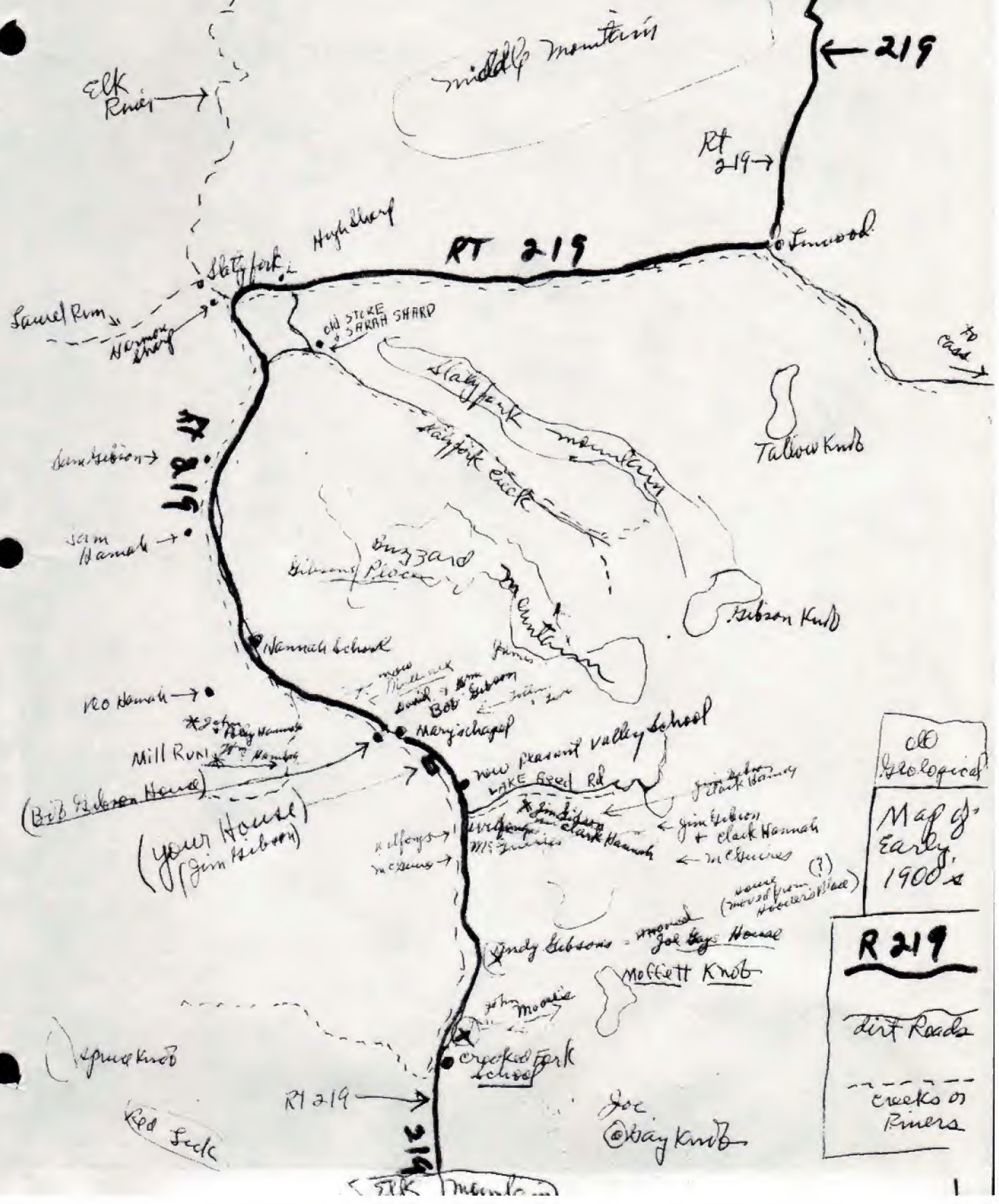
I remember mother (Ella) telling about the log school house at the cemetery. Teachers: Gum Mathews and Mr. Byus.-->He had been left on a river bank to die and some folks found him and named him "Byus" meaning finding him by us. Mother said he was a good person and teacher. He prepared to preach and just preached one sermon and he died. I never asked where he was buried.

Uncle Ellis was driving to town in a wagon & Vee was with him. His horses got scared and he was thrown out and was taken to the Marlinton hospital, where he died --just lived through the night. Russell was at Richmond at school. He came on home. I was at Richmond at the time to see uncle Harmon Sharp, his daughter was Lena Liesty--was at the hospital with her father. Harmon said "you are Bob and Ella's daughter"--he knew me. But I ~~was~~ had left on an early train for Washington and didn't know about Uncle Ellis dying till later.

Beyers?

map: slaty fork - ELK

map
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old
Geological
Map of
Early
1900's

R 219
Dirt Roads
Creeks or
Rivers

Miscellaneous Facts by Frank Hannah, and others (Allie Gibson) 252

The father of Sam and Joe Gibson was John. He was burried at Moffett cemetery. He escaped from Confederates with a pepper-box pistol. Sam Gibson's first wife, Mary (David Hannah's daughter) was burried at the Hannah cemetery at Marvin Hannah's. His second wife was Emma Showalter, a sister of Dick Showalter.

The W. T. Morgan mentioned in the Times (1914) was not Laura's brother. He was a clerk at the commissary that was located across the road from the "yellow house" where he lived. (near the water fountain) Jake Simmons lived about Woodrow--across the mountain from Marvin Hannah. Hugh walked across from Marvin Hannah's to kill him and he was gone. (Jake Simmons killed Hugh's little brother age 16 during the civil war). Henry Sharp (no relation of Hugh's) lived near the Davis Hannah house. He thought he had a brother Joe and Blain. Henry moved to Stamping Creek. His brother Joe got married. Joe's daughter married Lacy Bryant. Henry's daughter, Mamie, went to school one day. Buck Galford lived at the Gibson Knob after living at the head of Slatyfork creek, and he ran Hugh Sharp's mill at Slatyfork.

Henry Doddrell was the one that pretended to be the "Hatfield" gang and left a note in the old log school house for LD to leave \$500 in a box at the old school house (log). He was a former teacher.

Dan Jackson and Noye Ayers lived with Uncle Hugh. Bill Ayers did too and got in a fight with Ansen Lindsey (of Linwood) and cut (Hanson's?) ear about off and he went to Virginia. Jim Jackson and Dan Jackson also lived with Uncle Hugh.

The Pest House was in the big field below Slatyfork town. People who had contagious diseases, diptheria etc. were kept there until well.

The first time Frank heard a voice on a phone, Violet was talking to some one at LD's house when she said "do you want to hear Sam Varner's wife on the phone?".

Effie Moore married Page Gay--Frank Hannah's grandmother.

Lena Morgan (Mitchell) went to school at Slatyfork with Frank--the school house that burned.

Lesslie Judy taught Violet, Lena and Frank. He was mad at the way the two girls fixed their hair with "rats" (see picture of them in book) and made L.D. mad that he did, and he was going to whip Judy. LD dared him to come out of the house. He lived in the Curtis House at the old place. L. D. And Sam Hannah were trustees and they fired him from his job.

- Allie Gibson: Bernard Sharp (which one?) lived at Davis Hannah Place (married children: Joe and Mamie) Killed in the war.

They moved to Hillsboro --Stamping creek. His widow married Henry Sharp and lived at Davis Hannah place.

Henry killed at Robt Gibson place. (Henry Sharp)
William and Mary were bro and sister. She married David Gibson, father of William, who was father of Bob Gibson.

David's sons were Wm. James. "Old uncle Jim" was ("Big Jim")
(John --father of Joe and Sam and Nancy)

Joe Gibson's father lived further up the hollow (Shelton Hollow) -- back of the church. John was burried in the Moffett Cemetery.

Forest Gibson had the first car in the area in 1913. It was a 1909 car. He had the first car in Webster Springs.

Tom Beale lived at the "yellow House". His sons: Charles, etc.

Jim Gibson ("Little Jim") father of Forest.

David Hannah left the log house to Henry (merchant) and George--to take care of Hester, --they sold the place to Sam Hannah. It had belonged to Sam Gibson's wife, Mary, daughter of David. Jim Jackson lived there after David died--the log house at Archie Gibson's (now gone) --picture in book.

Frank Hannah Interviewed by Dave May 1, 1981

Dave: (I asked him something about the first sawmills.--there was one half way from the mouth of Slatyfork to the old store place.)
Frank: ...on up the hollow next to the store (perhaps he means the one half way?) I was pretty small. Maybe that was when the cut the lumber for that new house Si lives in. There was a mill up Slatyfork between the old school house and the old store (that was the half-way one) I remember them cutting those big hemlock trees. We'd go up there sometimes during noon hour, I think. There was a saw mill near the school house later on (1930's) (Dad sold timber and had it sawed). Dave: There was also a saw mill up the creek above the old store place when Dad was a boy. (On Sundays he and others would push the cart up the creek on the tram rails and ride it back, and may have wrecked once?) The old boiler was sold for junk during the second world war. Si said the builder had a kiln near the new house when it was built to dry boards, and he thought they may have sawed the lumber for the house and planed it.
Frank: Kellison from Hillsboro built it.

Bill Friel, I think was the brother of Suzie Rider. George L. Hannah was married 3 times. First wife was a McClure. He fell out with them at Mary's Chapel church and said he'd never go back there again. His wife was there at church and died there. So he had to go back when she died. His second wife was Nora Sharp, daughter of Harmon.

Frank: Eva (Hannah) Beale taught at the Slatyfork school that later burned. Little Bill Gibson down there was full of mischief, like rest of us. We got some dynamite. There was an old hemlock tree that fell across the road and some one had cut it out. We bored a hole in it and poured the dynamite in it and a fuse to it. On Friday evening Eva's father (Ellis) came down after her with the sled. We lit that thing and looked up and saw him coming on the sled and he had just about time to get to the dynamite. Some one ran back and pulled the fuse out.

Frank: (Phones) I don't remember the first time I heard a phone conversation. One time I was down at your Dad's. Violet picked up the phone and some one was talking and she said "you want to hear someone talking?" I said "yes". I remember that Sam Varner's wife was talking to someone. That was before we (Sam Hannah's) had a telephone. Your Dad, John Gibson and some others had phones on the old line.

Otis Gibson used to live up the hollow. He was sick. One winter my mother would go up and sit with him. He had some kind of rheumatism.
Dave: Did Lena Mitchel (Laura's sister) go to school here? Frank: Lena went to school with me at the school house that burned. Leslie Judy taught there when Lena and Violet went. This picture of their "hair-do". He got mad at them for fixing their hair. They rolled it up around like a "rat". (see picture) He jumped on them about it. It made your dad mad and he was going to whip old Judy. He was going to feed the sheep one morning and Judy was in the house (the Curtis house?) and L.D. dared him to come out. He had his feed sack and some grain in it and laid it down in the road. Judy lived across the creek from L.D.'s store in the Curtis house--the house that was up off the ground (now gone). He wouldn't come out. He taught two schools down there. He taught one school. Your dad, L.D. and my dad, Sam were trustees. My dad said to LD "we ought to get rid of him and get someone else. LD said ~~XXXXXX~~ let's try him one more year. They tried him another year. But they all fell out with him.

Frank: Roy Rider went up to the spring ~~xxxx~~ one evening to get a drink. He came back and said "do you all want a drink"? If you do, better go now or it'll be too dark to find the spring. He made out like Sam was working us too late, ha. (Story about the Hatfield Gang) L.D. was instructed to put a box with money at the school house. LD put an empty box there but they didn't come that night. The second night they came and got it and threw the box down. They thought it was Henry Doddrell, a former teacher that did it.

Quotes from Raymond Mace

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My mother, aunt and uncle attended the New Pleasant Valley School just a short distance from Willie Gibson lives. Before then, there was the "Old" Pleasant Valley School on the hill near Mary's Chapel Church. For quite a time your Aunt Ella used the building as a chicken house. Then when her house burned, the building was moved across the road and incorporated into the new home which still stands.

Summer of 1921: we lived up Slatyfork creek in the sawmill shanty, and I played on the old boiler.

Jake Gibson married a daughter of John Friel of Indian Draft, son of Jeremiah Friel. My great-grandfather, Wm Thomas Friel a Confederate soldier survived the war only to dwon in Tygert's Vally River near Elkwater. His grave in an abandoned cemetery overlooking Conley Run.

Anecdotes about the Sharps: According to the story I heard many years ago, LD set up his first store in the back room of his home. His first stock of goods was ink. One cold winter night a good part of his stock froze and burst. The youthful merchant was almost wiped out. However, the economic law of supply and demand went to work, and the price of ink doubled. Another: Your great-grandmother (Rachael) made a shirt each for Hugh and Harmon. To be sure there would be no mistake in ownership, according to the one who told the story, she said sh would just mark one with an "H" for Harmon and the other with an "H" for Hugh!

Easter Gibson: I heard he was namedd "Easter" because he was born on that day. His mother didn't know the exact date of his birth, and so he celebrated Easter Sunday as his birthday now matter what month or date it happened to be.

The Pocahontas Times Jan 1, 1914 "The directors of the Marlinton and Elk Mutual Telephone Col met Sat. Officers are L.D. Sharp, President, S. McDilley vice-res. and gen. Mgr. J. D. Gibson,, sec and treas. The most important business transacted was the cutting out of free phones after Jan. 1; the extending of the short line wire down Elk wherever the extension of the company's business justified it (Mace: probably the W.Va. Pulp & Paper co.); the cooperation of the different mutual companies entering the Marlinton Switchboard will be asked in order to install two phones, one in the C & O. station and the other in the freight office"

Mail service: The Times told of a lack of mail service in the Elk community in the very early 20's. About 9 miles of Elk had no mail service. (Dave: a letter to Ivan (at Buckhannon?) from mother said a package would be carried horseback to the Clover Lick PO.--no mail to Marlinton.)

Jake Simmons belonged to the 19th Va. Cavalry. He was probably one of the several Randolph County men belonging to it.--?) He was a 3rd Lieutenant.

Donald Johnson's gunpowder accident: Donald was trying to ignite the powder and then mud-cap the bottle before the powder furred!

Airplanes: Paul or Si conducting parachute jumps out of barn with unbrellas. --Donald or Dave--? Archie Gibson discussed the glory of flying.

War is terrible: Frank Hannah told me, after the war, Joe Gay and Walt Allen would get off their horses and fight if they happened to meet on road.

Automobiles on Elk: I seem to remember that L.D. sold gas from drums which he kept in the barn before he installed a gas tank to the front and left of the old store. I remember quite well the gas tank in front of the (old) store. It had a cylindrical bowl with gallong gradations pained on the side. The bowl had to be filled by hand and was fed into the car by gravity. In my memory I can see your mother filling the bowl for a customer.

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Capt Mundy told Uncle Hugh that in a battle in the Civil war, some of his men were down under the brow of a hill and his other men were back shooting over this hill at the enemy over on the other side and they killed one of their own men. He said he thought it was from a misfire or low powder charge and one of the men under the brow of the hill was shot in the back. But it was just an accident--one of the things of war.

Capt Mundy and Uncle Hugh had a squatter's deed of some kind for a lot of land back on Gauley. (Dave: that deed is Xeroxed elsewhere in book). That was the way you got unclaimed or unsurveyed land back in the early days. If no one claimed a patch of land you wrote up a claim and after you kept it so long it belonged to you. But I guess some one had ~~it~~ a prior deed or claim to that property. Evidently his claim wasn't good. I think Ramona has that "claim" from Ivan's papers. I suppose Capt Mundy wrote it up. I didn't know that claim existed until after Ivan died.

"Doc Lowe"-- Along about 1890 or before that, there were a couple of young fellows that came in to Uncle Harmon's at Slatyfork and went up to the head of Laurel Run and built a cabin there. They were six-shooters on their hips. They didn't socialize with any of the neighbors. They'd come out to the store and had money to buy supplies. They were there about a year or so. They didn't work at a job. They probably hunted some. They seemed to be hid out up there. One morning one of the fellows came down to Harmon Sharp's who lived across the creek in a big log house at Slatyfork. He said "I had trouble up at the house last night and I had to kill my partner. We fell out and I knew was going to shoot me. We sat up all night. ~~He~~ was sitting backwards on a chair with my arms up on the chair and he was sitting over in the corner and we were waiting for the other one to go to sleep. I dozed off and I heard the click of his gun when he cocked it. I knew was going to shoot and I fell off sideways from that chair and pulled my six-shooter and shot

him, but he shot as I fell off and the bullet hit the back of the chair where I had my arms on. I got off it just in time". Well, Harmon's went up and from the best I can remember, they brought him out of there. His name was Dock Lowe. I think he was buried here at the Sharp cemetery. --probably one of those on the back side that had just a rock for a stone. Anyway, they just took his word that he shot in self-defense. There wasn't any coroner's investigation or jury. I asked Allie Gibson if she knew anything about it. She said she knew about it. She was a little girl then. She said she heard about "Old Dock Lowe" getting shot. But what Uncle Hugh said, I understand he wasn't a very old fellow. It was a supposition at the time that they were outlaws and were ~~hixix~~ hiding out from the law till things cooled down. I asked old man Will Gibson (the one at Slatyfork?) about it and he said he knew where they had the cabin up there. It was before Uncle Harmon moved from Slatyfork. G. C. & E. Railroad came down here and offered Uncle Harmon a pretty big price for his farm, that took in all of the Slatyfork area and down the river a ways and he sold out and went down to Elkins, over there at the west side of Elkins at "Steve" (?) Bottom, big level farm land and that when he ~~xxxxx~~ had the girls, Mary and Cora, -- they went to California. ~~xxxxxxx~~ I visited with them in San Diego in the 1930s. Cora was a nurse then and about 50 or 55 and Mary a little older. Mary married a Rhorabaugh and they had a boy called Harmon, and a girl. Both of them are now dead and both younger than me. This is Feb 28, 1982.

(The tape continues with some piano playing by Si.

The other side of the cassette has Dave's, Paul's, Ketha's and Genevieve's visit with Violet in Richmond. --Violet's conversation with us.

Si Sharp: Quince Harris made whiskey up the hollow (swimming hole) above Henry Shaver's and the RR track, for grandfather Wm Sharp--sold whiskey. Joe and Sam Gibson's dad, John, camped at the pine knob behind the middle mountain meadow during the Civil war, with Silas Sharp.

Wm Sharp, after the war, sewed a Confederate for unlawfully taking Silas a civilian, a prisoner, and believed collected \$500. Colonel Gatewood was probably one of them sued.

Got in the fur business: Jake Gibson went to Edray Post Office and tot a fur price list and gave it to Dad. Dad bought fur and sent to the address on the price list. About 12 years old.

Blain Sharp would stay some nights at grandmother Sharp's. One evening, thinking Blain had stayed with her the night before, told him: Blain, you can sleep where you slept last night"--meaning the same bed upstairs. He had actually slept at his house with Henry Sharp (near the Davis Hannah house--Dorothy Fitzwater) the night before. It made Blaine mad and he said: "I have a good bed at home and I'll go there and sleep" ; ha. Fur Business: Dad had made a \$30 profit on three calves he borrowed (\$30) money to buy, and gave half of it to Jake Gibson to help buy fur, and he doubled his money.

John and Melina Rose lived at Whittiker Falls, down Elk river, (Dad stayed all night there buying fur when age 12). Their son, Bob lived near Point Mountain. Was a surveyor. And he lived at Webster Spngs. Rumor that he got drunk and a car killed him.

Ivan had Dad's gold (filled) pocket Watch, a Waltham 18 size, 1892 model. There was a house at the Gibson Knob, so Buck Galford could have lived there. They moved a lot.

George Hoover was probably the first to live up near the RR track.

Hanson Lindsey was a brother of Mrs. Showalter.

Burn Hamrick, Jim Shaver and Greens "held possession" (squatters) on Gauley. Sam Gibson and Dad watched at the old school house for the "Hatfield" gang that sent a note for Dad to put \$300 in a box in the corner of the school house. No one showed up. Another night he came and threw the empty box and decoy money on the ground. Dad first thought it was Burton Hoover, but a Dodrill from Webster county, perhaps a school teacher at Slatyfork one term, was convicted of a similiar trick down there, so it must have been Dodrill.